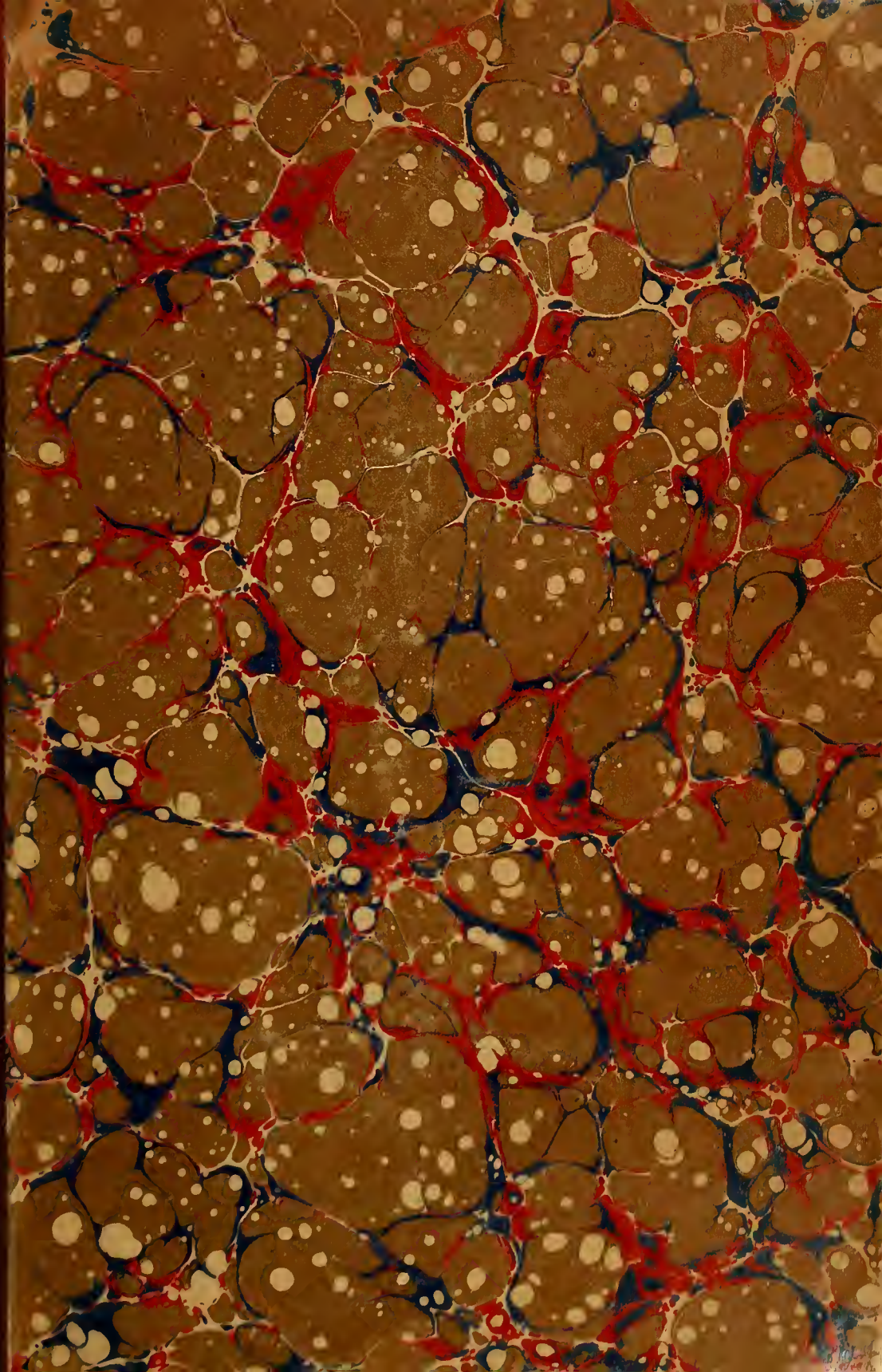

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Tipyn o' Bob

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EDITORIALS.

The power of the press is being puffed considerably in these days. When three people in succession give you three different versions of the character of Mr. Roosevelt or reasons for the high cost of living, you do not set about a systematic investigation to fathom these differences and discover the proportion of truth and falsehood in their incompatibilities. You simply sigh and wonder that anyone can believe anything that the papers say. The papers have made all the investigations and all the deductions therefrom, which differ from paper to paper and thereby from reader to reader. If you would be happy you read but one paper and believe it implicitly; if you would be wise,—I'm not sure what you do. So far in your college career you have been happy in that you have only been expected to read one paper, nor even to believe all the flights of fancy in that. Hereafter parties and dissensions may arise, but while our supremacy remains unquestioned we take the opportunity to point out to you some of our advantages.

It has become a well-worn adage that here we compose a little community. In so much as we are a miniature universe it is highly desirable that we conduct our institutions with some reference to the larger movements about us. I do not propose that you make the Tip the arbiter of your fates, or a substitute for the ruling powers. But as it is a means at hand, why not use it as a vehicle of expression? If you haven't anything to express, which seems a popular complaint, well then, you ought to have. You are not held down to the stern realities, or at least plausible information of the journalistic world. When your friends tire of your pet tirades, we will listen, and try to persuade others to listen with us. The things that are of interest to, of or about the college are worth the consideration of us all. While we are not of such an unmanageable magnitude as a body that general meetings are impossible, we do not in general make use of them except on rather formal occasions, and informal oral discussions are necessarily limited. For all causes too slight or too pressing for the importance or delay of calling the student body together we offer you a direct communication with all curious minds seeking recreation from home talent. You can speak from behind the anonymous veil if you like, to our general entertainment or enlightenment. You can also widen the horizon of our world with literary attempts, which is all that any of us is capable of. So working for the good of the college and for our own good the interaction should be salutary to both. Rightly used by all of us the Tip should be our reflection of a great modern influence, with all the added graces we can bring to its enhancing.

M. T.

This is the season of regeneration. At Bryn Mawr the old function of spring cleaning is of less importance than the ceremony of autumn renovation. You all know only too well the signs of the time. Each of your friends has the bargain-hunting eye. One scrutinizes the bulletin boards daily for advertisements of hockey skirts for rent; another searches the halls for a real mahogany desk, price not exceeding one dollar; a third persistently tries to make "a swap" with you, kindly offering all last summer's Oral books in exchange for your best tea-set, or some ancient jabots for your volume of Wordsworth. Everyone's aim is the bettering and beautifying

of self and habitation. You are even conscious of the spirit of the season in yourself. When you get up in the morning you survey your room with a fresh, untired eye. Yes, the book-case needs a nail, the window-curtains sag, the cushions are really shabby. For once you become practical and devote a Saturday afternoon to pounding in tacks and hemming up curtains. Your æsthetic sense also is awakened. Each time you enter your study you survey with half-closed eyes the effect of a bright gold table cover near a scarlet and blue rug, or of a Bellini Madonna hanging in close proximity to a Maxfield Parrish poster, the main result of your artistic examinations usually being, however, the importation of great quantities of withering autumn leaves to give the room "a cheery look."

Yet, valueless as your efforts may be in the long run, they are signs of an awakened dissatisfaction, of a real desire for improvement. And while the spirit moves,—for the time of autumn renovation is all too short, and soon, very soon do you enter your room with unseeing eyes, and live in it without consciousness of your surroundings,—while the spirit moves, we would beg of you to turn some of your efforts to the autumn renovation of THE TIP. With your new common sense see where it most needs patching, and write us something of practical value. Look for its æsthetic lacks and fill them as best you may, and if you are one of the company with the bargain-hunting eye, help us to give you the most for your money, and by your own efforts make the TIPYN O'BOB a magazine of real value.

K. S.

THE VERY PRIMITIVE CAVE DWELLERS.

The Neolithic men were sitting about on great, gray pliocene rocks in the middle of an open field which was all filled with prehistoric plants and trees. They were having a meeting; it was a serious meeting, because they hadn't come together since the day before, and the delay had naturally brought matters to a crisis.

The Very Primitive Cave Dweller who lived at the end of the row of caves nearest the sea came sauntering by with his prehistoric butterfly-net over his shoulder. "Hello, you chaps," he said pleasantly. "Why are you pulling such long faces? What's the matter?" "Mat-

ter enough," answered the tallest Neolithic man, who sat on the biggest pliocene rock. "We don't know what to do with the Sandstone Family, they will keep thinking too much. We've abolished all the possible subjects for thought, but they have turned to pure imagination. It is quite desperate."

"Well, I guess I'll be going," said the Very Primitive Cave Dweller. "You don't need *me!*"

"You had better not go," called the Neolithic men in a chorus. "We have just arranged to-day for you."

"Why, I rather thought I had arranged that for myself," said the V. P. C. D. humbly.

"That was foolish of you," cried the Neolithic men in a chorus, "as we have just drawn this neat little schedule on a flat stone."

"See here," said the V. P. C. D., coming back and standing on one foot, "I don't want to be rude about it, but I had just naturally intended to go hunt for prehistoric butterflies to-day."

"You mustn't do that," cried the tallest Neolithic man, growing pale. "Everybody hasn't time to go butterfly hunting."

"No, that was rather why I was going," said the V. P. C. D. sadly; "and I suppose I may as well confess to you that I am carving a book on the front of my door, and expected to eat apples and discuss the opportunities of Racial Progress every Thursday evening."

"Gracious," almost shrieked the tallest Neolithic man, "there's a committee already formed to discuss 'How to give everyone a fair opportunity to be like everyone else.' If you wish you may be chairman."

"Oh," said the V. P. C. D. "So I can be chairman, can I? How nice!"

"And we have almost completed a perfect system of sub-committees," went on the tallest Neolithic man enthusiastically. "Everybody can do the thinking for everybody else. You see, it will be alsolutely representative then—no chance of anyone's being overlooked. And then we can have a council—a member from each sub-committee. And——

"But what is the council for?" asked the V. P. C. D.

"For complaints, of course," said the tallest Neolithic man with some indignation. "I should fancy at your age you would understand!"

"Oh, of course," said the V. P. C. D. "I should have known; but I think if you will excuse me I will go home and change the carvings in my book. I always believed that by a law of evolution the fittest survived, but——"

"But we are all going to be fittest under the new system," shrieked all the Neolithic men at once.

"And shall I have to survive too?" murmured the V. P. C. D., gently.

Whereat the Neolithic men rose up from their pliocene rocks, set around in the prehistoric field, and drove the Very Primitive Cave Dweller away.

"He is a chattering idiot," said one.

"There is a rumble up in the sky," said another. "Do you think it is thunder?"

"It is probably only the gods laughing," said a third.

"Yes, the gods are always laughing," cried the Neolithic men.

A. G. H., 1913.

IN THE FIRST PERSON.

There are men who lie so well that they end by believing their own lies. But that is at best an amateurish performance, in which the artist tricks himself into becoming part of his own audience. There are others who base the success of their fabrications upon what truth is enwrought by the way, so, in reality, depending on the solid matter at the bottom of the well. But for downright, all-around, straightaway, unadulterated lying, for lying as a success and a fine art, I have never met the equal of Shank O'Dowd. For its sake, like many another artist misunderstood, he too had to vanish, silently, swiftly, on a horse borrowed, without permission, for the occasion. The horse was brought back by the posse that rode after, quite fast, rather noisy. It was uncommunicative, they profane, all were weary. They had found the beast considerately tied near the spot where a boat was missing, and, in a manner of speaking, the horse and boat dovetailed very nicely in the evidence that Shank had made a masterly exit from our midst. Lynching was a very impulsive act in those days,

a little outlet for general excitement; and he did just as well not to stop to pay his bills.

All this goes back to the days when Sandy City and Shank and I were young together; Shank young with the youth of inexperience and sophistication, Sandy City and I crudely raw and green. This must be borne in mind in considering the most glorious and distorted tradition of the Sandy City of old days. The stage setting is, if you please, the old office of the *Weekly Adviser*, where Shank and Bill Edwards and I took turns sweeping out the office, discussing weighty matters with our feet on the desk, and, in the absence of the editor, writing the leaders and eastern fashion news. The editor was a man of many interests, who, when the meat market or mining stocks were needing his attention, left the full burden of the *Adviser* upon us three. Bill, a boy of no particular parts, weak health, and great willingness, had been shipped to Sandy City to find health in the climate, and support in his distant relationship to the editor. It was generally understood that if he made good the paper would be eventually turned over to him. He and I had slumped along comfortably enough at our duties until the O'Dowd (as he liked to be called) joined our ranks and stirred us up a bit. At the moment he seemed to me the most adventurous of spirits and most dashing of men. In spite of a vague difference from the rest of us in bearing and way of speech, moreover, he could win the heart out of anybody to whom he gave more than a glance and a smile; if indeed the smile was not in itself enough. He claimed, I remember, to have had an ancestor who was an Irish king before genealogies were at all dependable, and an uncle, the head of a large fur establishment in Ottawa. He came to us, over the border, with many stories of life high and low, far and wide. And he had, for sure, read more books than the city librarian, who had had a decent education back east. I loved his stories too much to question them, or take them for anything but what they were. They were all of a piece, his anecdotes to us in the office, and his travel notes in the paper; means of escape from the stale veracities of Sandy City to the deerhunts of Scotland, the gondoliering of Venice, the conviviality of Paris, the high life at Monte Carlo, or the hard work and fare aboard a deep-sea fishing vessel. Even when I've come across things mighty like them in books they've only seemed to me like second rate copies of what Shank had seen and done. But all this is moonshine to the great feat I set out to tell.

Bill Edwards brought it about. I guess he had got to feeling pretty sore to see this new fellow come along from nowhere and excite his relative. The truth was that Shank was better than Bill, and Bill knew it, but he wasn't going to stop there. He decided to liven up the sheet by a story, and was bitten with the desire to write one himself. He used to read his efforts to us at night, after the regular work was done. They were always in the first person and full of fine feeling. Shank used to kick at that, but Bill seemed to get most pleasure out of identifying himself with the hero. I heard them hard at it one night when I was in the stack room, sorting piles.

"It won't go that way, old man," protested Shank. "I know it has been done before and done successfully, but that's no reason why you should do it. If you are going to make people forget the incongruity of a man in the happy state of your hero sitting down to describe his raptures over his newly acquired fortune and bride, for a weekly newspaper—oh, can't you see it's rot?"

Bill clearly couldn't see. Moreover, his personal and literary vanity were both slightly ruffled by the attack on his latest and finest effort. The argument waxed hotter. Now Shank had listened for some nights in silence, and prolonged silence was always followed, with him, by perfect orgies of expression. Bill couldn't see that the same man doesn't ordinarily both do and say, and that a story is almost necessarily a light form of expressing somebody else's deep feelings. He would admit, however, that while writing stories in the first person was a perfectly good way, it might be that no one under the circumstances ever would write them. In fact ——

But Shank gave him no time to finish. Instead of letting loose the flood of eloquence that had been gathering behind his stormy brow, he snapped his jaws together again, darted for a pen, and sank down at the editor's desk. So, leaning far over, one nervous hand, with twitching sinews, grasping his hot head, the other sending the pen in long, erratic strokes across the page, he wrote on and on for hours. Sometimes he stopped for an instant, writhed about in his chair, and then wrote again. Bill stood for a while near the window, blankly observing his masterpiece. Finally he turned loosely, coughed, cast a puzzled glance at Shank, and went out. It was the night before the weekly was to appear, and I waited to see all last items in before closing the office. Something in Shank's intensity, so different from his usual careless, lounging, whistling attitude, kept me silent. He

would usually work a while, raise his head, chuckle, and then bring his composition to show me. But to-night when he finally dropped the pen and pushed the manuscript towards me he was white and tired, all his strength gone from him.

"Put it in the paper," he said. "It's the only kind of a story in the first person that has a reason for being, and it's none too pleasant at that." He rose a trifle unsteadily and almost lurched out of the office.

I sat down to read it before sending it to press, knowing that I was about to be treated to one of the concoctions of Shank's ever fertile brain. From the first moment I was literally seized with attention. It was almost too absorbing to be tolerable. He wrote as a man of respectable standing but hidden misdeeds, driven to ease his conscience by confessing. Part of the opening ran, I remember, "I have discovered a way to avert madness. I will join the ranks of the purveyors of fiction, the sensational panderers to stale palates. To them it shall be a jest, a merry melodrama, to me surcease of this horrible craving to speak. I shall throw wide, sow broadcast the words of guilt, that, known to a single individual, would mean my ruin. This respectable sheet shall serve me for penitential booth, where the thousands may condemn, the multitudes malign. And I, freed of the griping pain of silence, bid you—laugh, fools, and listen."

Followed, but in style more suppressed, equally sustained, a catalogue of crimes warranted to bleach the hue of the hoariest policeman. I gulped for pure joy. Bank breaking in Toronto, grave robbing in St. Augustine, forgery to deceive state experts, these I remember among the wild oats of our hero. But the most poignant passage raised again for his readers the pallid faces of the many innocent maidens whom he had loved for a day and then cast aside. Did I mention that our editor had a daughter Lucy, at whose eighteenth birthday party shortly previous, the candle named for Shank had stayed lighted last?

Sandy City always enjoyed its weekly *Adviser*, though never, I think, so much as the copy we handed out red hot next day. The enjoyment may have been subconscious, but it equalled all that the operas and the police scandals, and Buffalo Bills and moving pictures mean to sated eastern palates. The respectable subscribers read the accounts of the New York markets and believed them, perused the local news and enjoyed that, and then glanced at Shank's anonymous contribution on the last page and simply ate that up. The press

commanded more respect in those days than now, when both professional and private imagination is less tightly bound.

There was a mighty meeting in the Firemen's Hall that night, at which the male population, conspicuously fathers of families, was present en masse. We hadn't thought of covering up the tracks, and it wasn't long before the community had spotted the criminal. Interesting strangers, with unexplained arrivals from nowhere, were unique, not to say suspicious, to the mind of Sandy City. The departure, equally without explanation, and likewise into the void, had not then taken place. In fact it was even then in act of being consummated behind Shanahan's barn. Shanahan, father of three lovely daughters, was at the meeting, speaking loudly. We had waited in the lumber yard below the hall till just such a piercing voice as his should inform us that "the scoundrelly reprobate, young as he might look, had committed crimes too villainous to sully the pure acreage of Sandy City with his vile pollution, and that Sandy City would pay him back for it, indade and it would." News of what we might expect had reached us early in the day, so Shank and I had gone fishing until the shades of night began to fall. Then, impelled as was Tom Sawyer to attend his funeral oration, Shank had enjoyed to the full the flavor of his own conviction.

"Good-bye, old fellow," his voice, always richer and slightly different, came down to me through the night as he swung into the saddle. "I leave your barbarian purlieus for a return to the classic shades. Moreover, look man, what a night for a ride." And as his horse's hoofs clattered softly on the dirt lane he called back, waving his arm in the moonlight. "Don't forget my love to the girls, God bless 'em."

My part in aiding and abetting a criminal was never disclosed to Sandy City. The prudence of my still fresh majority forbade that it should be. So in silence during the ensuing years I had to restrain all form of disclosure while the account of Sandy City's worst bad man became more and more picturesque, literally bearded and spurred. Bill, left to undisputed sway, could wonderingly survey an old rival under a new glamour, and perceive that truth was stranger than his own fictions. But I cherished a small leather-covered volume, found by me in the deserted office when I went back there alone, the flyleaf of which bore the inscription, "To my darling Willie from Grandma, on his seventeenth birthday." And the date was barely six months old.

M. T., '13.

THE PASSING.

North and south ran the road, winding on one side down to the willow-bordered stream, and on the other disappearing abruptly into the shadowy depths of the forest. At the very edge of the forest stood a small white house, built low after the fashion of the time and covered up to its many-pointed gables with climbing rose vines. So close was the house to the edge of the road that passers-by could pluck the fragrant blossoms, while the projecting sill of the low dormer window in the front gable had proved a danger mark for many an unwary driver in guiding his unwieldy coach.

This day the casements of the front windows were thrown wide open, and the fitful afternoon breeze swayed the roses which clambered up over the sill and into the room itself. There was a small roll of parchment on the ledge, and a piece of embroidery, evidently thrown down in haste, as the filmy material had caught on a thorn by the side of the casement, and the needle, at the end of a long rose-colored thread, hung down over the sill, glancing brightly in the sunlight as it swung to and fro. There was no sign of life within the house. The front door was tightly closed, and a sleepy black dog dozed on the stoop, opening one eye now and then to wink at the bees which buzzed in and out among the roses, and snapping at the large blue flies which glanced swiftly about. No sound was heard save the sleepy hum of insects and an occasional far-away bird-call in the forest.

The wind detached a long spray of vine from the cluster beside the window ledge and one full blown rose swayed directly in front of the open casement.

Suddenly the door of the house was pushed violently open and a little boy, hatless and dishevelled, stumbled over the sill. He was sobbing softly, endeavoring to wipe away with his dirty little fists the large tears which rolled down his cheeks.

"Hurry, Pierre," called a voice from within, a woman's voice, high and shrill with emotion. "Oh, mon Dieu, be merciful and let the good Père Joseph come before it is too late! Hurry, Pierre!"

The boy made a manful effort to check his sobbing and started down the road as fast as his clumsy little legs would carry him. A forlorn small figure, he disappeared at the bend of the road and the house

was once more wrapped in quiet. The minutes dragged by slowly, and no sound was heard from within; the bees buzzed in and out among the roses, while the dog, who had been aroused from his napping by the boy's exit, stretched himself, yawned widely, and again curled up on the door sill. Suddenly in the midst of his dozing, he pricked up his ears as though sensing something afar off, then sprang up with a short bark and rushed down the road to meet two figures who were toiling up the hill. He circled around them, the boy clinging tighty to the hand of the black-frocked priest as they silently hastened onward until the door of the house closed after them.

The shadow of the forest reached the door sill now, and the sun had quite disappeared over the tree-tops, leaving the summit of the hill black and formless like a storm cloud that threatens to overwhelm all in its path with destruction. Still no sound came from the house. All at once, like an echo borne from the valley's depths, came the silvery chiming of a bell, dying away upon the last breath of the evening breeze.

The door opened slowly and the figure of the priest came forth. Like a black shadow the dog crept out after him and disappeared, tail between his legs, around the corner of the house. The priest stood for an instant looking far across the meadows, now almost obscured by evening mists. Then he sighed and turned wearily down the road that led to the twinkling lights in the valley. As he was lost to view over the bend of the hill a hand reached out from the open window and pushed back the roses. Then the shutters were quietly closed.

LILLIAN H. MUDGE, 1915.

DAWN ON LAKE LUCERN.

As in a dream, through the unrippled water
    Went my boat,
The sky, the mountains, misty greenish blue,
    And I afloat
Between their enchanted brows
    Mirrored serene,
Above, one rose-hued cloud
    In the still scene.

ELEANOR DOUGHERTY, 1915.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE CHICAGO CONVENTIONS.

A reporter uncle is always a source of healthy excitement, and when properly manipulated may become very useful. I found it so, at least, when the magic badge, *Press*, admitted me to a place behind the platform in the Republican National Convention. That lofty if somewhat retired situation afforded an excellent view of the Coliseum, with the flags waving gaily over row after row of delegates, tired or disgusted or wearily hopeful, as the case might be, and surrounded by hungry spectators determined to glean some excitement from the last afternoon of the convention. The morning session had been incomparably dull; the drawing up of a conservative platform and the reading of the same in an expressionless monotone were not particularly inspiriting. La Follette was a forlorn hope quite extinguished by the conservative platform. Only one encouraging thought remained; the glorious Teddy at the Congress Hotel only a mile and a half away! Surely he would not let the grand old party sink into the bottomless pit of a *laissez faire* policy! It was at this psychological moment that the speaker introduced the man from Kansas. There was something very reassuring in his broad, comprehensive smile. He suggested that the delegates remain quiet for the space of ten minutes, while he read them the message of Colonel Roosevelt. Colonel Roosevelt, he said, being a man of honor, could not acknowledge the authority of a convention made up largely of fraudulent delegates. The results of the direct primaries were well known. Colonel Roosevelt therefore requested his supporters not to vote in the present convention. The man from Kansas smiled again to hear the cheerful sound of the steam roller from the Roosevelt corner, which told that the Colonel's supporters were standing true. Then it was that the Colonel himself entered the convention, not in the flesh indeed, but in spirit. The taking of the vote upon the platform was received by an emphatic, "Present, but not voting," accompanied by derisive toots of the steam roller. A cry from the corner, "Present, but *wouldn't* vote at funerals" created an unquenchable uproar. Several hours later, William Howard Taft was formally nominated by the Republican convention.

The band was still playing "Dixie" indefatigably when delegates and guests took their places for the last session of the first convention

of the National Progressive Party. The delegates, however, presented a somewhat gayer appearance than several weeks before at the Republican convention. Certainly the color scheme was more varied, with bright spots where plumed and flowered hats were fluttering bravely. Two women delegates in the Republican convention had been a phenomenon indeed; forty in the Progressive convention was no longer a phenomenon, but a truism. The platform was read, daring in its assertions, still more daring, perhaps, in what it did not assert. Nothing remained but the business of the nomination,which proceeded immediately, punctuated by the occasional roars of the bull moose, which had superseded the steam roller. The first speeches were ordinary enough; but something in the atmosphere seemed to promise great things from the third. When Jane Addams stood before the audience, the cheering sounded as if the original bull moose had been let loose for the first time. All was quiet when she began to speak, setting forth eloquently the great moral and industrial revolution which this convention represented. There was felt in the audience a festive and yet solemn spirit, as at a sacred holiday. The speeches of Garfield and of Pinchot were the most impressive of those that followed; after which the speaker announced that the nominees would appear before the convention. A moment of breathless expectation followed; then almost before we knew it, we saw the Colonel's teeth smiling out at us as naturally as if he had been present all day. To speak was impossible, for the Colonel or any one else; the only outlet for the enthusiasm was to shout as long and as loud as possible; for Theodore Roosevelt had been nominated by the Progressive National Convention.

MARTHA HOBSON, '14.

MORNING.

Out in the open the sunshine is dancing,
  Quickening winds are in flight,
In through the panes of my window comes glancing
  Sunshine with quieter light.
Creeping through ferns there, it slants on the floor
Casting soft paths in the dust 'neath my door.

K. A. PAGE, 1913.

THE BULL'S ALIAS.

A true story.

We called him "the Bull" from the first, and looked forward with impatience to the time when he should become a real bulldog—a fighter, with thick, white legs and a red, hanging jaw. Our elders were not so sanguine. Once, in fact, I heard Father murmur deprecatingly into the ear of some nervous aged relative, "Boston—and curbstone." And, to be sure, as yet, the Bull was fawn colored, with feet of a size to outclass any other member of his body. But he had the jaw. Ah! that was a proud day when at last we felt him worthy to lead in leash on our afternoon walk—when we felt that we had a dog "with some class," as Billy put it. We set out that afternoon, Billy leading the Bull, while Tom and I, as the older and stronger, brought up the rear, to prevent a sudden sally, or to render aid to those of the passers-by toward whom the Bull might conceive an antipathy.

Such an occasion was not long in arriving. We met a very little girl with wide, saucer eyes carrying a plump grey kitten. Nearer and nearer she came, pressing the kitten flat against her, while the tip of its flexible tail quivered temptingly but a few inches from the ground. The Bull made a dive, the little girl shrieked. Tom and I, with great presence of mind and display of strength and agility, snatched the Bull down the school lane, and Billy came after, only lingering behind to remark severely: "Little girl, don't you know you must never bring kittens in the way of a Boston bull?"

After that you may well believe we proceeded with more regard than ever to the safety of the passers-by. But nothing happened for some time. We were traversing a shady street where gentlefolks' houses sat in a row at the top of a smooth green slope, when suddenly we saw, precipitating itself straight down the slope and into the jaws of the Bull, a silly little fuzzball of a French poodle, no bigger (so it seemed) than a lady's powder-puff. The creature was barking like an alarm-clock gone mad. "Shoo!" we cried to it in terror, "Shoo!" The Bull just then gave a mighty tug, a leap, and made away down the street, as fast as his legs could carry him, with Billy

behind, clamped like a barnacle to the end of the chain. We gave instant chase. Around the corner, through the park, up the alley-way we whirled, with the enthusiasm of a moving picture-show, my heart divided between family pride in the tenacity of my youngest brother, and family fear at his probable destruction. But the Bull made a fortunate swerve about a tree, the chain snapped, and Billy dropped flat. When we came up with him he flung himself upon me, sobbing as if his heart would break, "Oh, Sis, the Bull was running away."

The Bull crept home late that night by the kitchen door. We received him in shame and scorn, and hailed him by the opprobrious title, "Runaway." The boys, however, considered that a disgrace too public, liable, ever, to reflect on the family. Therefore we have christened him "Another Day" as a more delicate allusion to the same proverb: "He who fights and runs away—" you know the rest; also, as a hopeful indication of some happy time when he shall *not* run away, and shall again be known as "the Bull." Only, being the oldest, I have my doubts.

WINIFRED GOODALL, 1914.

ON AN OLD ITALIAN WELL-CURB.

Thy marble whiteness Time hath turned to grey,
And Age thy carven sides hath worn and marred;
But whose hands wound the rope that hath so scarred
Thy margin smooth and deep? And who can say
If this coiled scroll and shield in nice array
Armorial ensign be, the seal and guard
Of Guelf or Ghibelline, traced in the hard
Cold side, where Time his secrets hides away?
Or in some garden greenly overgrown
Where dusky poplars fade to silver pale
In the soft wind, thou stood; none to disturb,
While sweet Romance wove love-tales round the curb,
And History spun out its devious tale:
Ah, if thou couldst, what wouldst thou not make known?

EVELYN SHAW.

Monday, October 7th.

Big joke—they asked me to write for the TIP to-day.

Wednesday, October 9th.

Joke grows—they really expect me to do it. One of them asked if my contribution were ready for her yet!

Saturday, October 12th.

A. M.—Think I will turn joke on them in earnest by writing something.

P. M.—Joke dead. Have tried.

Sunday.

9 A. M.—Asserted at breakfast to friends languidly chewing English muffins, that my thoughts are not interesting to other people. Nobody denied it! Blow! !

5 P. M.—Brilliant idea as to subject: "What do I personally like to read in magazines?" Results of self-questioning, three (set down in order of preference): (1) Latest chapter of Robert Chambers' serial in *Cosmopolitan;* (2) short, deep poem in *Atlantic*, (3) "Danger Rocks in Married Life," in *Ladies' Home Journal.* Which type shall I take to imitate, one of each, or both, or mayhap all? . . . In despair.

10 P. M.—Asked advice while tubbing. Results of appeals for a subject: (1) First friend (who pretends that hockey training is an excuse for getting swiftly out of my reach—"Your latest theme;" (2) second friend, airily—"A satire—I should love to read a satire on something; (3) third friend, fellow sufferer in same case—not specific advice but condolence. Deep and gloomy conversation on the difficulties of literature. Sympathetic friend departs, advising white mice as subject. Her sense of humour can rise even above this crisis. Lucky dog!

H. S., '14.

It is said that English readers are in such demand that Freshmen are inquiring for them at the Book-shop.

THE NEW DEBATING SOCIETY.

A few undergraduates decided last spring that there should be a debating society at Bryn Mawr. All other colleges have debating societies, and Bryn Mawr should be able to compete with them in debating. Here much attention has been given to written English, but it now is as important for the average woman to speak well as to write well. The idea of starting a debating society here was brought to the attention of the college in a meeting of the Undergraduate Association last May. It was there decided that we should have a debating society, which should be independent of the Undergraduate Association but which should report to the Undergraduate Association at the beginning and end of the year. At a meeting of the society Katharine Dodd was elected president, and a committee was also elected to help the president in making plans for the society. Another meeting will be held soon at which these plans will be discussed.

The debating society held its first debate on Friday evening, October 10th, in the chapel of Taylor Hall. Dorothea Baldwin presided. The subject of the debate was: "Resolved that a college weekly newspaper is desirable." The affirmative was supported by Mary Coolidge, Ethel Dunham, and Elizabeth Bryant. The negative by Katharine Dodd, Elizabeth Lord and Mary Tongue. The judges, Helen Shaw, Christine Brown, and Alice Patterson, were chosen from the audience by Dorothea Baldwin. The affirmative side maintained that a weekly newspaper, which will contain more college and outside news, and be more popular and journalistic than the TIPYN O'BOB, is needed at college. The negative side claimed that a "rejuvenated TIP" could meet all popular demands of the college. Both sides were well taken, but it was the decision of the judges that the affirmative side had won the debate. The sense of the meeting showed that 57 of the 100 present favored the affirmative side. After the debate there was a general discussion of the subject by the audience. This impromptu speaking was remarkably good, some of those who spoke from the floor seeming more at their ease than those who took part in the debate.

The large audience at the first debate was most encouraging.

It is to be hoped that an evergrowing interest will be taken in the society, for the debating is much needed at Bryn Mawr. In this society we have a purely democratic institution, membership in which is based neither on superior intellect nor allowance. All that is required for membership in the debating society is interest in its work. The debating society is a means through which everyone may express her opinions on all subjects, spontaneously, unhindered by the restraining, if beautifying hand of the English Department or the editors of our literary papers. The Bryn Mawr Debating Society stands not for "the letter that killeth," but for "the kindling of the spirit which giveth life." SUSAN NICHOLS, '15.

OPEN LETTERS.

The enthusiasm shown in the open debate held on the evening of October 11th, when the question of a college newspaper was discussed, certainly gives us promise that the old statement that "debating societies never have been a success at Bryn Mawr and from all signs never will be a success," is a mistake. Perhaps the success of this debating society arises from the fact that it is democratic—anybody can speak who has the courage, irrespective of whether she has anything to say or not. In the old days, a few clever and voluble undergraduates crowded together in the study of one of their number, and discussed (this is all by way of a true story), "Whether Sally Brown was a nice girl" and "Resolved that the pompadour is not a decent form of hair dress." Regular feuds arose between families—the friendship of roommates was ruined, if one was invited into this select society and the other left out. Altogether it was a picked group rather like the Hinglish Club, only chosen inversely, and a great social bee in your bonnet to be a member. But we, in this enlightened generation, have a large public meeting where the serious, the public-spirited, the flip, and all those who feel that it is the proper thing to speak in every open meeting, no matter what its purpose, may discuss together great—mind you, *great*, not trivial or unimportant—college questions. If you have the reputation for speaking fluently, if you are a clever after-dinner speaker, or if you are merely deeply interested in the subject under discussion, you may be asked to be on a team.

Otherwise you, at least, have the privilege of rising from the floor and addressing your fellow students at whatever length you please.

Of course, not all the finesse of debating has been achieved as yet. You may address your opponent with "they say" or "Katharine Dodd says;" you may also omit the customary hand-shake of good feeling on the part of the defeated team,—but, as we said, these are the mere details of debating. Certainly the new society has all the fundamentals: ardor, enthusiasm, good feeling, and frankness. There is a certain unembarrassed openness which is admirable. Our logic and form of address will doubtless improve with practice.

K. S., 1915.

BULGARIA.

The present trouble between Bulgaria and Turkey gets little sympathy from most of us. We are in the habit of thinking of the Balkan States as an easily excited conglomeration of tribes—ignorant tribes scarcely worth our notice. The "Powers" seem to consider it not much more, for the premier of one of our greatest nations said not long ago, "We hate Turkey, but we will support her wars against the Balkan until we can decide what we want to do with that troublesome part of Europe." For the Balkan with its sea-coast and its untouched natural resources has long been coveted by Austria and Russia, and therefore by England. We wonder why the Balkan persists in going to war and calling down the wrath of civilized Europe on its childish quarrels.

But with the people of the Balkan war against Turkey is a sacred mission. Long ago, when they were citizens of the Empire of the East, the Ottomans conquered them, compelled many of them to adopt Mahomedanism and began their outrages on all who resisted. One by one these races have been demanding independence, and in October, 1908, the prince of Bulgaria broke loose from Turkey and was acclaimed as "Tzar of the free Bulgars." It is Bulgaria which is leading the war to-day, a struggle to protect the frontier of Christian Europe from the Turks. But this war cannot be a long one. Agriculture, the main source of wealth to the country, is still in a very primitive condition, barter still exists in some parts, there is therefore little commerce, little ready money for the continued support of an army.

Enough patriotism there is, but a great scarcity of provisions and amunition.

Personally, I have a weakness for Bulgaria. Unfortunately I spent only one day in the country, but it was a glorious summer day among the rugged mountains and beside the fertile Danube—and it was a holiday. At every town peasants in gala attire crowded the market square, powerful, hardworking men and women in red homespun, with black velvet jackets and beaten silver ornaments. Ignorant they are from our point of view, very ignorant of the great world out beyond their valleys, ignorant of all we learn in books. But what a wealth is theirs which we cannot have! There is no "submerged tenth" in that country, the land is divided into farms of about eighteen acres, owned by honest, patient workers—such as Hamilton thought the best material for a republic. And they have a spirit of independence, even now urging them on to war with their bitterest enemy. They do not wish to be known as the "peasant kingdom," but are educating themselves for a modern parliamentary government. They have gone as far as to establish a national system of free village schools—and that is only the beginning of the ambition of every Bulgarian. They hope to be a moral, as well as a physical power in the Balkan. JEAN DAVIS, 1914.

The college settlement association is glad to inform the readers that the very Reverend Dean Walter P. Sumner, D.D., is coming to speak under its auspices on Friday evening, November 22nd.

Those who were here last year may remember that Dean Sumner spoke one Sunday at Vespers, and know what an interesting evening is in store for them. This time, since the lecture is under our auspices, the subject discussed will be closely related to the sociological side of the Dean's work.

To most people Dean Sumner is known either as Dean of the Cathedral or perhaps as the Chairman of the Vice Commission or as the Vice-President of the Judicial Protective Association in Chicago. But his work is far more widely reaching than these local activities. It is he who originated the movement requiring a health certificate before marriage; a reform which is influencing legislation throughout the country. Through his work on the Board of Education he has come in contact with many other interests and his lecture can not help appealing to all who come to hear him.

After the lecture there will be a reception to enable the Faculty and the members of the association to meet Dean Sumner, and we hope that all who can will come. H. R. R., '13.

STUDENT COUNCIL.

I am the Sphinx who sits on Miss Thomas' table. Oh! if they would only take my advice, those people who come in the evenings, and talk while in the distance the clock chimes, eight, nine, ten, till even I grow weary. In the days of old, men came from afar and sought my counsel on matters of state and personal importance. Now they pass me by as I sit on the table, and council among themselves: of the eggs they had for breakfast, of the lectures that are too long, and the hockey games that are too short, of the exchange nights that come too seldom, and the quizzes that come too often. They murmur of a future pay day, and the wash that is torn asunder, of the doors that ought to be shut, and those that ought to be opened. Oh! if they would only take my advice, and ask of the Sphinx as in the days of old—*one* question.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB.

The Philosophical Club,—what is it going to do this year? What is its purpose? Who can belong? To answer the last question first, the Philosophical Club is for all who are interested in Philosophy or Psychology. We would not urge anyone to belong for the sake of increasing our funds; on the other hand we would not exclude anyone who is curious about psychological or philosophical problems. Indeed, to foster such curiosity and to provide a place for inquiry and discussion, is the real purpose of the club. And united, we hope to accomplish more than we could individually. The plan is to discuss, during the winter, the theory of some modern philosopher, or the investigations of some modern psychologist, and then, if possible, to have the scientist himself come and lecture to us on his own work. There *are* living philosophers, though the word philosopher does sound a bit antiquated. So too, the philosophical club has life, though dealing perhaps with rather a ponderous subject, and we hope that interest and enthusiasm will insure us a profitable year. M. G. B., 1913.

IN MEMORIAM.

FRANCES KING CAREY, 1911.

Born July 10, 1890.
Died July 29, 1912.

"The distressing death of Miss Frances King Carey will bring grief not only to her many friends but to all who hear or read of it. It recalls strikingly the similar violent death of Carola Woerishoffer, the story of whose all too brief career was recently told by Jane Addams in one of the magazines under the caption of 'A Noble Life.' For Miss Carey, as Miss Woerishoffer, was one of the new class of social workers, marked no less by scientific knowledge than by acute sympathy, who count their wealth a trust and while giving freely of it give no less freely of themselves. Both were Bryn Mawr girls, a fact speaking significantly of the training given at that splendid institution. And the short lives of both were truly noble lives."

DULCI FISTULA

BURY THE HATCHET.

Woodman, spare that tree,
Cut not a single bough.
Long hath it sheltered me;
Don't kill, but graft it now. E. S. L, 1914.

WITH APOLOGIES TO WORDSWORTH'S EARLY YOUTH.

Dark is my room, as is the starless night
When Taylor's chimes cease crashing thro' the air.
The mice alone, free from all worldly care,
Are tripping audibly their later flight.
Still is the hall—a murmur 'gins to light
O'er stair and crevice from the upper floor,
A universal tumult whispering,
All felt and all created comes to blight
That rest for which the hockey teams implore
Strict rules, and only then, when proctoring
Is done and I at rest, my friends restrain
Those noisy talks that so disturb my brain.
Oh! leave your pranks and help me in my plight
Of being proctor whilst I try to train!

MARY HAINES, '14.

A ROMANCE.

1

Of many things we righteously complain:
  Of thermostats and orals, and the grippe;
And often we experience with pain
  The literary standards of the TIP.

2

Save, TIP, thy volumes from the threat'ning worms,
  Descend unto the common multitude
And show thyself on more familiar terms
  With fashions and light fiction, and with food.

3

Now a story I will set about to write,
  Just calculated after every taste,
And if they are so very impolite
  As not to print it, then it shall go waste.

4

My heroine's a student at Bryn Mawr;
  If she be lovely then I know it not—
She keeps her best hat in a pickle-jar
  Beside her boots, beneath her humble cot.

5

And half her wardrobe's in the Lost and Found,
  And half her wardrobe is lent out to friends;
But still she manages to run around
  In tennis shoes and other odds and ends.

6

And yet they say she was quite "dressy" too
  (Here's where my plot begins to be revealed).
She wore the family diamonds, not a few,
  And other heirlooms on the hockey field.

7

At playing hockey she was simply great. She played
  Centre and full-back, first and second team,
In mournful yell or cheerful song, 'tis said,
  No matter which, she would just scream and scream.

8

Now once she made a most stupendous play,
  And why the ball went "out" one scarcely gleans;
But sad to say, a man was in the way,
  A-sitting by the goal-post, picking greens.

9

The angry damsel said, "For goodness' sake!"
  I think she kept her temper pretty well.
You see the man was awfully opaque,
  And when the ball once hit him, out it fell.

10

"Please don't, dear damsel, please!" the man did say.
  (No doubt her hockey-stick looked very fierce.)
"Oh, please don't hit me any more that way,
  Or to the heart Lord Cholmondeley* you will pierce."

11

For yes, you see, he really was a lord!
  And in his pocket had a folding crown
Which, while she gazed with air distinctly bored,
  He ruefully took out, and put it on.

12

"Oh, Mary, Amy, Floribelle or May,
  Indeed, indeed, and that was hardly nice!
Let not your angry passions rise, oh pray!
  And for my life, myself shall be the price."

13

She took her diamond-studded notebook then
  And accurately added up the score.
"One man," she wrote, "is not so much as ten
  Is less than twenty, but than none is more."

14

Thus deeply musing, to herself she spoke:
  "I'll feed him with potato-skins and prunes,
I'll keep him in the dust-bin all the week
  And rent him out on Sunday afternoons."

*We will pronounce it Chumley as the English do.

15

And this she did. Of course, I need not say
She grew so very, very rich, until
She changed her courses every single day,
And made enough to pay her tea-house bill.

16

To Wanamaker's then she went, and bought
For Radnor some real Jacobean chairs
And a new tower for Taylor, "star-in-wrought,"
Instead of statues, soft white Teddy-bears.

17

My story could go on and on, you know,
And in the bud its blooms I hate to nip,
But somehow I divine 'tis better so
For the literary standards of the TIP.

WINIFRED GOODALL.

PRICKITT

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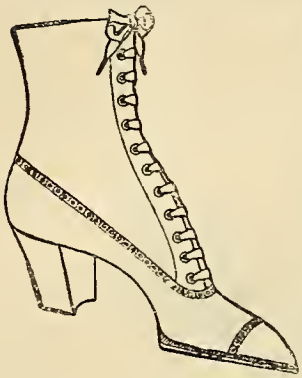

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December, 1912

Tipyn o' Bob

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EDITORIALS.

I remember the sensation once produced at a summer place by a foreigner who began conversation with one of our most respected cottage holders as follows: "How do you do? You live in a big house? Yes? How many servants do you keep? So? Is your husband alive? Ah! How many children have you got? No?" As a community we agreed that the creature was really too terrible, unenlightened as he was as to the rudiments of social intercourse. Later, when it was explained that he was really a great authority on some subjects, it was decided tacitly that complete ostracism might be going a bit too far, and the liberal-minded continued to ask him to tea. By being careful and discreet about what we said when he was present, by talking of subjects concerning which he was quite uninformed (of course it wasn't necessary to offer explanations), we quite graciously conveyed that his part was to drink his tea in silence and gratitude; or, if he liked, we would be quite willing to listen to some of the interesting bits he didn't put into his books. Gradually his acceptances became even fewer than his invitations, however, and feel-

ing that we had done our part, at any rate, we saw him less and less. Of course, he might be brilliant to a degree, but he was difficult to get along with, so utterly lacking in small talk. You start and turn? You see the force of my illustration then. You too, yes, all of us, have been eagerly and often denounced for that deadly social sin, lack of small talk. First, you express your minds too freely. How can your *vis à vis* lead the conversation in a skilfully planned and well-worn conversational groove if you insist on breaking ground in new directions? You discuss any matter under the sun, including many topics not considered suitable for young girls. Shocking and indelicate. If you don't commit either of the above breaches you sit in silence, unmolested by that hideous conversational contretemps, a pause, apparently expecting the other person to save you from it. Inconsiderate and not to be expected. These accusations are all familiar to you. But do you see whither you are tending? If you continue to talk spontaneously and not from a sense of duty, if you confine yourself to topics of interest and not of convention, will you be so very different from my poor German, who tried to talk to the ladies about the only subjects in which they were really interested, and failing that, relapsed into silence? Yes, you will outrage the decencies and overlook the appearances, and the honor of your presence will be less frequently sought at some summer place. Unless you check the current and turn the tide of your own proclivities, unless the magic talisman of small talk flows evenly and smoothly and ceaselessly from your lips, you too may be gently frozen forth from beside the steaming kettle, and join the foreigner on the outskirts, in content. But you, who should have known better, are hereby warned. M. T.

There was a time when bitterness about my present subject made me long for a free space to give vent to my feelings. I find now, when the free space is cheerfully given to me, that my bitterness has departed. However, there must be others, now Freshmen, who feel as I felt, and to them I write. I can do little except offer sympathy, and this I do most sincerely offer to all those who suffer, at present, under the perpetual affliction of being divinely favored. The favors that 1913, as Freshmen, were cursed with I know only vaguely and through hearsay. But report makes them many!

1914 certainly seemed initiated into the college under perverse auspices. Of course, the thing for which we were told to be most thankful (next to being an even class) was quizzes! Who, indeed, could forget the joy of bearing home the remains of a rhetoric quiz with the figures "39" scrawled largely on its front cover, and of meeting a Senior who smiled broadly in one's face, saying, "Lucky dogs, you ought to get nothing but H.C.'s with all those quizzes to help you! Besides quizzes we had lots of other blessings: hours of *Manus Bryn Mawrensium* for the anniversary, a third team in hockey, which necessitated training and had no one to play against, and a true scarlet-fever epidemic. I think I never dragged myself from a warm bed on a dark morning to practice "*1914 Lantern song*" without meeting some cheerful upper classman who delighted to expatiate on my unexceptionable advantages.

1915 had advantages, too, especially created for it, beginning with new and elaborate elocution rules and ending with Taylor fire in the summer. And now 1916 is in the midst of its advantages. It is to be hoped that they will be duly thankful and patient, for we who once suffered ourselves from loudly envious elders can hardly be expected to refrain from retaliating by becoming loudly envious in our turn. But perhaps it may comfort somebody to remember that when we talk the most about the superlative advantages for which the present Freshmen should be thankful, we know just as well as they know *that it's all rot.* M. L. C.

OUR OWN CITY.

"A hundred thousand dollars—that's the price of the house in round numbers," said Mr. Tunby, "and the piping—gas, water and heat—would come to six miles—stretched out, that is; the contractor told me so." "Belgravia's what I call it," he pursued. "After the Belgrave, biggest hotel on the Florida coast; and treats you better, gives you better food, more solid comfort, than any I know of, anywhere," he added solemnly, in a testimonial tone. "You're building too, I believe?" He turned, with a burst of fellow-feeling, to Mrs. Pollaston.

Now it was at the Patronesses of something's tea, or the Tunbys

would never have been there, and Mrs. Pollaston was "pouring," or she would never have been there, jammed, at any rate, into the same group as the Tunbys, in the barbarous way that people have, of collecting about the head of the tea-table at a large refreshment distribution.

So Mrs. Pollaston resigned herself to her position. "Restoring, merely," she murmured toward Mr. Tunby. "The old family mansion, you know, the old Halliwell home, on Madison Street. My mother's family——"

Mr. Tunby rasped his chin uneasily on his collar. He was as uncomfortable as if Mrs. Pollaston had confessed to wearing last year's boots, re-soled. But Mrs. Tunby sighted Mrs. Pollaston's plane more correctly.

"What do you think?" she dashed in gallantly. "This morning Dr. Rundschau sent over for a picture of our house. He wants it for the frontispiece, in colour, of the new book he's been writing: *Our Own City*, you know. He thinks a *de luxe* edition, three volumes, in red, would be just the thing for our library."

"Yes," said Mr. Tunby, with relieved determination, "and I've fixed up a little compartment just over the fireplace, where it'll stand. Its all bosh, this crying down your own home town, *I* think, and I for one believe in booming what you *have* got."

Mrs. Pollaston stifled a yawn. "Ah, yes," she said, wearily, "I believe that's the book Willie Rundschau's been bothering me about a picture of the Halliwell home for, these six months. I must look one up."

There was not a grain of truth in this, but Mrs. Pollaston knew there ought to have been, and that there would be soon. Directly after tea she stepped into her limousine and was driven to Dr. Rundschau's, for she felt that she must not let the poor man ruin himself completely. (We had it from her own lips at the Parish Guild next day.)

"And a book like that, with a frontispiece of that sort, is without distinction, is lost!" she said emphatically to us. "No one would look at it." We gave unqualified assent, shaking our heads, as she went on; "though I had some trouble in getting the doctor to see my point." She dropped her voice. "I don't believe he is very literary, really. But I did at last persuade him to put the Tunbys'

house among the undistinguished illustrations, where it wouldn't be so glaringly bad. Then I offered him a photograph of the old Halliwell home for his frontispiece. He was very grateful, of course, but vague, because of the *de luxe* edition, I suppose. Said the book had already gone to print. However, I impressed it forcibly upon Marina (she's his daughter and has a good head) that *Our Own City* must *not* appear with that horrible Tunby house sprawling over the first page. And by the way," added Mrs. Pollaston, "I've ordered a set of the books for our library in the Parish House, and I should think we ought to devote some of our 'Afternoons' to it."

We murmured our appreciation and interest, for Mrs. Pollaston was a great worker in the charities. But we never *did* read the book in the "Afternoons." And there was no copy on the Parish House shelves, nor any *de luxe* edition, three volumes, red, on Mr. Tunby's library chimney-piece. And, however, the Circulating had to purchase two sets, while the rest of the first edition went that same month in private copies, without a single "presentation" among them.

Queer things, you see, and interesting things, happen at the printing office, to the heaviest tome extant. *Our Own City* gained a savour of Thackeray there. On the frontispiece flaunted "Belgravia, the beautiful $100,000 mansion of Mrs. Sarah Pollaston, built last year. It contains six miles of piping (coiled) and is an exact model of the Petit-Trianon at Versailles, with the exception of the roof, which is mottled red." Farther over, among the undistinguished illustrations appeared the "Old Home of the Halliwell Family, lately restored by the descendants on the maternal side, Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Tunby."

W. G., 1914.

SUFFRAGE SOCIETY.

We are very modern, almost radical, here at Bryn Mawr, but "what the Bander-Pog say to-day, the jungle will say to-morrow."

And one of the cases in which this rule is particularly applicable is that of the fight for Equal Suffrage. There really seems to be an analogy between the suffrage activities and successes in the real world, and in the little college world. A great torchlight parade was held in New York in which thousands of men and women protested

by this time-honoured and impressive method against what they believed to be an injustice—a dignified public demonstration. At Bryn Mawr the loyal suffragists, having heard of their victory in the West, showed their joy in this triumph by a parade, which, if scarcely as dignified as and somewhat smaller than the one in New York, at least yielded it no palms in the matter of genuine enthusiasm.

Four more states, Oregon, Kansas, Michigan and Arizona, have been added to the list of those in which women will vote for the next President of the United States.

There has been a great increase in the membership of the Bryn Mawr Chapter of the College Equal Suffrage League. The officers of this Association, Ellen Faulkner, 1913, president; Ethel Dunham, 1914, vice-president; Edna Rapallo, 1915, secretary, who, with Olga Kelly, 1913, and Alice Miller, 1914, form the Executive Board, assisted by Eleanor Allen, 1914, and Lucile Davidson, 1915, have been making short after-dinner speeches in all the halls. These meetings were fairly successful, but the Board has been heard to complain that very few questions were forthcoming. Perhaps this was because there are so few anti-suffragists in college or perhaps it was because those who were there did not have their arguments ready to present. Some members of the Board have suggested that those who are very strongly opposed to woman suffrage should organize themselves, so that some debates might be held on this much-mooted subject, or that they should at least prime themselves with intelligent objections, so that when next the Suffrage Board go upon their rounds they may meet, if not everywhere friends, at least only "foemen" who are truly "worthy of their steel." E. R., 1915.

THE DIVINE AFFLATUS.

Periodically comes the desire to write. Then society seems dull, our ordinary pursuits appear fruitless and even tennis palls. Joyously somebody brings forth the sermon paper and each one with an exalted expression seeks out her favorite pen. My own is a fountain pen which was discarded by my father after years of work in a law office. No one else in the family likes it; it is battered and broken and no longer fulfils its fountain offices; but I guard it as a treasure and it brings me utmost contentment.

As I came in this afternoon I knew that it had come. Cynthia and Louise were lingering by the tea table. The floor was strewn with scribbled sheets. Cynthia sat with her chair tipped back against the piano, dainty collar and bow pushed awry and strands of yellow hair loosened around her face. Our stylish Cynthia! What if some of the adoring ones could see her now? Waving her pencil, wildly scratching out, reading, now eagerly assured of a good part, now with a questioning note in her voice, anxious for the approval of the oracle. For Louise, we say it with reverence, has published five times!

She has graduated into a household of her own and her small son, a peculiarly bewitching infant in a blue tunic, seeks desperately to distract her attention. The indulgent Householder (her younger sisters sternly acquaint her with their theories on the bringing up of children) is for once uninterested in sensational discoveries beneath the piano stool and ignores even those more urgent invitations, little chucklings and tugs at her skirt. Absorbed, she listens to the tale, but only half her interest is for Cynthia's story. Suddenly she smiles in the most touching part. The light has come into her eyes and the itching in her fingers. Before evening she too will write. A breath of wind rustles the scattered sheets on the floor. Abruptly I drop my raquet into the umbrella stand and enter the library. "Where is my fountain pen?"

Our youngest does not share in our writing and remains cheerfully untouched by the thrill. Her writing consists of dutiful and carefully exact letters to the family and semi-monthly efforts to a youth whose writing experience seems about as circumscribed as her own. He signs himself "lovingly, Tom."

"Babe, you ought to write," says the Householder at dinner.

The Babe, long and slender in her white tennis things, helps herself to her third plate of chicken and looks politely interested.

"Yes, El, you could write something cunning in the first person; all about school and things."

Cynthia, deeply engrossed in creating a world-shaking narrative, may perhaps be pardoned a bit of unconscious patronage. However, I have yet to see the man, woman or child who can patronize the Babe. The Babe pushes back the golden curl that hangs over her ear and slowly elevates her Greek profile.

"It seems to me," she murmurs gently, "that instead of writing

trash you would do well to write to mother." This virtuousness is purely affectation on El's part, as her letters are invariably left around unfinished and are very rarely mailed.

The Householder stirs her coffee meditatively. She is "plotting out" some of her Punjab experiences.

"You have a sense of humor, Babe; you should have heard some of the English officers laugh at your letters."

The Babe wavers a minute, uncertain whether to be offended or not; then she decides that she intended those letters to be funny, and smiles faintly, gratified.

"You could write real love stories, Babe," suggests Cynthia.

Our youngest darts a side glance at the Householder, who is removing the infant's fork from her glass of water. (The infant's presence is a reward for almost unbelievable virtue.)

"Call them 'Over the Bannister,'" I suggest, "Or 'Heard without Shoes On,'" adds Cynthia.

The Householder has disposed of the infant's fork successfully. She looks up.

"Shall we go into the library?" suggests the Babe sweetly.

After dinner our youngest stood gloomily before the library window watching the gray sheets of rain. The dance was off and Jack had sprained his ankle. The Babe sighed heavily (she is not a reader), then seated herself at the desk. Energetically she scribbled with "sneakered" feet twisted in the rungs of her chair and one brown arm tapping her skirt thoughtfully.

The Householder and I were softly discussing the destination of a finished manuscript.

Suddenly the Babe turned her head.

"Where shall I send mine?" inquired our youngest.

ELIZABETH GRIER ATHERTON, '14.

THE ENGLISH CLUB.

The English Club had its first public meeting on the evening of Saturday, November the sixteenth, with Mr. Walter H. Page, the editor of "The World's Work," well known both as journalist and publisher, as speaker. Mr. Page, the English Club, and a number of its

guests dined in Denbigh. Mr. Page was presented by the president of the English Club, Olga Kelly, 1913, and made an amusing dinner speech on the United States presidents he had known, lamenting the change that their office forces upon them and the multitudinous cares and responsibilities of their unique position. After dinner there was a general movement toward Rockefeller Hall, where Mr. Page spoke on journalism as a trade, especially as a trade for women. He advised, first, that all those who were able to stay out of journalism should stay out, because all the rest would go in for it anyway. He explained that journalism had three gradations: the newspaper, the magazine, and the average novel, all of which depend on writing, pure and simple. He outlined an ideal course for the future journalist to be given as graduate work at Bryn Mawr and elsewhere, where for four years the student would regularly write one thousand words a day,—history, narrative, epic, pastoral, and on Sunday, hymns, all forms that writing can take. The student would write with and among a group of similar students, under a competent instructor, also writing a daily stunt. Thus, Mr. Page believes, might be, and will in time be evolved an art of writing, comparable to any plastic art in achievement and technique, with a strenuous apprenticeship and a corresponding mastery of material. To the fortunate journalist brought forth under such conditions the journalistic oyster shell will have been already opened by his conquest of the difficulties of learning to write, because by writing, and by that only, can anyone ever earn his salt at the journalistic trade. The graduate schools of writing, with their diploma and the sixteen volumes of MSS. which each student writes during the four years, have not yet come. At present the quickest and easiest approach toward journalism as a profession is reporting, which has more than an average amount of drudgery and toil. Therefore, Mr. Page advises, stay out if you can help it, and if you can't, learn to write before you can hope to make literature. The journalistic world is small, the chances are few, it is a trade for those only who will have no other, and it is the most arduous and interesting of all the arts.

The English Club considers itself especially fortunate in having been able to enjoy the honor and pleasure of meeting and hearing Mr. Page.

DULCI FISTULA

THE PUBLIC CONSCIENCE.

"I am new," says the Freshman;
  "It's not up to me
To a meeting in Taylor to go.
By my fourth year of sojourn
  Perhaps I might be.
If you ask me to-day, I'll say no."

"I have been," says the Sophomore,
  "To meetings enough
To supply me with knowledge galore.
Do you think I can listen
  Again to such stuff?
It's really too much of a bore!"

"I'll go," says the Junior,
  "To hunt up a few
To attend our poor meeting to-day."
And so she departs,
  Leaving fewer than few
Among those who more valiantly stay.

"I am old," says the Senior.
  "For three mortal years
I've gone to each meeting they've had,
And now as the end
  Of my pilgrimage nears,
I'll go home if I please and be bad."

"I'm alone," says the president.
  "What can I do
In a meeting so sparsely attended?"
So she moves an adjournment
  And wanders off too;
And that is the way that it ended.

(With apologies to Lewis Carroll.) M. F. M., 1913.

ARGUMENTATION.

I'm preparing a brief,
For we argue at dinner
On the merits of beef.
I'm preparing a brief.
From debate no relief,
Though I daily grow thinner!
I'm preparing a brief,
For we argue at dinner.

PLATONIC DOCTRINE.

"Nor shall she fail to see,
Even in the motion of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the maiden form
By silent sympathy."
This doctrine saddens me with pity,
For maiden born within the city
And forced to simulate the grace
Of trolley-car's careering pace.
The engine's motion is her fate,
Or auto-truck's alluring gait.
Alas for her! *I'd* rather be
Lacking Platonic symmetry.

J. M. B.

RENAISSANCE ART LABORATORY.

Exercise: Will the class try this afternoon to feel like a train? In order to make our first experiment as easy as possible I will assign to each class a part which will be most natural to them. Will 1913 please be the headlight and trundle; 1916, the tender; 1914 can easily have the sensation of noise. I see there's no use in assigning a part to 1915; it already feels like the whole thing.

When you're sitting up in lectures,
  Hearing profs discuss the class,
Reading off examinations,
  Saying "failed" and never "pass,"
And you recognize your paper
  And the French you thought was good
Calling forth such gales of laughter
  As you never thought you should,
You may shed a tear in private
  And be sure that you're abused,
But it's better far to flunk it
  Just as long as you've amused.
What's the use of a High Credit
  To a soul on earth but you?
If you flunk and make it funny,
  Then the class enjoys it too. M. F., '14.

DAILY THEMES—AN EXPLANATION AND APOLOGY.

In rhythmic verse I would rehearse
  A liquid thought;
But that, perforce, without recourse
  It comes to naught.

My thoughts *en masse* would seem to pass
  As well as others;
But if I strive to make *one* thrive,
  It quickly smothers.

In beauties dim they float and spin—
  A blest illusion.
But each one's worth becomes as dearth
  When in seclusion.

I would engage that from a cage
  Of many linnets.
It's ten to one you coax forth none
  In twenty minutes. M. T.

OPEN LETTERS.

DEAR TIP:—

I've had an idea, and I thought I'd tell it to you rather than to the Students' Council or Hall Committee, because they have quite enough for the present, but you're obliged to keep coming out every month.

It's about note-books at the breakfast table. You see, we just have to bring them; everybody does, whether she's a good student, or a Sudden Student, or an Unprofitable Student, or a Conventional Student. The question is, *how to hold them* without dropping them in the milk or impeding breakfast—your own or your neighbor's. Now, *I* say do it with your chin. Thus you have both arms free, you aren't crowding anybody, and no one can expect you to talk. For the main point is, of course, keeping your chin still.

Sincerely, ACTIVE MIND.

DEAR TIP:

I do wish you would have a section on Etiquette. It's so very hard for some of us to make up our minds as to just where we belong. Besides, it's dangerous when we can't make up our minds and all of college is coming out of Taylor door on our heels.

There is the English Department's Cat, too. She is very punctilious, I know. And I *should* like to treat her with etiquette. But what is the rule? The other night she was asleep on the sidewalk, and I couldn't go on the ground because of the earthworms, and the walk was so dark that I didn't know just how far the E. D. C. reached. The hairs in her tail are quite long, you know. I just stooped down and stroked her *very* respectfully. But she jumped up and spit, and flew off in the dark with her eyes on fire. So evidently that was not etiquette. It's just as bad with the English Department's Dog. He looks so grieved when you pet him. As if you might muss his hair. I am really awfully worried. If I knew just *where* we belonged. There's the Hellehund too. I dare say he has a certain social status by this time, if one only knew where. However, he cheerfully bounces you off the walk if you're in his way, so you can't feel so delicate about him. Now do, dear Tip, decide about the Etiquette of this; and next time you might publish a chart, if you'd be so good, with each of us fixed in his appointed place, and the English Department's Cat and Dog, too. CIRCUMSPECT.

DEAR TIP:

I have been taking you ever since I came to college and I may truly say that of all your shortcomings the color of your career has most directly afflicted me. *I* do not care whether inside you have red-ink Murder Stories or greenish-gray Suppressions. *I* do not count the sparks as they fly from *Dulce Fistula.* *I* read Wordsworth and Ibsen (I am going to begin on Rabelais and Byron, soon). But I have a very acute feeling for color, and the strong yellow of the Tip has begun to be unpleasant to me. Why yellow, pray? Pumpkins, yes, in autumn. Why yellow in winter in the spring? Canned pumpkins! No, never. But would any other color suit me better? No, it would not. Why not? Because I am not narrow, not snobbish, not exclusively red or green or light blue or dark blue. (Argumentative manner, caught from Debating Society) I am plaid. Therefore I suggest a plaid cover for the Tip. Think of the delicate sentiment clinging to a plaid cover! You might leave us your inside free for writing material and still be accounted a most romantic publication. Do so, and you will receive the hearty approbation and continued patronage of a MAJOR INTELLECT.

It would be an interesting subject to debate whether it is our human nature or college tradition which is responsible for the crowded condition of Taylor stairs. We know human nature cannot change, but might not a college tradition be improved upon? It is undoubtedly human nature which makes Sophomores and Freshmen look longingly at the broad front stairs at a crowded hour, when they know they are restricted to the back ones. But is it also human nature for Seniors and Juniors to enjoy being crushed themselves, and to swell the ignominious throng on the back stairs of Taylor while the front ones are empty? Perhaps there is some room for improvement.

THE PROCTOR'S TALE OF WOE.

No one of the uninitiated can appreciate what it means to be a proctor. At first glance it might seem a very enviable position indeed, to be able to inspire with awe a whole corridor full of fellow-students,

to command and enforce obedience, even to the heartless degree of disbanding a birthday party. Yes, at first there may be some satisfaction in being a part, however humble, of the great machine self-government.

But there are many human blessings which the proctor must forego—liberty, quiet, the privileges of the reserved-book-room, and even sleep itself. Of course, you must never think of leaving your room between two and four or half-past seven and nine-fifteen, though the restraint may weigh on you as much as ever prison walls depressed a convict. Alas for the proctor who indulges in reading-courses! The only time when she may slip away to the library is between four o'clock and dinner-time and after nine-fifteen at night—the two times each day when our brains are least likely to respond. And if the ordinary brain is fagged, what shall we say of the proctor's, after two hours' strenuous listening?

Four hours each day of strenuous listening, and unfortunately most of us cannot sit idle for four hours each day. We have to learn to do two things at once. Every proctor has made the same complaint, that six weeks of dividing attention between a book and the state of the sound-waves about her has developed a bad habit of distraction not easily to be overcome. I, for one, have completely lost that power of concentration of which I was once so proud.

And after such a day, however heavy your eyelids and weary your brain, you dare not seek rest until every one of your charges is safely tucked in to her bed and you are assured that no unseemly sound will require your reprimand.

Are we so young that we cannot spare the proctor? Or if absolute quiet is not possible without such sacrifice of one of our number, have we not the library? But those are questions which belong in another argument. Will not some one take it up?

A Proctor.

Is life worth living? I had asked.
He watched me through his half closed eyes,
Then turned and viewed the grass, the skies,
The trees, the sun in which he basked;
Then snapped a fly, and wagged his tail:
What do such questionings avail? E. S., 1914.

A JAPANESE GOWN.

Soft, shadowy colors of the sky at dusk,
  Faint tracery of leaves, a gleam of gold,
And all the dreamy magic of the East
  Breathing enchantment from each silken fold.

E. Bontecou, 1913.

REED-PIPE.

My pipe of reeds! One little strain!
What shall we sing? Thy baby song,
And through a reed-grass now again,
A-humming to a summer wind?

My little flute! One singing note!
I'll stand on tiptoe so, and catch
The song from out the lark's brown throat.
Oh! sweet, my flute. So, shall we sing?

My heart has gone a-wandering
  To the lake of evening lights,
To the shores of darkling pine-trees,
  The haunts of sylvan sprites.
There all the fragrant summer
  With the king of fairy-land,
By moonlight or by starlight,
  I lingered, hand in hand.
Aye, every throbbing evening
  Where the chestnut blossoms blow
In the moonlight or the starlight
  Till the time of falling snow.

Jean Davis, 1914.

THE SEA.

You're a sea-loving man
And you turn from the hills,
Flat, rusty and bare,
Sun-burned and wind-shorn.

You're a sea-loving man
And you turn past the cliffs,
Gray, ragged and smooth,
Sun-streaked and wind-worn.

You're a sea-loving man,
And you turn to the sea,
Finding joy in the taste of the salt on your lips;
In the smell of the salt as you breathe;
In the sight of the sea in the wind,
Wide, darkly blue; as it rolls to the sand,
Rising green in clean crests
Sun-lit and wind-torn. C. H., 1912.

THE END OF THE LEASE.

One ordinarily would not turn for romantic interest to a house like No. 34 River Street. To begin with, New York City offers little of romance outside the fact that its merchants daily embark upon piratical cruises 'after treasure-laden ships. So one would unthinkingly pass by No. 34 as the sister of a hundred other houses precisely like it, a sedate dwelling of the 1860 type, with its once cheerful red brick front dimmed by smoke, and its antique porch-rail leading on either side of the steps up to the gloomy, old-fashioned door. So far there was nothing unusual about No. 34 except that, unlike its neighbors, the brass hand-rail and the uncouth gargoyle which served as a knocker had been brightly polished. Even the angle of the window shades was perfectly conventional, and on the two upper stories the blinds were closed, presumably to keep out the heat. But a prolonged scrutiny of the house as I passed it each morning failed to discover

any sign of life within, such as the slightest perceptible change in the elevation of the window shades or the sight of a servant sweeping out the vestibule. Maybe the newsboy left his paper on the step each morning, I never saw the door open to receive it or anyone come forth and pick it up, but when I returned home at noon it was invariably gone. No doubt the milkman and the grocer paid their daily calls in the rear of the house, but I never saw a wagon stop directly in front of it. Even the neighbor's children, and in that district there are always plenty of them, avoided the immediate vicinity and roller-skated up and down the other side of the street.

One day as I passed I noticed that a group of children were sliding gaily down the brass railing and that the outer blinds were all tightly closed. Sometime, I suppose, between night and morning the mysterious occupants had passed out between the already dimming railings as silently as they had come, leaving behind as the only reminder of their former existence there the insolent gargoyle knocker with the sign "To Let" suspended from his mouth.

LILLIAN H. MUDGE, 1915.

It was a long-suffering timepiece, and probably tired of life. I hadn't the heart to blame it for settling down to indignant silence when my wrench at the winder snapped the spring. I merely wondered sadly, how I should navigate the seas of time without my trusty compass. Now I find that the philosophers are quite right. Without a clock there *is* no time. In spite of my mishap the world still revolves; probably, too, it continues on its course around the sun. And so for me as for the rest of humanity there is a rough division of eternity into day and night and the usual four seasons. But there are no hours any more, and a minute is a word without meaning. Other people run about keeping appointments, and I stand aside to let them pass. I should like to explain to them that they are labouring under a misapprehension—that the hour of the appointment has no reality except as a certain look on the face of a clock—that I know, because mine has stopped. Probably they would answer that theirs still runs, and I should be silenced. Some day perhaps they, too, will wind their clocks too far, and understand. I want some one to keep me company in this great lonely waste of undifferentiated timelessness.

H. H. P., 1911.

THE WEAVER'S SHUTTLE.

With a parting glance through the curtains at the black-browed man sitting two seats down from me across the aisle, I settled myself for the night. Of course, there might be no reason for it, but—well, the man did have sly, shifting eyes, and some way I felt safer when I had placed my watch and money beneath my pillows. For a long time I lay staring at the berth above, absorbed in memories of horrible train stories I had heard,—tales of kidnapping, robberies, and blood-curdling murders,—when the sudden jolting and stopping of the train distracted my thoughts.

We had arrived at some big town, and soon voices sounded in the car. The speakers came nearer up the aisle and stopped at the seat opposite me. Slowly the train moved on, and when the last light from the train had flashed by, I found myself unconsciously listening to the conversation across the way.

"Oh, Frank, ain't it dandy to be here?" exclaimed a young girl's voice, quivering with laughter and excitement. "Just look at me. Swamped in rice! Of all the nerve! I didn't think Dick had the brass to get the boys down to the station to do it, but talk about your old shoes and white ribbons. Mary Johnston's wedding wasn't in it." There was a little note of pride in her voice.

"Well, she didn't have the looks to make the fellows want to give her a send-off, and as for old man Johnston! He didn't have the cash for a decent wedding party or a swell, bang-up present like you got. Those are some jewels, take my word!" It was a gruff man's voice that spoke, and for some reason it surprised me strangely. Was it merely the usual hearty emphasis of the West that I heard, or was there a little note of greed in his voice as he lingered over his last words?

"Law, Frank, you don't think I got better looks than Mary had?"

"Don't I just? And you know it, too, you Puss."

The girl gave a little delighted laugh.

"Well, I'm glad we ain't got our thoughts set on money, for all Pa's got."

"No, we got better things to think about, eh, Puss?"

There was a pause, and he added thoughtfully: "But the old man's bank-book ain't to be despised. Illness, you know, and all that! Well, he sure outdid himself on those jewels."

Another pause, and again the girl's voice.

"What was that the preacher said about our days beatin' it along like a weaver's shuttle? That's straight, all right. All this last year just hustled by, what with you an' me keepin' company and fightin' Pa to let me marry you. You know, Frank, I never knew Pa so mean before. Queer how he didn't like you. All along o' that Greely affair, I suppose, when them horrid fellows said you stole the junk in the safe."

"Aw, cut the rough, Puss. You ain't goin' to bring up that old chestnut."

"Well, now all our life's going hustlin' along like that weaver's shuttle, till we get to be just like old Granny and Granddad.

"'Child,' says she to me, the day before we was married. 'Your Gran'pa an' me ain't had a cross word this fifty year. It's been all joy an' sunshine, an' love since the day we took up together. Look to it you make it that way too, Puss, an' you'll live to be a happy ol' woman like your Granny.'"

The girl's voice sank low as she talked on, and with a sudden burning sense of shame as I caught myself listening to a conversation as intimate and personal, I turned on my side and resolutely riveted my attention on the landscape sliding by in dark blurs outside the window.

I must have dozed, for the next thing Iremember was suddenly jerking upright to a sitting posture in my berth, filled with indignation against the couple opposite for not going to bed when it was so late, and for chatting so incessantly. This feeling speedily changed, however, to one of uneasiness, as the girl's voice floated across the aisle.

"Jewels? Why, what in goodness—? They're in my suitcase, right enough, but land sakes, Frank, there ain't no use in makin' such a fuss about them."

If I had heard so clearly, how could it have escaped my black-browed friend down the car? And if he had heard—! But there, no use worrying when my fears were based on nothing but a swarthy skin and a pair of restless eyes.

"Now, Puss, don't you go an' get huffy. I have to get out at Worthington an' telegraph ahead, an' I want to be sure of them jewels. Are they locked up good? There ain't no kind o' use in takin' any false risks."

"Don't you worry, Frank. They're in their box, an' they're underneath everything in the suitcase."

For a moment there was silence.

"On the right side o' your bag, did you say, Puss?"

"No, the left side. Say, what's bitin' you, Frank?"

With the girl, I wondered what was "biting" him.

Of course, his insistence was reasonable enough, but once again I was, unaccountably, vaguely uneasy. Clearly, I had had too much coffee. I was all nerves.

"Well, we're gettin' on to Worthington. You better take your coat, Frank, it's cold. And hurry back, old dear, 'cause I'll miss you. An' I'll take good care o' them jewels," she added with a little laugh.

The train grew slower and stopped with a jerk that set the curtains swinging. There was a sudden commotion across the aisle and the girl's voice rang out in sharp, agitated tones:

"Frank! Oh, Frank!"

At the words my old uneasiness again assailed me. Vainly I tried to reason it down till it grew to a panic within me, and when I could stand it no longer I parted my curtain with fumbling fingers and thrust my head out into the aisle.

The black-browed man had left the car, and though the train had started moving, the husband was nowhere to be seen. Across the aisle lay a suitcase, open, with its contents tumbled half out. Opposite sat the young girl I had heard, and at the sight of her I smiled gently to myself. She was so obviously a bride. White shoes and stockings, a pale gray suit and in her hands a great bunch of orange blossoms tied in white ribbon. And then a slow red stain appeared on the flowers, and spreading dripped at her feet. Ice cold with horror, I raised my eyes. From her breast trailed a slender thread of blood. Fearfully I looked into her face. The mouth was still parted in a gay little smile, but the eyes were staring, horror-stricken, dead.

SARAH ROZET SMITH, '15.

INTELLECTUAL GROWTH.

There are times in every one's experience when not only art and culture, but even the acquisition of the common decencies of a reasonable education seem very long. Times when a "college education" seems a gloomy farce and the goals cheerfully suggested by those in authority as the ends of immediate effort—such as the fluent sight translation of Greek—excite a bitter smile.

When one is actually at college a general atmosphere of universal ignorance is apt to save one from too sharp a realization of personal deficiencies. In the bosom of one's family there is no such shelter. It is especially unkind of your mother to point out that you, who are presumably majoring in English, began your last letter by saying that "you would of written sooner if you could of, but that you had hurt your arm on the 'angil' of the staircase." You grow angry at your Freshman brother who casts aspersions on your mathematics because, forsooth, when asked in a hurry how many days it takes three men to plow a field which one man can plow in two days, you still invariably answer six. There are humiliating moments when your father remarks that when he was in school it wasn't Garibaldi who discovered that the earth was round, or Galileo who marched with the ten thousand; and that it is surprising that you can never remember the difference between Howells, Hardy, Hewlett and Richard Harding Davis.

Such unfortunate slips on your part are, alas, not rare, and if you had to wait until you could do calculus problems for amusement to get any pleasure from education, college would be a dreary place. But this you do not have to do. For there are simple experiences of a really intellectual nature that one can get, as it were, "on the side," in the process of being educated. These experiences may be scorned by those already sitting in the seats of the mighty or speaking from college pulpits, but they are none the less comforting to one's own innermost soul.

For example, my first experience of a really literary thrill was very exciting, at least to myself. I was reading the poems in the *Atlantic;* I always read the poems in all the magazines from a sort of morbid and uncomprehending curiosity as to what could possibly be the use of that poetry, or, indeed, of any poetry at all. Suddenly that day I

struck a very short poem which I liked. I liked it so much that I read it three times on the spot. Not two months later I happened to see the review of an author who had just died, and in this review I saw my poem quoted as one of the best poems of a good second-rate modern poet. I never told anybody, but I was so puffed up that I read nothing but poetry for weeks. I even read Wordsworth, but unfortunately a good dose of that ended my exotic literary enthusiasm.

The encounter with the *Atlantic* poem came so early in my life that I recall it now without a blush. The revelations relating to mathematics which I've had came later. As I remember, I studied geometry for two years before it ever occurred to me that there was anything in it. I then suddenly discovered, in the middle of a small boat race, that one could lay one's course in accordance with the theorem about the square on the hypotenuse. I was so excited that I lost a good start and came in last, but I had had a truly intellectual thrill.

I think the most solid satisfaction I got from my *minor math* course was the acquirement of a sincere personal belief that one could measure the height of a mountain quite accurately without standing on the top of it. When I had been told before that people did this I had believed they lied. To stand on the top and bore a hole down to the bottom, and drop a weight, on a string down the hole was the only satisfactory way I'd ever been able to conceive of.

It was a red-letter day, too, in the history of my own intellectual development, when I discovered in biology laboratory that the body of a vertebrate wasn't full of large, vague, empty spaces with air in them. That was like the day, several years before, when I found out that a camera wasn't full of wheels and things like a clock.

It would be easy to multiply these experiences many times. Indeed, it's hard to stop. It inspires me with enthusiasm just to remember them, and sets me to hoping that some day a few of my other ambitions may be realized. Perhaps some day I will be seriously convinced that the world is round and that it revolves, and I will be really instinctively troubled if the sum of my percentages makes a hundred and fifteen, and I will honestly feel in my heart of hearts that I'd know Shakespeare was a great poet if I hadn't been told. And if one has prospects of possible rewards like these, one may, I am sure, be quite passably content even if Greek tragedies at sight and integral calculus for pleasure are impossible myths in a dim future.

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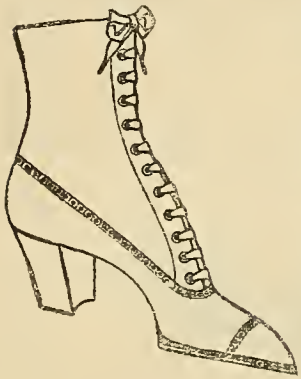

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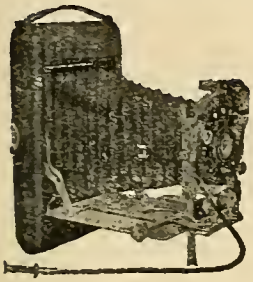

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MARY COOLIDGE, '14
JEAN BATCHELOR, '14
SARAH R. SMITH, '15

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EDITORIALS.

We have all, at one time or another, felt a wild desire to break things, to throw stones through windows, to crush tumblers in our hands, to hurl books about promiscuously, but, since we are on the whole fairly well controlled in such physical displays of temper, we have suppressed our iconoclastic yearnings. One friend of mine did confess that she once became overpowered by a desire to snap the stem of a wine-glass between her fingers, so much so that she obeyed the impulse and created a scene in a hotel. Her family said that the poor child was nervous and overworked.

And now the whole college is snapping the stems of its wine-glasses,—I speak figuratively—, and it attributes its actions, not to nerves or overwork, though these are two favorite complaints, but to a revolutionary spirit. A great and noble thing is this revolutionary attitude of mind, partaking of the glory of the revolts and reforms of the past, and blending itself with the even more romantic spirit of the present, and with that interesting state of affairs, "the general social unrest." It is very laudable, this desire to break images, to find fault with the established; it betokens the enthusiasm of youth.

Just here lies the great paradox, for is not enthusiasm the very thing we try to suppress at Bryn Mawr? Enthusiasm is childish and unworthy of grave college students. So we have thought and with praiseworthy thoroughness have we lived up to our convictions. We are blasé, we are bored, and quite successfully so. Why should we show interest in what exists when we know that it all must be overthrown? Why is there anything in our college to appreciate? Why indeed? Music, athletics, chapel, self-government, all are obsolete. Let us discountenance these relics of the past by avoiding concerts, games and meetings. Such functions are customary and traditional, and only to be destroyed by a passive lack of interest, or pulled down by force into a smoking heap of ruins. And from these ruins,—what?

If we did but realize it, enthusiasm for what there is good in the present and for what there may be better in the future, is greater than any present efforts to destroy. And by wholesome enthusiasm alone do we attain the real spirit of the age we live in,—the spirit of solid and able construction. K. S.

Have you heard of fairy gold? It grew in an enchanted forest, unfolding leaf on shining leaf. And those who picked it as it budded, bore away great loads of the bright boughs. But there were others who delayed, and put off the labour of the plucking, and when at last they gathered in the bending branches, they found not gold at all, but dead leaves, dry and sear.

And the moral of that is,—it being the privilege of editors to point morals,—mid-years are on the way! Begin in time to do your studying! Don't leave it all until it is too late, and your marks record a drift of withered leaves, but start now, to-day, and gather fairy gold! S. R. S.

For many years I have suffered in silence the taunts of my non-college friends and acquaintances who say to me, "Just hear what such-and-such a college girl said about suffrage, and then consider what college girls are like." The folly of the remark quoted as evidence is usually quite undeniable, and I am supposed to haul down my colors, with apologies, on the spot. It may not be suffrage, it may be society, or literature, or religion—the outside world thinks itself

justified in condemning the college world on the basis of one unfortunate remark made by one unfortunate girl. To point out the bad logic of such a procedure is useless; the most effective thing to do is to retaliate in kind. As a help in doing this, I propose to start a collection of all the "fool" remarks made by an outsider on college, from which the college girl can easily deduce the general folly of the outside world.

I should begin my own list with the remark of my ten-year-old sister, who responded to my lengthy efforts to picture the joys of Bryn Mawr by saying that she certainly wouldn't come because, "It would be too lonely!"

This last remark was distinctly belligerent, but I heard one this summer that was truly pathetic. "I wish," said the troubled mother of a growing daughter, "that Maude would go to Bryn Mawr, but she thinks the suffrage atmosphere is so unladylike, and I haven't much influence with her because I am a suffragist myself."

The most memorable conversation I ever had about college for girls, however, was one I had just before I took my final examinations. I met at dinner a lady of about middle age and of what was generally considered more than average intelligence. She discussed, more or less over my innocent head, the hardships of a modern youth entering college. Finally she turned to me with a beaming smile, "Aren't you glad you are a girl, my dear," she said, "and need not bother with these examinations? But do you know, I met a girl once who took real college entrance examinations—not that I mean she was going to college at all—she was a nice, ladylike girl, but she took the examinations."

M. L. C.

A BRACELET.

Cellini made it of fine carven gold,
With twisting stems and long leaves that enfold
The curious small flowerets all along.
With antique grace, and delicate yet strong.
He made the circlet: the same hand
That cast the Perseus in heroic mould.

O. K., 1913.

"LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE."

Muller is a newspaper man, with specialties in suburban scandals. I met him recently, very irate indeed, and saying extremely unpleasant things about love and marriage, and ladies' magazines in general. His contention is that all the really stirring and important passions of life, the big loves and hates and wars and sacrifices would have made splendid headlines; while only neurasthenic æsthetic humbugs (the phrase is his own) need pages of print to explain their palpitating inactivity. He considers Romeo and Juliet, for instance, to be saved from hopeless bathos by their final complete and sensational fatality, and says it is the luckiest thing that could have happened to them either for themselves or posterity. He also regrets, I believe, having missed the chance of being a war correspondent for Alexander, and thinks that in the blessed days of Queen Catherine de Medici he might have compiled an ideal newspaper, all red ink and large type. Endowed with such a temperament, you can realize how disinterestedly he must mourn over every situation that resolves itself into the conventional happy ending and with what artistic satisfaction he must glow over every obscure mortal elevated by a sudden villany to the prominence of the first page. He can descant to you for hours on the purity of a primitive situation which can be summed up in a line, and rage equally long against the levelling influences of modern civilization which pile up petty complexities and produce the modernist novels. He tried to unload a number of his theories on me at our last meeting, but I fixed him sternly with my eye and said, "Quit being verbose and come to the point."

Touched deeply in his honor by such a charge, he gave me the following account, with the scornful suggestion that I elaborate it for my next trilogy. I have not done it. I append it in almost its original form.

In one of the largest and most fashionable outskirts of New York dwelt a mother with an only son. Mother was valuable to the society editors because, though usually holding the purse strings pretty tight, she occasionally loosened up for a real affair. Son, on the other hand, Muller assured me, would have made the fortune of a comic artist. His whole life had been a series of mishaps; but he had an undaunted spirit, an adamantine head, and something of a

pleasant grin that always saved him from one dilemma just as his effervescing energy rushed him into another. Had his faculties been concentrated, he or the object of them must have exploded from undue pressure; but until his twenty-first year a variety of interests, ranging from pugilism to decadent Roman dramatists, had kept his attention in a constant flux. Then suddenly the power of music burst upon his soul. He suped for experience in a semi-grand opera, besought the basso-profundo to take him for a pupil, and fell in love with his master's daughter. Figure to yourself the intoxication of Bohemian beer and cheese in contrast to mother's long and carefully estimated evening receptions.

Matters went smoothly enough as long as son continued at college, getting an education preparatory to following in his lamented father's footsteps as a cotton merchant. He kept a piano in his rooms, and the trip to Bohemia for his music lesson always included a song and love fest with Natoma—gorgeous, graceful Natoma. No cloud appeared on the horizon until he made the tentative suggestion to his mother that a year or two of study abroad after college would be of inestimable benefit to his career.

To sum up her reply, which Muller assured me would in detail overflow nine editions, she had never heard that cotton grew in Paris or Berlin and she was getting quite nervous with no man in the house anyway (since the Simpkins butler came in drunk and let the cat go upstairs). So her son tried reasoning, which was the worst possible course to pursue with the lady. Then he opened up his young heart all about how he intended to live for art and how he hated business. He might probably have gone on to describe Natoma had not the little lady's fury fortunately interrupted him.

All his family had been business men. His father was a business man. Did he dare say anything against his father? He didn't. Well, then, what did he mean by this talk? He had been living on the money his father made in business. If he despised that he could give it up. If he went into business, well and good; she would see to it that he did not suffer, but the money was hers and she would also see to it that what his father made in good, respectable business should not be wasted, not one penny of it, on art. Art, indeed! After this conversation her son left her and returned to college, with the ultimatum facing him on his commencement day.

So far Muller had his tragedy going well. The designing Natoma would elope with the guileless youth, expecting that his mother would relent. But mother, not considering Natoma's kind respectable, would remain adamant. Immediate headlines would announce the marriage of one of ———'s most eligible citizens to a connection of his singing teacher and the column below would portray the wrath and dismay of the groom's family and friends. Then (for Muller was not limited in his enthusiasm to the sensation of the moment) would come still later accounts of how the young hero, disillusioned about his wife, brutally rebuffed by his supposed art and starving in his garret, had used poison or a razor. This is what Muller had been hopefully contemplating while hot on the trail for weeks.

But the next real appearance in print of the embryo artist was a brief notice to the effect that after a severe attack of tonsilitis, contracted when last sojourning at home, his tonsils had been removed at the Church Infirmary, and the patient was recuperating rapidly.

Illness has a softening effect. When his mother sat by his bedside and the nurse put the vase with the carnations on a low table level with his eyes and drew the white curtains to keep all glare out of the spotless room, he felt a great sense of well-being and peace. And in this chastened state he received a great blow, all due, as Muller growled, to the meddling of science. He was free of tonsilitis, but his voice, whatever it might have been, was now forever gone.

At this point Muller lost interest so decidedly that I could hardly persuade him to break the deep silence into which he had fallen.

"Story? There is no more!" he finally shouted. "There is only a notice. Look on the seventh page, first column, middle. Here," and he pitched me his paper.

I read, and the notice was the announcement by the Rev. ——— ———, of the ——— Street Methodist Chapel, of the engagement of his daughter, Mary Angela, and Mr. ——— ———, of the same place. Below it was stated that Miss ——— was a graduate of the local high school and had several months previously completed her training at the Methodist Hospital, where Mr. ——— ——— had recently undergone a very slight operation. The wedding was fixed for the near future, as both families wished to see the young couple settled without delay. It was understood that on the day of the

wedding the groom's mother would present him with a controlling interest in the large business interests accumulated by his late father. So perhaps something about Natoma had leaked out.

I beamed at Muller, whose features were hidden behind a gigantic scowl. "Let us hope that they will be happy," I ventured.

"It is magazine rot," he retorted; "see what you can do with it."

MARY V. TONGUE, '13.

THE DANCER.

Hear the music of the dance,
    It is gay;
There's a magic, there's a trance
    In its play.

See her lithesome body bend
    To the sound,
With the measure seems to blend
    Every bound.

In her fingers, in her toes,
    There is joy.
Fluttering she comes and goes—
    Just a toy.

Yet there's sadness in her face,
    Drawn and white,
Suffering has left its trace
    Like a blight.

With the rhythm of the song
    Still she bends.
Her life's dance is overlong
    Till it ends.

K. S., '14.

JIM GOES FISHING.

"Say, Ma, ken I go fishin'?"

Barefoot Jim was standing in the kitchen door, impatiently rubbing the calf of his right leg with his left foot. It was the third time in the space of a minute that Jim had asked this question. The woman, who had been bustling around the kitchen too busy to heed, slammed the door of the oven and wiped her hands on her gingham apron.

"Who asked you?" she inquired.

"The man up to the hotel from the city," Jim explained eagerly; "an' him an' a lot of other folks is goin' in a big red automobile an' he said I could go along if I was ready in half an hour."

"They don't want to be bothered with a youngster like you," returned his mother.

"But Ma—" This with an imploring whine in his voice.

"Besides, who'll do your chores?"

"Oh, I ken git the eggs now if that's all." Jim was half out of the door now, but was grasping the frame with both hands as if that were the only way to restrain himself long enough to add, "*Ken* I go, Ma; *ken* I?"

"Well, run and get the eggs now and we'll see about it when you come back."

To Jim this meant consent and he raced out to the chicken yard with his freckled face fairly beaming. There were a great many hens and ordinarily egg-gathering took some time. But this morning Jim made remarkably short work of it and returned to the house just as his mother was putting his lunch into a lard pail. As he started off swinging the pail in one hand, his fishing-rod over his shoulder, it occurred to him that he had not stopped to close the gate of the chicken yard behind the barn; it was a gate which had a way of swinging open when left ajar, and running through in his haste he had not heard it click behind him. He hesitated a moment and started to go back, but glancing up the street he saw people already getting into the red automobile at the hotel and in fear lest they should leave without him, he ran on with all speed, his bare feet kicking up a little cloud of dust behind him.

"Hello, Jim," was the jovial city man's greeting. "I don't know where you're to sit but I guess we can tuck you in somewhere. Brought

your own rod along, did you? Well, no doubt you'll catch more than all the rest of us with our fancy outfits."

"Caught a three-pounder with it last week up to the creek," said Jim shyly, but with eager anticipation betrayed in his beaming face. * * * * * * * *

It was after sunset when the red car again drew up before the hotel and the guests who had strolled out into the piazza after dinner greeted the fishermen with a cheer.

"What's your luck?" they called eagerly.

"Fine! Bagley and Dawson both caught the limit."

"Hungry? Well, I guess! Hope you left some dinner for us."

"We'll give you people the best breakfast you ever ate to-morrow morning."

Thus the merry crowd unloaded themselves and their booty, and amid the general hurrah, no one noticed the small figure that stole away down the road with a weary step. Once outside the pale of the electric lights of the hotel, Jim turned to the side of the road, with something that would have sounded very much like a sob if he had not been a boy, and emptied two small fish from his lunch pail into the gutter.

"Huh! Thought he'd give me some of *his* fish 'cus I didn't catch none. Mus' think I'm a baby!"

The disposal of the insulting fish, however, did not entirely relieve his mind. An awful thought possessed him and made him dread to go home. It had come to him first when he was still sitting on the bank of the creek casting again and again in irritation which turned to desperation and then to agonizing mortification. It had dawned upon him suddenly that his bad luck was direct punishment for his carelessness in the matter of the hen-yard gate. The gate was out of sight from the house and the chickens were fed from within the hen house, so the gate might easily go unnoticed all day. With more and more vividness Jim could see in his mind's eye the gate standing open and a hundred of his mother's finest leghorns wandering off irretrievably into the orchard and cornfields. He could hear more and more plainly every minute his father's voice upbraiding him for his carelessness, and his mother lamenting the loss of her lucrative capital. He knew, too, that loss of poultry meant loss of funds, and he pictured himself trudging to school next winter with no new overcoat, and blowing his stiff fingers all the way for want of mittens.

These thoughts had been taking shape in Jim's mind all the way home and the red automobile had somehow lost its fascination and the hilarity of the rest of the party had found no responsive chord in Jim's breast.

His father and mother were sitting on the front steps where he could not escape them.

"Have a good time?" asked his mother.

"Sure." But the tone carried no conviction.

"Fishin' good?" inquired his father, beginning to suspect.

"Pretty poor," was the boy's evasive answer.

"Your supper's waiting on the kitchen table," said his mother, coming to the rescue, and though Jim muttered something about not being hungry, he was glad of an excuse to go around to the back of the house.

Fearfully he stole around the barn and inspected the hen-yard gate. What joy! Its latch was shut with all due care, and rows of fluffy, white-backed fowl roosting inside the wire netting showed that the precious leghorns were safe. With a deep-drawn sigh of thankfulness Jim returned to the house, but when he heard his father's voice from the front steps his mortification again swept over him. Quietly he stole up the back stairs and crept into bed in his little room over the woodshed, with relief and despair mingled in his soul.

A little later his mother, returning to the kitchen, found his supper untouched.

"Poor lad! He's that disappointed about the fish," she said as she turned toward the stairs.

Softly she opened his door and by the light of the moonbeams coming in at the little gabled window, looked at the motionless form lying with its face buried in the pillow. Divining that his grief was too keen to be shared, she set the pitcher of milk and the plate of gingerbread on a chair beside the bed and went quietly out.

Hunger will assert itself even in the face of the most heroic despair, and presently Jim's hand reached out and sought the gingerbread. By the time the last crumb and the last drop of milk had disappeared he was able to take a more philosophic view of the situation. Suddenly a new thought came to him with such force that he sat bolt upright.

"If I didn't leave that gate open, why in thunder *was* it I didn't get no fish?"

KATHARINE HUNTINGTON, '14.

HE ANSWERS THE MORALISTS.

"Virtue and Truth
And inner Rectitude
Of all of life the best"—?
Nay—by the Rood!
All these are well,
But silence for the rest?—
A pleasant temper
And an open mind;
An Inn before,
A stout five leagues behind;
A crimson dawn
The saffron of the west:
A dim hill-crest—
That all these things and many more
Aren't fairly worth the living for?
—Good sirs, me thinks ye jest. A. G. H., '13.

KING'S TOLL.

Money had never been a very serious problem to us, although when the legitimate sources of income were wanting and birthdays and kindly relatives, through temporal or geographical difficulties, failed, we were sometimes hard put to it to realize any gold. Such lean times of year turned us to treasure seeking of one kind or anoterh or to opening marguerite shells at the edge of the pond in hopes of a stray pearl or two. Once Archie had an inspiration wherefrom I remember we derived great profit. The back drive-way turned around the corner of the stable almost at right angles, and because the butcher and baker boys drove violently around the corner, imperiling, as we thought, the lives of pedestrians, Archie nailed up a board on which was painted in large red letters:

"Walk Your Horses or Find Five Cents."

From this humanitarian effort we became reasonably affluent until an Elder-and-Better chancing to pass that way, caused the sign to be removed.

I say these things by way of parenthesis, for the revenue which was most important in our eyes—a sort of king's toll, in fact—was the Ragman money. It belonged to us by right of heredity and custom—there was something even feudal about it. The ceremony was always the same. Hodges, the gardener, would bring Archie the money, often still damp, because by a law not of our own making it had to be washed, and Archie, greatly serious, would give to each his portion.

A day came when the Ragman bought the relics of the old billiard table which had lain many months in the stable loft. What the Ragman could want with an old billiard table I was not then, nor am I now, prepared to say; but take it he did, and shortly after the transaction Hodges met me on the path.

"Where is Master Archie?" said he.

Now it happened that both Archie and Duncan were visiting a great-aunt in the city and would not be home for two days. This I told Hodges.

"Well, then, Master Hal," said Hodges, "here is the Ragman's money." And he poured out a handful of copper and silver.

I stood in the middle of the path weighing it, feeling an odd thrill of excitement, as might some young baron's son receiving fees in his father's absence; and yet with the thrill a demon of covetousness entered my heart. I was desperately in need of money. I am not going to say why I wanted it, as I can't bring a lady's name into the narrative, but I wanted it more than Augustus or whatever his name was—his legions. Archie was away, honest, square Archie, who hated a cheat above everything, and I was sore beset. I knew that Apollyon was backing me into a ditch like the picture in "Pilgrim's Progress," but I couldn't stop.

Archie and Duncan came back well fed and cheerful, radiant because they had been to the theatre at night and bearing, as a consolation to me for having missed it, a gold piece. Irony of ironies!

It would have been so easy to say casually then, "Look here, part of this belongs to you, because I used the Ragman's money." But the words would not come then, and in a second it was too late. Duncan I did not mind, but Archie would never have understood. I turned dully away.

The next days were a nightmare. Hodges was a nightmare. The sight of a cart down the road was a nightmare. At any moment

a journey to the loft might reveal the absence of the billiard table—and what then? My imagination stumbled and cringed.

And so it came a Tuesday, a hot, bright Tuesday in June, and we were washing our hands for luncheon, when Archie said, carefully slicking down his hair:

"I saw the Ragman go by this morning towards Westover. I wonder——" My heart stopped beating, but at this point Duncan succeeded in dropping the pumice stone into the heater and the sentence was left unfinished for research.

As soon as luncheon, interminable though it seemed, was over, I hurried off to the stable with no clear purpose save that a wild desire to find the Ragman and enlist his help had come upon me. With trembling fingers I slipped the bridle over the pony's head and, sliding by the back gate, set out towards Westover at a gallop. The early afternoon was fearfully hot and I had forgotten my cap. I took short cuts, where the road was a sandy path and the pony's hoofs beat out little puffs of dust, or across country, where the tall grass brushed against my hand. The stirrup strap on one side had turned edgewise, but I must have ridden a good two miles before I noticed how it was galling my knee. The pony held on gallantly, but the reins, where they rubbed against his neck, were white and slippery.

On the outskirts of Westover I found the Ragman. He was sitting under a maple tree whistling to himself, and a little way off his cart and horse. He was a small, bent man, grizzled and tanned, with an odd pucker over one eyebrow which had always fascinated me.

I rode up to him and dismounted stiffly. I was so dizzy and sick from the heat that I could barely stand. The Ragman stopped whistling and eyed me curiously.

"Hullo, what's up?" said he.

My head swam and my mouth was hot and dry, but I blurted out something which sounded strange to my own ears. I remember urging him incoherently to come back with me because Hodges was away; and would he please say he hadn't paid for the billiard table before, and give the money to Archie; and here was my gold piece, and he could have the rest for himself and more of the like. And all the while the Ragman did not look at me, but cocked his head up towards the maple leaves and the pucker over his eye was deeper than ever—when presently I came stumblingly to a halt.

"My horse is tired," said he with a sideways jerk of his head.

"It's not far," I answered hastily.

"Nineteen miles," he said, and whistled a bar or two.

My last hope seemed gone. "Then you won't?" I asked.

"I didn't say that," he answered. "To-morrow maybe, as Hodges is away and—I ain't gentle born."

"What do you mean by that?" I said fiercely.

"Oh, nothing," he said, "except maybe if I had been gentle born I sh'd ha thought it weren't right or honourable; but my grandfather was a ragman and my father was a ragman, and they didn't teach me over and above ordinary—so I'll lie for you, my lad, if you like."

"I didn't want you to lie," I cried, for his sing-song tone had maddened me. "I didn't ask, I didn't mean—" and here I could get no further, but fell a-sobbing from sheer anger and weariness and self-pity.

"I've come all this way for nothing," I muttered under my breath. "You old Hoody Crow, you old Hoody Crow!" and I moved over to the pony and stood with my back to the Ragman while I tightened the sagging, wet girths. As I tugged I saw it all in a flash. My wretched, cowardly self, and how the Ragman was the better gentleman of the two, but for very misery I could only manage a muffled, choking sort of good-bye as I mounted heavily into the saddle.

"Good-bye," he called back cheerily and I rôde away; but as I rode I knew that he was watching me all down the road and over the hillcrest with that pucker above his eyebrow. And somehow I knew, too, that he had understood.

Archie and Duncan were finishing tea when I appeared in the doorway and they both shouted, for I must have cut a sorry enough figure, all grimed as I was with dust. I stood in the doorway and my voice came dully.

"Look here," I said, "I want to say something. The Ragman was here when you were away and bought the billiard table—the one in the loft, you know—and I took—" the word seemed too weak and I searched about for another. "I—I embezzled the money."

Duncan stared at me with round eyes. "Well, of all the rotten—" he began.

"Shut up, Dunc," said Archie soberly. "What do you know about it? Where have you been, Hal?"

"Westover," I said wondering, and braced myself for the storm of his contempt.

"Westover," he repeated, as though that were the important thing—and he spread with great deliberation a piece of bread on the palm of his hand. "Westover? Why, Hal—" Then all at once he looked up at me and smiled. "Sit down, you ass, and have tea," he said. "Move along, Dunc."

And when Duncan had moved along I sat down to tea.

AMY GORDON HAMILTON, '13.

RAMBLERS AND RAMBLES.

However much you may like a girl, you never know just the degree of harmony between her soul and yours till you have gone on a walk with her, for, as has very often been said, there is no test of friendship like the test of the open road. Walking is such an independent, unrelated thing—it doesn't put you in the public eye at all—you can't wear a ribbon on your arm around to lectures in the morning to signify your intention of pedal exertion in the afternoon, you have no squalling mob to cheer you on, no banner flaps and fades in consequence of your efforts. All you need is a pair of fairly good legs and some sensible footwear. Boston brown boots or others—you don't have to have any kind of a ball to play with, or a stick, or a jumper, or a bathing suit, and theoretically, I suppose you don't need a companion, but actually you do indeed. And if a basket is important in a game of basket-ball or a pool in water polo, so is the fellow pedestrian, the vagabond beloved of your heart on a walk. Here your difficulties commence.

To begin with, so few people ever think of actually walking here at college except under the severest necessity when the spaces on the doubled list after their names yawn vacantly. And then for the "reg'lar college girl"—the kind of person who is always going over her notes the day before the quiz, who haunts the reserve room and acts like a lost hen in the stacks, who has to go to all the teas without fail so that people will know she has been asked—she, of course,

prefers regular exercise, something steady and dependable, something, in fact, which her lazy Philistine mind can make into a habit and perform day in and day out like an automatic machine. So every afternoon, like an obedient, well trained animal, she ambles down the hill to basket-ball or hockey. When she does walk—which is a rare occasion and marked by an air of gracious condescension on her part—she usually wears pumps in a disdainful manner, and she hooks an arm in yours, leaning upon you heavily as she starts out. She is apt to play a horrid trick on you, too, before you can steer her far enough away from the campus for safety. It begins with the remark made purringly, "Now where can we take a nice walk to in an hour?" Then, "Don't you think we might go to the Pike? I have about seven bills to pay and I must buy a tooth brush and order some flowers. You don't mind, do you?"—and there goes one afternoon.

There is your friend, also, who wears a long fur coat, shrinks at the sight of a dog, and likes to walk on the sidewalk. If you protest at this last, she will explain that roads are for horses and sidewalks for human beings, and *she* is a human being—*so* logical, *so* complacent. You are constrained to wish she would turn into a horse herself and, a runaway one, at that.

Then there is the æsthetic person, and it sometimes seems to me remarkable that there aren't more of her. *She* thinks she feels the "call of the road" throughout her being, and thrills on about Magyar maids and vagabondage and quotes "The Gipsy Trail" till you want to throttle her. She says careful little descriptive paragraphs, which mostly ought to be enclosed in quotation marks, about each view—she has to be sure that you perceive just that faintest brush of purple on the trees "clear etched against the sky," or who wants to put her ear to the ground to hear the grass grow—the æsthete surely is a sham and a bore.

But once get the right sort of person—and she is not as rare as you might think, for there are almost as many varieties of her as there are of her impossible sister—someone who wears proper clothes and, above all, proper shoes, who doesn't have to gabble all the time and think you queer if you don't speak to her for three consecutive minutes, who doesn't mind arguing with you on a subject about which neither of you know a rap, who can see something remarkable and know that you see it too and *keep still* about it—and having found your beloved vagabond, choose your direction.

Here surely, there is a wide enough choice to suit the most fastidious of tramps, for all roads, on their way to Rome, certainly run through Bryn Mawr. The directions best for spring are either over beyond the old mill or out the other side of the railroad. Back of the golf links and the old mill, if you follow along the brook far enough, is a bare brown hillside where trailing arbutus grows under the leaves in early spring and also bloodroot, anemones, and spring beauties, not to mention ferns and skunk cabbages. Also here abide many dogs—you are always accompanied for some distance by the Hellehund, at very least,—and dogs are another test, for it is really surprising how many otherwise perfectly good people shrink or squeal at the sight of a dog leaping towards them in a frantic ecstasy of friendliness. Over beyond the tracks in the direction always vaguely ascribed to Radnor Hunt, dogs are less frequent and inhabitants more numerous. But over there are violets, millions of them, purple and white, which you gather though you are never disturbed, rather uneasily, off some one's front lawn, and there is also on another road a wonderful grove of clean gray and pale green beeches—which perhaps make up for the lack of dogs.

But for autumn—all the way from October till Christmas this year—the Gulph Road is the direction *par excellence* for a good walk. It has a happy faculty of getting you, before you realize, up on a surprisingly high hill from which you can look off for miles over the near field country. It offers, also, superior facilities in the way of cross cuts—meadows a little brambly but pleasant in their swishing around one's feet, and ridged fields half frozen and soft on top like melting chocolate in the incipient stages of fudge. Fences of course you climb over or slip through, cursing softly or aloud according to your mood or your companion, if there is barbed wire on them, and politely replacing bars if the owner of the fence is gentlemanly enough to provide such conveniences. To get through hedges you employ a method of heavy and persistent leaning until most of you is on the other side, then put your feet there also—a method much like the White Knight's invention for getting over a wall and effectual in proving once more that gentleman's superiority. In such wise you go on and on, two hours and more, swinging around gradually toward Taylor tower, and hurrying not to get caught by the "after dark" rule. As you see familiar figures ambling along the regulation roads

on a regulation "walk" warranted to fill one hour and therefore signable for exercise, or returning from the Pike, their arms full of tooth brushes and repaired boots and themselves of Glocker's sundaes, or when you meet the basket-ballers coming up from the field weary and scrubby looking from playfully pounding each other all the afternoon,—well, you excuse yourself just this once for feeling like a Pharisee and thanking your stars that you are not as others are.

HELEN H. SHAW, '14.

LESBIA'S SPARROW.

Come, goddess of beauty, be mourning,
  And Cupids, now cease to be gay!
Fair maidens, no more vain adorning,
  Lament on this sorrowful day!

What care I for summer's sweet breezes,
  Or all the delights of the May!
The little birds' song now displeases,
  Where is Lesbia's sparrow to-day?

It lay on her bosom while singing
  And ate from the palm of her hand.
Now a sad, lonely way it is winging
  To Orcus, that desolate land!

O Orcus! You're greedy and thieving,
  You brought us this sorrowful day!
You knew that my dear would be grieving
  When you took her sweet sparrow away.

This sparrow makes awful distresses,
  O Orcus! You ought to repent!
This lyric my sorrow confesses,
  But, my dear, must you always lament?

M. H., '14.

Translation from Catullus.

OPEN LETTERS

The Eight-hour Working Day.

There was one time last year when complaints of overwork were loud. They gave the Students' Council an opportunity for real work, and sent its members begging tabulations of hours of work from the "average student." As a result—perhaps—there are fewer quizzes this year, but the general grind has not abated. From the Freshman with her Latin, English and Biology to the Senior with her post-majors and orals, one ceaseless groan spreads to take the place of table-talk, college witticisms and family letters. The "busy sign" has become a fixture on alomst every door—even on Sunday it is not removed.

Why do we allow it, I wonder? We sigh at the page still unread, at the reports still unplanned, at the ever-present something-to-be-done-at-once. We gallop on in the breathless whirl, catch madly at an idea as we pass, and try to hold it till the day of payment. When I wander down a corridor at midnight, and spy through each open door a frantic figure bending over something close beneath a lamp, I remember tales of sweat-shops in old London. Fellow students, let's demand the eight-hour working day! We give our support to sisters demanding it in manual labor, how much more in need of it are we, who live and work by nervous energy? Let us confine ourselves to eight hours on week days, with a Sabbath's rest. Then we shall do fresh, eager work in its time, and enjoy perfect peace in it. Then, I am sure, our gain would be greater than our loss.

Would-be Reformer.

Dear Tip: I am in trouble this year. Will you help me? I used to be so green and beautiful. Everyone who passed by said, "What a lovely campus this is"—all because of me. But this year people do not appreciate me. They walk on me and crush me into the mud with their heels. Now there are ugly, bare patches where I used to be, and I'm afraid that, unless people are careful, when spring comes they will miss me.

Campus Grass.

CHICAGO COLLEGIATE BUREAU OF OCCUPATIONS TO BE FOUNDED.

The purpose of the bureau of occupations, to be founded at once in Chicago, is to further vocational opportunities, other than teaching, for college women graduates and women of trained efficiency. The need of much more exact and definite information about non-teaching positions has made itself strongly felt.

The Bureau aims:

1. To be a registration office where the employer may find skilled women for his work, whether it be in the field of Social and Economic work, Government Service, Research, Laboratory Work, Welfare Work, Domestic Arts and Sciences, Dressmaking, Literature, Interior Decorating, Agriculture or any other line of Business. Every trained woman who is seeking a position is privileged to register with this agency, so that when the opportunity presents itself she may be found.

II. To co-operate with the college authorities in shaping undergraduate courses most advantageously for the student's future career.

III. To investigate existing opportunities where the college graduate, or the woman of practical experience may obtain advanced training either by apprenticeship or study, and to develop these resources.

IV. To publish concise occupational information of all sorts, using the college press as a medium of expression.

The first work to be done is to ascertain what the college women are capable of doing in diversified industry, an investigation of which is being carried on now; the next is to ascertain what employers want and what they have to offer. The similar bureaus in Boston, New York, and Philadelphia have lent valuable aid in the development of the plan in Chicago. It is the belief of the committees in charge that sufficient funds should be on hand at the opening of the Bureau to insure expenses for one year and they are trying to raise a good sum. And it is their belief that after one year the Bureau will be made self-sustaining.

Many organizations are interested in the success of the project, and among these are the Chicago Association of Collegiate Alumnæ and the Chicago branches of the alumnæ associations of Michigan, Illinois and Chicago, of Bryn Mawr, Smith, Vassar and Northwestern.

DULCI FISTULA

THE CALL OF LEARNING.

1

From a troublous dream of a soup tureen,
I awoke with a jump at eight-fifteen,
Roused by sweet music over my head,
Somebody bumping around her bed
And running about with a thunderous tread.

2

And as I opened my heavy eyes
I cursed the early morning skies,
Then I thought a thought and, thinking, died
In effigy—but open wide
Did my glazed and tearless eyes abide.

3

Each hair uprose in its socket,
Each nerve end twitched with fright;
My heart shot up like a rocket
And lodged at my teeth so white!

4

Oh, bury me in the family lot.
Pink roses? No! I'd rather not.
Good-bye, dear Mother, my soul must pass,
For I have slept through spelling class. A. J., '16.

My interests diverse
  Leave Euterpe no time.
All distraction's a curse!
Through my interests diverse
I shall end in a hearse,
  Or be driven to crime,
My interests diverse
  Leave Euterpe no time! E. M. B., '14.

"Why am I weighed upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?"
Because I have not read what was required,
Because I have not finished my report,
Because, although so tired
That I can scarcely crawl,
I find the days and night times all too short
To do my cramming ere the mid-years fall.
Therefore this melancholy scrawl,
Therefore this poetry of dismal sort.

S. R. S., '15.

WITH APOLOGIES TO HERBERT'S "VIRTUE."

Sweet day so cool, so calm, so bright!
The bridal of the earth and sky—
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet quiz, whose stern, exacting trend
Bids the rash student wipe her eye,
Thy torturing hour has its end,
And thou must die.

Sweet weeks, full of laments and roses,
The oral weeks, in prospect wry,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only the ever-present Bore,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
For if you're rude, she stays the more,
And with you chiefly lives.

K. S., '14.

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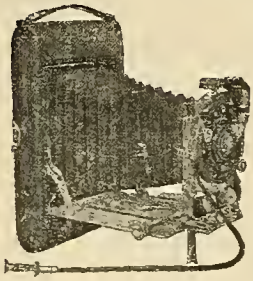

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February, 1913

Tipyn o' Bob

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Vol. X PEBRUARY, 1913 No. 4

Editor in Chief.
MARY V. TONGUE, '13

Editors.
KATHARINE SERGEANT, '14
MARY COOLIDGE, '14
JEAN BATCHELOR, '14
SARAH R. SMITH, '15

Business Board.
MARGARET SEARS, '14—*Business Manager.*
DOROTHEA MOORE, '15—*Treasurer.*

EDITORIALS.

This paragraph is in praise of college communism a communism not of material, but of intellectual things. I wonder if you even knew that such a communism existed? Doubtless a troubled conscience will tell you that the dozen handkerchiefs which have just come back in your laundry are marked with a dozen different sets of initials, but perhaps you did not know that the last dozen experiences you acquired ought also to be so marked. That last novel you read—didn't you read it simply because some careless girl left it in your room by accident? And the last concert and the last picture exhibit—didn't some one drag you to them, more or less against your will? And aren't you glad you went? If you are as lucky as I am, you have a friend who takes you to the theatre, too. She draws from you a passive assent to her first proposal, buys your ticket, orders your lunch, finds the theatre for you. Sometime afterwards she will come to your room, murmur a word or two of explanation, and extract from your purse a two-dollar bill; weeks later probably it will occur to you to connect that particular play and that particular bill. Par-

ties are arranged on the communistic basis with a most unbelievable ease; many times you needn't even know you gave a party until it is all over—but perhaps parties are not quite in the intellectual class. My own contribution to this communism is, however, if I may say it with proper modesty, quite intellectual. It is very simple—I make my friends write for the TIP. They don't like me at the time, perhaps, any more than I like the girl who makes me change my comfortable jumper for a suit and rush away from a half-eaten lunch to see *Man and Superman*, but think how grateful they will be in the end, and how thankful that I performed my part in the give and take of communistic life! M. L. C.

THE "TIP" ANNOUNCES A CONTEST.

In spite of the highly organized state of efficiency existing about us at present (references to which have furnished matter for many past editorials) we are all agreed that certain points of perfection are yet wanting to us as a college. Wherefore the TIP prepares to fall into the breach, inviting you all to aid it in its unorganized and unsystematic attempts to remedy all defects, and supply some deficiencies. The TIP itself is unorganized. It has no spot of ground to call its own, no office, no desk, no pen and ink save by courtesy. It possesses only a box in Taylor, which maintains, at least in quiz times, only its own hollow and unviolated seclusion. Though I could further disclose to you what might appear as lack of real management and foresight in the control and conduct of the editorial board, I prefer to shield myself with professional caution from such a conference. Suffice it to say, we run by pressure and not by schedule, nor do we stoke up the flame of monthly wit until the chill necessity is upon us. Therefore it seems peculiarly fitting that we should urge the college to consult us on all matters of inspiration which are not particularly prepared for or provided against in even a seven-hour day. Such a matter is presumably the one we have selected to begin our crusade. We want a college song. We want you to write it. We invite everybody in college to utilize their next burst, or bursts, of emotion, and flood us with the rhymed results. We, the editors, not wishing to usurp the prerogative of any of the existing bodies,

will willingly invite representatives of Undergrad, the Athletic and Christian Associations, and of Self-Gov. to meet with us and vote upon the merits of the compositions submitted. Or should the composers feel any hesitancy before the judgment of such august officials, we, the editors, will endeavor to reach a decision in our own modest and informal way. The song, or songs, chosen will be published in the TIP, with the name of the author, or authors, unless anonymous; and a prize of one year's subscription to the TIP or equivalent in specie of the realm will be awarded to the winner of the competition. We urge everybody to anticipate our next general singing and give us something to sing. We urge everybody to encourage us in our progressive movement. Join with us, enliven the college, and win a prize. All contributions to be in by February fourteenth.

THE LAST DEBT PAID.

I had rather a hard time explaining at headquarters why I couldn't make anything unusual out of the Smith suicide case, No. 47. There has been an official suspicion attached to the name Smith ever since the famous John Smith smuggling affair back in '93. I was young in the service then, running errands for the roundsman, but I will never forget the flutter of excitement which was felt through all respectable detective agencies at the disclosure that John Smith, respected banker and club-member, was no other than "Light-fingered Louie," the cleverest smuggler along the coast. Since that time the name Smith has had its attractions for those who realize its possibilities, especially if its possessor happened, like this one, to have no kith or kin among the multitudinous Smith family.

"Another malignant case of 'blues,'" said the Chief wearily, handing me an unusually small packet of documentary evidence,. "Smith Case No. 47, Hardy; see what you can do with it."

"Suicide?" I queried.

"Girl took arsenic. No apparent reason, except that she probably had melancholia. They all get it sooner or later in those east-side boarding houses." The Chief tapped a bell on his desk rather viciously, I thought, and I knew myself dismissed.

I did not make much out of the case. There were no startling disclosures, much to the disappointment of my associates who had envied my good fortune in being put on a "Smith" case. Indeed, they scoffed openly when I handed in my verdict, "Reason for suicide unknown." So I didn't even tell them the little that I had found out about the case. It is rather a strange story, and best told the way it was told to me by Mrs. Schultze, proprietress of the "Select Boarding House" at 943 Columbia Street, where Miss Smith had lived.

"Yes, sor, she had been actin' queer for a long time, sor," said Mrs. Schultze, dabbing her eyes with the corner of her apron, "ever since Mazie Grey shot herself. It all happened right next door to her—Miss Smith, I mean—I ain't ever called her nothin' but Miss Smith. Her first name's Evelyn, sor. I remember how funny she laughed when she gave it to me. 'Call me,' she says, and then she stops and her eyes begin to twinkle, 'call me Miss Smith.' And it wasn't till I was washin' a handkerchief of hers onc't that I knew her name was Evelyn. She was an only child, she told me, and all her folks was dead. She had been workin' in Philadelphia, but come to New York because she couldn't stand the climate.

Well, as I was sayin', she was allus queer after that Mazie Grey accident—you see, sor, Mazie, she lost her job, and her fellow went back on her—she wouldn't eat nothin' and didn't even go to the office. I sort o' hated to leave the pore thing alone,—she was awful young, Mr. Hardy, sor, and pretty too,—that is, when she first come, but she took on something terrible after that and you wouldn't have knowed her. I used to go up and set by her after I finished my work around the kitchen. I wasn't extra busy anyhow, because the house ain't ever full this time a year. And once or twice I took her up a little mite o' chicken or some milk to see if she wouldn't take a bit, but she only cried and cried. You would 'a thought she was starvin' herself to death. She used to talk about dyin', sor, till I got the creeps so bad that I had to leave. I hunted around the room when she wasn't lookin' for any of them little bottles with red labels on 'em, you know the kind? Once I even made an excuse for openin' her burey-drawer, but there wasn't nothin' there.

"I watched her pretty close, and when I couldn't be there I sent little Annie up to set by her. She allus liked little Annie—used to

take her car-ridin' on Sundays. Oh, she was awful sweet, sor, and she used to run around so light and easy and sing and sing to herself till THAT happened. You see, sor, she and Mazie was chums. She used to cry an awful lot about bein' left alone and about wantin' to go where Mazie was, and that was why, when she ran away that day and didn't come back, I thought she had found a way to get to Mazie. Lord knows, I did everythin' I could! I told Hogan on the force, and he told me they dragged the river for days, and kept an eye on the Death House, but they couldn't find no trace. I knew, though, if she was goin' to kill herself she was clever enough to do it without causin' much fuss; she was like that, sor. I thought she most likely went out of town.

"Oh, sor, you don't blame me, do you, for puttin' her death notice in the papers? Because if she had any kin to claim her they would 'a come then! It stayed in several days, but no one come, and I was just goin' to clear out her room for another boarder—Lord knows there wasn't much in it—when the front door opens and in she walks, large as life.

"First I thought I was seein' things and I stands starin' like she was a ghost—she was as white as death too—but she sort of moans and stretches out her hands to me a little and I sees that she has one of them red-labelled bottles. I screams for Annie and grabs for it. But she only laughs, a terrible sort of laugh, and hands it to me. Then I sees it's empty.

"I can't tell you the rest, sor, but we done all we could. She had took enought to kill a man—and poor little weak thing that she was!

"I don't know why she did it, sor; it seems like there ain't nobody to account for such things; and she was a good girl if there ever was one. Some people are easy affected by what goes on around 'em and I guess it was Mazie Grey.

"There wasn't nothin' in her purse but two letters, both addressed to me, so I opened 'em and here they are. You see, sor, that one has the money for her last month's board-bill. And I allus thought I was funny about this one—it ain't got nothin' in it but what I put in the paper after she run away, her own death notice."

LILLIAN H. MUDGE, 1915.

ON GARDENERS.

I don't know whether any one is interested in gardeners as such. Many epochs have arisen and passed away when it was respectable, even fashionable, to be interested in gardens—as witness Bacon and Semiramis; but at no recorded point in horticultural history has there been an intense interest in gardeners. This may have been partly the fault of the gardeners, but I think it unlikely. Some time ago I was very much afraid that the gardener-as-such would soon be as extinct as the husbandman, the neat-herd and the much-suffering Dodo, but now——

Well we had a gardener once—this isn't a dramatic story and it has two psychological truths as well as a moral, all of which will make it highly unpleasant reading—but still we *had* a gardener for some five and twenty years. He was quite square and dark as to hair and chin; he wore short cotton jackets and had no manners worth mentioning—except on very great occasions indeed; but we put up with him, nevertheless, because we loved him. And this, mark you, is a comment on the entire household. He kept the garden so that the asparagus and spinach and peas and things came up all orderly and in season, and saw to it that the strawberries were ripe for Archie's birthday on the seventeenth of June. The strawberries are especially important. Each year he protested that he would not have the little grass borders along the edges of all the garden paths, because they were so hard to keep trim; and each year he made them just as usual. Of course they never were kept trim anyway, but these are the ways of gardeners. A great deal might be said of the vegetable garden and even of the flower garden which started just outside the south gate and ran east and west. There, a great many of the flowers that we did not care about, flourished, and a great many that we cared about didn't grow at all, or else came up magenta. All true gardeners and philosophers will understand this.

Now here is the odd part of it all. The gardener had five children who did not belong to the *genus gardenerius* but to the great, bustling twentieth century. One daughter became a stenographer and one a school teacher; they were pretty girls whom you might see often automobiling with the grocer. That story is much more romantic than this by the way. I can't stop to tell it now but you can see the bare elements of a situation. Two of the boys went into the Wells Fargo Express office and became in time quite measurably affluent. For that is the way of the twentieth century. But the

second son, George, became a gardener—not a landscape gardener, nor yet a forester, but a gardener like unto his father, short and dark as to hair and chin, and he, too, wore cotton jackets and saw that the asparagus and spinach and peas came up all orderly and in season. His brothers and sisters were rather ashamed of him on the whole; sometimes indeed I fancied George was ashamed of himself because he didn't belong to the twentieth century.

One hot June midday I went into the garden to eat strawberries. The strawberries were hot to the touch and the chopped hay which is set about each plant was so hot that it burned under foot and I was fain to fill a large grape leaf and retire to the arbour to eat in peace. Presently George walked up the path with a hoe over his shoulder. All at once a great curiosity came upon me. I called to him. He put his hoe carefully down and walked into the arbour.

"George," said I, "I want to ask you something about yourself." George flushed a little and waited. "George," said I again, "you are clever at so many things—your—oh, at your books, you know, and carpentry and masonry and that sort of thing. You might be almost anything out in the world; why are you just a gardener?"

George ran his fingers through his black hair and frowned. "I don't know," he answered slowly. "I don't know." Then he raised his head all at once and laughed, though there was nothing to laugh at. "I don't know," he said for the third time, "except it feels good." I laughed too, though there was nothing to laugh at. Then he went away and I finished the strawberries.

This has set me pondering. Perhaps the gardener won't disappear after all—perhaps in that perfectly unreasonable and ridiculous time that we call the future—the husbandman, the neat-herd—nay, even the Dodo may come back.

I wonder.

If this had been a story I should have entitled it the *Second Gardener's Son.* As it was more of an essay I have called it, *On Gardeners*, but I think after all I might have made quite a nice lyric out of it.

For the benefit of those who regard the Typ as oversubtle, let me point out that the two psychological truths mentioned above are:—

(A) The inevitable character of the Gardener-as-such.

(B) The inevitable character of magenta—ditto.—

I shall for obvious reasons omit the moral.

Amy Gordon Hamilton, 1913.

A JAPANESE GARDEN.

Low, yellow, luminous, dragon-fashioned lanterns
Float the dim garden in a mist of light.
Through dappled, shifting leaves and shadowy branches,
Remote stars glimmer o'er the dreaming night.
On rich-hued silks the slant-eyed princess drowses,
Incense of hidden lilies cloys the air.
Down moss-grey stones slips silver, lisping water;
Gay coated mandarins nod on the moss-grey stair.

SARA ROZET SMITH, 1915.

THE RAILS.

They destroyed the mystery of the rainbow long ago when they stated authoritatively that a bag of gold was to be found at the other end of it. Thereafter only the incredulous world think of undertaking the quest; whereas, for even the incredulous many finer and more puzzling uncertainties, as the proving of the open sesame into the rocks, or the winning through waves to the very portal of the mirage city upon the waters, always presented themselves to be ascertained by an eager investigator. At first sight the bag of gold might seem a direct appeal to the mercenary (and I impute no evil by the term: because even fairy gold seems differentiated from ordinary bullion only by its coming more easily and going more lavishly). But short reflection is sufficient to show that the mercenary can always employ themselves with every prospect of success nearer home, by merely discovering such a well authenticated source of revenue as Captain Kidd's buried treasure. The rainbow is not the magnet of adventure it may have been. It leads beautifully enough, but its end is rather trite. If it were a golden fleece now, it might be different, but a bag of gold is not worthy of our seven-league boots.

Nor is the world none the less fine thereby to-day. Deprived of their rightful lure of adventure many men have risen up, wise and diligent, to build new paths to lead to the world's end. They have girdled and tied and netted the world in a double binding of clear steel rails that stop only where the boats go on. Over the rails great engines rush, flashing and whizzing along their way, but the rails

beneath travel quietly all the time. As long as you look at the noisy engine and clanking cars you never may see the rails at all; but stand on the back of a train at sunset and watch them whirling nearer and nearer, further and faster, slipping out of your sight like twin silver serpents. You may go and go, but ever they race from beneath you, back to the place you have left, till you long to be swept back with them again. But turn and follow if you will, and again they will elude, slip, slip, slipping over the other side of the hill, the contrariest things in the world.

I watched the rails for a long time before I ever set out to follow them at all. I watched them from up above on a bridge, where I could lean far over and see them going both ways at once. And then I realized that they always were going, both ways at once, and never stopping, so that wherever you went you were going with them and away from them all the time. I watched them early mornings, when they show clear and sharp out through the dragging fog, and I watched them at night when only the red lights picked them out in spots from the flat dark earth. And then I set out to find where they went.

Days when it seemed too rough to stay on the lake, that seemed the kind of time to go with the rails. So one day I went. I let the waves beat the old boat high up on the beach, and then I dragged it higher and higher and left it by a birch log. The rails weren't far away and I had the whole day ahead. I followed their lead till my legs ached with the short cramped steps I took on the ties; I followed along the flat and up grade, and even across some open trestles that made my knees shake and my head feel wobbly and sick. For I was determined to come to the end. I had waited so long to go away from home and now I must go and go, I must, I must. The rails didn't rush from me but they went always in advance, travelling so easily, so invincibly, and I followed, doggedly but very painfully. We had gone ever so long a way till my eyes were blurred with the mist or the darkness that hung about us, and I wasn't able to see ahead. Then lights began to shine out through a denser darkness, and it grew blacker and brighter the further we went. Many trains were scuttling along the tracks here, stopping and then moving busily along, as people piled on and off them in great hordes. So I knew we had come to the city, the city where all the trains came and stopped. And still, when the way was clear before me I followed on. I followed on till the end of all things seemed to have stopped and I thought there could be nothing further to go to.

It was black and big and it frightened me, all these great iron dragons and cave-like cars. The end of the world was a car yard then. All these other men, so painfully dirty, had attained it, too. All the black demons in the universe fastened on my spirit. I hated the end. Nowhere to go but back.

A bell rang somewhere. There was a perfect shower of sparks, and a hot roar passed along one side near me. A searchlight swept the ground into a golden vision of rails, radiant in the brightness, always going on. So I knew the place to which I had come was only the engine's end, a kind of giant Valhalla, where they were ranged up in mighty rows to wait the next summons forth to guard the rails. And a new set were waiting to guard the rails beyond, but where they stopped the rails were always starting again, and some day I should follow through, not stopping with the engines but going on with the rails. And should I find at the end any end, even that marked by a bag of gold? MARY V. TONGUE, 1913.

EQUAL SUFFRAGE PROPAGANDA.

Thomas was undoubtedly the genius of the Wright family. At eleven he possessed a gravity and a manner beyond his years, and a gift of "gab" which rivaled that of the Irish gardener. This last was euphemized by his mother into a gift of language and was quite openly encouraged and admired by her. Thomas's father smiled tolerantly at such feminine adoration, reserving the respect which he secretly cherished toward his son for the skill with which that young hopeful converted his genius into practical capital.

Like most gifted individuals Thomas needed a second spirit to follow out for him his theories, and this he found in the person of his willing and quite uninspired younger sister. For example, if he composed with much labour a lyric to a fascinating dancing-school infant, whom he, himself, was far too shy to approach, Helen was instructed to deliver the effusion or at least to tell the maiden that it existed. Sometimes on such errands her uninspired state was a disadvantage; she could be trusted to lie for her brother, but not always to lie with much plausibility. On one occasion she delivered her message and the blotted lyric with much propriety, adding at the end,

however, that she had given the same poem to another little girl the week before. For other purposes she was ideal. When Thomas discovered that if you sealed up the envelope supposed to contain the nickel given you for the Sunday-school collection without putting the nickel in, no one knew the difference, his moral sense forbade his profiting directly by the discovery; but it by no means prevented was later urging it upon Helen. The nickel thus unlawfully gained was shared by the two.

Thomas, however, did not invariably escape the consequence of his misdeeds. When the irate furnace-man complained that Thomas had pursued him up the main street shouting original libelous poems, Thomas's mother thought it time to remonstrate. Diplomatically she chose the moment when the satirist had just gone to bed. As she entered his room his big blue eyes gazed out upon her from between the white sheets with a serious, almost beatific expression—he was astonishingly clean, too, after a hot bath which it had taken him two hours and a quarter to accomplish. "Mamma," he said, "I have been thinking for a long, long time about what I should like best to do when I am a man."

"Yes, Tom," said his mother. "What is that?"

"I think," was the slow answer, "I should like to devote my life to ameliorating the lot of women."

The question of the furnace-man was never raised. No one ever knew whether Thomas had suspected what was coming, but his fond parent was, for the moment, staggered. The new idea was not allowed by its originator to remain long unfruitful. A joke, Thomas had found by experience, when repeated to the same person more than three times in any one week was considered objectionable,—but an idea was different. His enthusiasm became at once practical and he began to study the question of equal suffrage. Newspapers were forbidden, but by dint of plying with questions his parents and grandparents, the nurse, the cook, and the gardener, he managed to acquire a fair amount of general, if somewhat contradictory, information.

The next thing was to imbue Helen with his ideas. His common sense told him that it would not be profitable to start her at once on stone-throwing. His mother promptly suppressed in Helen the new tone and manner which her brother was trying to teach her. There was obviously no excitement in making a harem skirt for her

because she already wore trousers about half the time. Thomas was forced to descend to the teaching of abstract ideas, which was uphill work. Then his father suggested that no one would object if Thomas taught Helen to read aloud written speeches or to extemporize them, in view of the time when she should be a famous member of the senate or the supreme court. This suggestion was eagerly received, but the accomplishment was not so easy. Thomas was himself an adept in declamation, but his sensitive ear was unbearably shocked by the sing-song of his sister's performance, which all instruction only rendered worse. Original "speechifying" fared no better; under the severe attention of her brother Helen's thoughts vanished to nothing, her single adjective was "awful." The young purist waxed angry, satirical, then abusive. Helen departed in a violent burst of tears. Consolation was unavailing and Thomas was forbidden to mention the word *suffragist* for a week. The next day he had to be forbidden the letter *S*, as that also brought tears. The third day he was not allowed to say *apple-peel* because that looked like *S*, which began *suffragist*, which led to tears. Thereafter the episode was brought to a temporary close, but the rankle of the accusation of utter incompetency remained still hidden in Helen's soul.

* * * * * * * * *

Gloom spread periodically over the younger generation of the Wright family whenever Albertus came to play with Thomas. Albertus was larger than Thomas and he was always victorious in their many fist fights. Thomas hid this fact when possible from himself, but he was forced when questioned by his father to admit it.

Less than a week after the suffrage incident Albertus appeared for one of his monthly visits. He was even more disagreeable than usual and, after a short half-hour of bickering, wound up by putting Thomas to an ignominious flight. The latter fled to the tool-house garret where he might shed angry tears and rage over the unassailable insolence of his tormentor. Albertus strolled loftily over to where Helen was digging in front of the hen yard. Thomas's scientific interest in skeletons had caused him to dig up a rat-killed chicken which had been buried exactly two hours. He had not found the skeleton and with unfeigned disgust he left the dug-up remains to be buried again by his less squeamish sister. Albertus stood and watched her work critically. Alfter some time Helen, looking up with great casualness, noticed his presence.

"Hallo, Ally."

"Hallo."

"Your coat's a queer color, isn't it? Why didn't you wear a sweater?" Helen inquired in a politely conversational tone.

"Because my mother told me to wear a coat," Albertus replied virtuously.

"Huh—I bet it's because you haven't got a sweater."

"I've got four."

Helen patted down the earth undisturbed. "That's nothing, I've got seven," she remarked calmly.

"That's a lie!" was the hot rejoinder.

The accused didn't even look up. "You haven't got a grandmother, anyhow," she added meditatively.

"I did have, but she's dead," retorted the indignant youth.

"Huh!"

"She's in heaven now, too," he added triumphantly.

Helen looked up quickly. "Ho," she retorted with light scorn, "you think everybody goes to heaven, do you? Well, they don't."

Albertus got red, he stuttered indignantly, then he turned round and went away. Helen continued to dig unmoved. Thomas, who had been a silent witness from the upper tool-house window, descended slowly.

"Gee, Helen, but you've got the brass," he exclaimed, moral abhorrence mingling with a new expression of respectful admiration. Helen said nothing.

"She was awful, Mamma!" he confessed at bedtime, relapsing into the despised vocabulary of his sister, "she lied to Albertus right out, and I guess perhaps she'd better not be a suffragette after all."

MARY LOWELL COOLIDGE, '14.

NIGHT.

Palely the silver disc
Of the young, languid moon
Gleams from each quiet pool
Deep-cupped in listening hills
And 'mid dark-clustered trees
Touches the eery white
Of slim young birches swayed
By the cool, sighing breeze. M. M., '15.

OPEN LETTERS.

Our Musical Failure.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast"—that we have all been told—but there are times when it has power to arouse passion in an otherwise peaceful heart. True, this must happen with those who really love music, who look upon it as one of the greatest pleasures—if not a direct necessity—of their lives. Such as these can not fail to grow indignant when they see their favourite art depreciated and looked down upon, when, for example, the "heavenly maid" is as flouted and neglected as she has been here in Bryn Mawr. Thus it is that I am writing in a very honest fury, with a great desire to take up the cudgels in her behalf, although she is now in so low a state that these words might most fittingly be termed a funeral oration and their title changed to *In Memoriam* or *Requiescat in Pace.*

There are few of us who do not answer, when asked whether we are fond of music, "Oh, yes, I simply love it," even though we must often add, "but I can't do anything myself." There are many of us who are loud in our complaints of the lack of musical opportunities in Bryn Mawr, of the unsympathetic attitude of the college authorities, of the great need and desirability of more music here. There was an unanimous vote when the Undergraduate Association met—i.e., about two hundred and fifty ayes, at a conservative estimate—that we have a series of concerts given here to keep alive our feeble musical traditions. *But*—mark well—there are only about fifty to sixty members of Bryn Mawr College who are willing to give up even a little of their time and money to make these same concerts a moral and financial success. I think it was George Meredith who called a certain type of man a "Gawdsaker"; meaning one who is continually jumping up and shouting, "For Gawd's sake, let's *do* something," but never does anything more than that. A great many of us are "Gawdsakers." We will all talk and agitate and get excited over almost anything. We will even demand a change and provide for it in our meetings. But how many of us will lay down fifty cents or study an extra hour in the afternoon that we may have time in the evening for the issue we are supposed to have at heart?

Unanimously you expressed your desire for concerts. Without hesitation you authorized certain people to make the arrangements

for them, sign contracts, engage the artists. And then you seemed to think your responsibility ceased when in reality it had only begun. You felt no obligation to come to the concerts you had yourselves instituted. Where did you think the money was coming from to pay the musicians with? In plain English—why did you say you wanted the concerts when you really didn't? I can hear some one saying, "Well, the concerts were very poorly arranged. They came on such inconvenient evenings. " In reply to that one can only say that they fell on practically the only free Friday evenings of the semester and the fact always remains that if you had wanted to come, you would have done so.

But now I will turn to plain facts and figures, for without doubt the consequences of thoughtless, irresponsible voting should be made known. Acting on your motion—as has already been said—two concerts have been submitted for your approval—and here I would note that as far as can be ascertained they have met with the approval of those who heard them. At the first of these concerts, which cost us about one hundred and sixty dollars (a moderate price for a first-class performance), forty-two undergraduates attended. For the second concert, I have not the exact numbers, but it was an entirely inadequate audience, as only a little over fifty dollars was taken in. Thus we are left with a deficit of over two hundred dollars on our hands—a monumental evidence of our irresponsibility and indifference. Matters are rendered exceedingly difficult by the fact that no fair assessment can be made. Some have paid their share and they would have every right to complain if taxed again; and in any case the amount of the assessment would have to be so large that many would be unable to pay it—even with the best will. In short, it is not clear at all how this deficit can be met. Meanwhile the money has been loaned to us, in order that the artists may be paid. But it is only a loan and our obligations are in no point lessened thereby. Of course we must try to get the Kneisel Quartet to release us from their contract. Thus we shall have only the February concert still on our minds.

Such is the musical situation—at least as far as the concerts are concerned. The glee club is another story, though fully as sad a one. A sorry want of enthusiasm and interest for one of the most beautiful forms of art is shown among us. The concerts have been a failure. But let me add one more word. If Bryn Mawr is one of

the most unmusical colleges in America, it is not so much on account of any clause in the charter or any want of official recognition, but it is your own lack of interest and your indifference that keeps it so.

D. DE F. BALDWIN.

WHAT IS THE COLLEGE SETTLEMENT?

Yesterday, while I was engaged in the thankless and very wearisome occupation of collecting dues for the College Settlement, I was received by one member with a polite stare and the question, "What is the College Settlement?" As a matter of fact, the College Settlement is one of those very excellent and interesting things which for some strange reason, which I have not been able to penetrate, is not generally talked of. The public never knows about our cosy, pleasant weekly meetings, when we discuss such things as the duty of the ardent social reformer when Twenty-second and Twenty-third Streets refuse to speak even when on common ground, and how to manage a model dance on a dubious pier. As for our thrilling week-end expeditions to the most adventurous and unexpected places—no one outside seems to know about them. There is nothing so genuinely romantic as starting forth without knowing how or where one will end; and that is exactly what we do. After a pleasant walk one sunny afternoon through green lanes and meadows, a few adventurous spirits found themselves facing a cluster of white houses, with green between them. This, we discovered, was the Reformatory of Darlington. We should never have thought so, from the appearance of things; everything was so persistently cheerful and happy. We went through the immaculate white cottages, meeting fresh surprises at every turn. Now we are in the sewing room, which is a perfect Babel of chatter and laughter; now attending a performance of song and dance before a cheerily crackling fire; now watching a very sedate self-government meeting. When finally we tore ourselves away to get the last train back, we went with very different ideas from those which we had brought with us. There was a similar surprise for us in our next visit, to the state prison. Some of the most frivolous among us declared it to be such a very pleasant place that they would like to take a vacation from college and enjoy themselves there. We could hardly believe that it was a prison; this cheerful place—men were

sauntering about the corridors, some talking, some reading, some baking the bread for the next meal, some playing ball with great zest, and some entertaining the company with a very vigorous orchestra. So far the College Settlement has meant for us continual pleasant surprises; perhaps it may mean that for you.

MARTHA HOBSON, '14.

DULCI FISTULA

DOUBTS ON THE COMIC.

There is a man, whose name I have forgot,
A mighty worker in philosophy,
Who wrote a book about the cause of mirth.
Why do we laugh? Is it th' incongruous
That moves us most, or the mechanical?
This great philosopher the latter chose,
And pointed out to us that two alike
Are comic; if upon a stage we see
Two dressed alike who in a manner like
Do gesture, then we laugh, for reasoning
Is lacking here and both are moved by rote.
Or if, again, one man repeats the same,
Again we laugh, because there is no thought.
Yet if we see two twins it moves not mirth
Because we feel a reason underneath
Their sameness, and where reason enters in
The element of comedy is gone.
Upon the campus of a college known
To me, they built two houses at a time,
And they were made alike in every point;
The two on the same level of a hill
Stood side by side. This gave me food for thought.
As I remembered what my author said,
And thought upon the comic element
That lies in sameness, there seemed ground for mirth
And cause to smile to see these houses twain

Built all alike, with reason showing not.
But then again, we never laugh at twins.
Now, since the two were builded at a time
And side by side, might they not well be twins?
If this were so, my cause to laugh were gone.
I pondered long and turned it in my mind,
Debating whether I should laugh or not.
The question baffled me; with half a smile
I put it from me—other matters called—
And left it undecided in the end. R. W., '14.

THE SECOND BEST BEDSTEAD.

By One Being Apologizing to Miss Gertrude Stein. Certainly She Was a Great One.

One was quite certain that for a long part of his being one being living he had been wanting clearly to express something. When he had completely convinced himself that he would not come to express something clearly while he was one being living he was really certain that he would express something clearly by being one being willing. One came to be sure that when he was one being willing he was clearly expressing something. Certainly he was a great one.

Some were saying that what he was willing was a bedstead being best. Such of such were saying that it was certainly a bedstead being best. Certainly not all were saying that it was a bedstead being best. Some of such were saying that it was a bedstead being second in being a best one. Certainly it was a bedstead. All might come to be sure of that. Certainly some were saying it was a bedstead, a solid bedstead, a heavy bedstead, a complete bedstead, a perplexing bedstead.

Some were listening again and again to some telling about the bedstead being second in being best. Very many were not listening again and again to some telling about its being a bedstead being second in being best. To some it was an interesting thing hearing it again and again, to some it was an exciting thing hearing it again

and again; to some it was a saddening thing, a dreary thing, an unutterably wearisome thing. Certainly not all were listening to it again and again.

Certainly he was one who was expressing something. Some were hearing that he was expressing something. Some were willing to be wanting to be hearing that he was one clearly expressing something. He was one out of whom something was coming. Some were saying that something that was coming out of him was a bedstead being second in being best. Certainly he was a great one.

E. B., 1913.

THE TALE OF THE BRINDLED SPOOK.

I.

Oh! the sea was pearly pink,
Like a glassy skating rink,
And the sun was shining most amazing bright;
While the seagulls flew in coils,
Like a sketch composed in oils,
As the Brindled Spook looked out upon the night.

II.

His hair was marcel-waved
(All the hair that he had saved
By a constant, copious use of Herpicide);
His nose was tender blue
And his flowing whiskers too
(Like a certain famous gent whose wives all died).

III.

Transparent he was, quite;
And his form was tall and slight
(You'll find that spooks are mostly built that way).
His voice was sweet and low
And his tearful eyes did glow
Like the hero of a 10-cent matinee.

IV.

When he rose up from his trance,
He yearned so for romance
That he thought upon a little trip he'd go;
Packed his Saratoga trunk
With pies and shoes and junk
And "Selected Verse of Edgar Allen Poe."

V.

His ship was sunk at sea;
All the crew went down but he.
He took passage in a trans-Atlantic whale.
As he wandered on the deck
He perceived a tiny speck
And murmured thro' his pipe, "A sail! a sail!"

VI.

'Twas the bark of Captain Kidd;
And his crew, as they were bid,
Fired cannons at the hero of our song;
He was made a prisoner
And his daily duties were
To polish boots and ring the dinner gong..

VII.

The only one that knew
How to boss Kidd's evil crew
Was the cook, whose name was Ann Constantia Clare;
Tho' not noticeably fair,
Her stews and sauces were
A thing of beauty and a joy fore'er.

VIII.

The waffles that she gave,
Our hero did enslave,
For his tastes were somewhat epicurean.
They plighted secret troth,
Lest the Captain should be wroth.
(To lose a cook doth rile most any man.)

IX.

They planned an easy flight,
In the watches of the night
Constantia labored, making biscuits tough,
Of salaratus stale,
Skimmed milk and bits of sail.
"In case," she said, "the Cap should cut up rough!"

X.

Armed thus, they stole a boat
And one evening got afloat,
Their maneuvers covered by a misty rain;
But when morning pierced the dark
They perceived the pirate bark
In close pursuit, careening o'er the main.

XI.

Constantia kept her head;
"The time has come," she said,
"To prove that cooks cannot be won by force!"
Each biscuit hit a plank!
They watched that Pirate sank
Without the slightest feeling of remorse.

XII.

In five days and an hour
They sighted London Tower,
And did their bridal shopping in the "Strand."
In a twin-screw aeroplane,
They set out for Portland, Maine,
Where they still rove through the forests, hand in hand.

X.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

If Taylor had no stairs
  Nor Dalton any hall,
It would be rather hard
  To get around at all.

If windows had no glass
  Nor chairs had any seats,
It might be very hard
  To go across the streets.

If books possessed no pages
  If quizzes got no marks,
It might be very horrid
  To hear the Hellehund's barks.

But since these things were never true
  And everything goes off with ease,
The only thing that we can do
  Is cross our eyes and dot our teas.

H. O., '16.

MIDYEARWOCKY.

(With apologies to Louis Carroll.)

'Twas quizzy and the slothy minds
  Did tab and cramble in the Lib;
All scragly were the greasy grinds,
  And the wrath moans outgib.

Beware the Midyearwock, my girl,
  The Proph that flunks, the zero fat.
Beware the Pikeward trip, and furl
  The frivolous Philibat.

She took her snitched pen in hand
  Long time through criptic notes she sought,
So sleutheld she by the Teapan-tree
  And told them what she thought.

While in conditions thought she was,
  The midyearwock, oh direful name,
Came soccering o'er the faircamp–us
  And flunkled as it came.

One, two! One, two! the blue book through
  The snitched quill went splutter-splat!
She left it dead, with hollow head,
  She went loud jabbering back.

'Twas quizzy, and the slothy minds
  Did tab and cramble in the Lib;
All scragly were the greasy grinds
  And the wrath moans outgib. E. G. B., '14.

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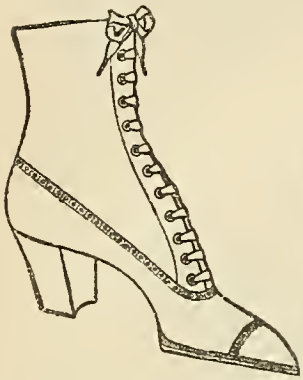

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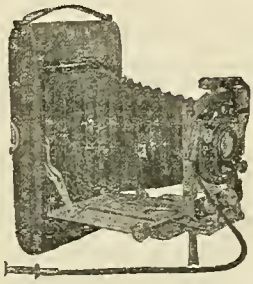

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Vol. X MARCH, 1913 No. 5

Editor in Chief.
MARY V. TONGUE, '13

Editors.
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MARY COOLIDGE, '14
JEAN BATCHELOR, '14
SARAH R. SMITH, '15

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EDITORIALS.

Perhaps you may have noticed from your former reading of the TIPYN O'BOB editorials,—even if one set of editorials has been all that you have attempted,—but from this one taste of editorial grist, perhaps you may have noticed the high moral tone of the editors' writings. The tone has been so highly moral in fact that at times it might even have been called "preachy." The point of view of the editors arose, however, from a natural desire to preserve the balance of the magazine. The romance and tragedy of the stories, the wit and beauty of the poems, the criticism and intellectual stuff of the articles of our contributors could be counted on to give Art,—to the editors remained the thankless task of supplying ideas, substance for thoughts,—prosaically and in capital letters,—Morals. But, of a sudden, we find the situation revolutionized. Whether the change be due to the stimulus of our new department of *Open Letters*, whether it be due to the deficiencies of the present editors, or whether it be due to the general amelioration of the morals of the whole college, we cannot say. The fact remains that our contributors have expe-

rienced an awakening of conscience. They see that the present state of affairs in our small world needs improvement, and with inspiration in their pens, they write. The writing is good, so are the morals. But what of us poor editors? We have sunk into such a rut of sermonizing that we find it hard to bestir ourselves, yet the proportion must be kept, and it behooves us to supply the æsthetics to counterbalance the morals. You will admit that it is a bit hard to talk of the beauties of springtime when we are quite uncertain of the season at which our writings will appear in print,—the campus may be snow-bound or the cherry-trees may be in bloom then. Our talk of crocuses and snow-drops in the cloister grass becomes, through the vagaries of the printer-men, an anachronism. Therefore all that we can do is to advise you to supply your own æsthetics, and beg you not to "moralize away" the joy of a Bryn Mawr spring-time. K. S.

In the natural course of our acquaintance with the lack of prolific expression of the undergraduate body we have been led, after some consideration, to attribute some of the influences militating most seriously against literary composition and other forms of art to the system of self-government here in vogue. We are a very regenerate lot. We drink not; neither do we smoke; and in general our lights go out early. In the conditions of our scheduled life inspiration must be indeed strong if it can break in upon us, or out from us, into the hours consecrated to rising, to eating, to studying, or to gaining culture. If it be strong enough to wrest our consciousnesses free from all the present goods or evils that engross them, then it will drive us beyond the limits of the regions bounded by clock and bell. But in milder cases, when the wavering desire to write might flicker intermittently, urging us to sonatize at chapel time or epitomize the glowing glories of the western sky as we journey back from the hockey field, even then the iron of restraint has rusted our faculties, order calls us to chapel or to dinner. We are regulated both fore and aft, beset to right and to left by our own sense of duty. Upon the structure of regulation already fixed Self-government has set the seal and mortar. With enough stimulation the dullest spirit might break its bonds. But our honor holds us bound. How many illustrious names think you would be left to us if De Quincey and Coleridge

had composed their poems on a diet of cornmeal mush, if Byron had always been in on time, if Shakespeare and his contemporaries had foregathered at the Mermaid Tavern for a social cup of tea, and Mark Twain been deprived of his cigar? A heightened imagination goes only with the irregularities of the artist brains: deprive us of excesses and what will become of art? I take here no occasion of discussing the oft mooted question of art for its own sake or for a purpose. I merely recall to your minds that you look for scribblers in Bohemia; while we have by long odds a perfect excess of respectability. The connections of art with the bizarre is another point. A large topic is here avoided; but when will you find your literary genius and your pillar of the state in one? (If you suggest Pitt or Burke I'll go long odds you have never read them.) We have here a new constitution for Self-Government, but, we are still without an immortal song. We are not lawless, but, you may say, neither are we clever. We repudiate the aspersion. The consciousness of our righteousness is upon us; why need we go write? M. V. T.

AT LINDESNAES'.

A quietness was everywhere:
The quietness of land and sea
In summer, when the winds are slow,
And sunlight lies a galaxy
Upon the moving waters low,
At Lindesnaes'.

A listlessness was in the air:
Two gulls slid smoothly, lazily,
Above the flat, sea-trodden sand.
A piper whistled fitfully,
The one gay thought in all the land,
Near Lindesnaes'.

CHRISTINE HAMMER.

DOCTOR HELEN SCHAEFFER HUFF.

Resolutions passed, January 20, 1913, by the Graduate Club of Bryn Mawr College.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God to take from our midst Helen Schaeffer Huff, Doctor of Philosophy of Bryn Mawr College, former fellow in Physics, holder of the Mary E. Garrett European fellowship, and brilliant instructor of Mathematics; and

WHEREAS, The Graduate Club of Bryn Mawr College, in deep sorrow, desires to record the loss of one who was its faithful friend; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Graduate Club do hereby express our sense of the deep loss which we feel the club as well as the college has sustained, and our grateful appreciation of Doctor Huff's services to the club, of which she was at one time the well-beloved president. And be it

Resolved, That these resolutions be incorporated in the minutes of the club, and that copies be sent to Doctor William Bashford Huff, Honorable Nathan Schaeffer, and the college journals.

MARY AGNES GLEIM,
LAURA HATCH,
MARY MERRICK GOODWIN,
MARIE GERTRUDE RAND, *ex officio*,
Committee.

WHEREAS, The death of Mrs. Huff has deprived the college of a valued friend and instructor and

WHEREAS, Those who came in contact with her gracious personality are filled with a sense of her loss.

Resolved, That we the Undergraduate Association do hereby express to Dr. Huff and to the members of Mrs. Huff's family our deep sympathy with their sorrow, and

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Dr. Huff and to the members of Mrs. Huff's family, and be inserted in the records of the Undergraduate Association.

For the Undergraduate Association.

ELEANOR B. ALLEN,
Secretary.

A SICK CHILD.

Through my chamber window
  As in bed I lie,
Morning, noon and evening,
  I can see the sky,
Framed by my white curtains.
  There the clouds go by,
Sailing in the breezes,
  White ships on the sea,
Swiftly bringing presents
  Fairies send to me,
Dolls, and books with pictures,
  And a red rose-tree.
When the sun is setting,
  And the clouds are fled,
Then the sunset colours,
  From the sky, are shed
Like an angel's mantle
  Down upon my bed,
Making it all rosy.
  When the colours fade
And the night comes striding,
  I should be afraid
Of the big black darkness,
  Silly, lonely maid;
But the stars come winking,
  Merry eyes and gay,
Hundreds upon hundreds.
  "Here we are!" they say;
Smile and dance and sparkle
  In a friendly way.
Once, when I was sleepless,
  Came the moon so bright,
Like a lovely lady
  Dressed in silv'ry white,
Leaned in through the window,
  Kissing me "Good-night."

So without complaining,
  Here in bed I lie;
I am very happy,
  I can see the sky,
Stars and moon and sunlight,
  White clouds sailing by. YVONNE STODDARD.

OVER THE PORTAGE.

I stopped at the far end of the portage under a big, rough birch-tree, carefully deposited the camp ax and the fish-basket, and shifted the shoulder straps of my pack. The trail leading through the deep woods ended at a small, dark lake, with islands in the middle and drowned trees here and there along the shores. The blue herons, startled at my approach, rose heavily and floated away to a more secluded bay around the point. It was wild and lonely now, though some thirty years before the lumbermen had been through the district with ax and saw and rope, and had cut down the big, solemn pines and the hemlocks and the straight tamarisks: all through the woods we found the great logs lying trimmed and stripped and turning to powder, wasted and ruined.

At my feet, the huckleberries thickly carpeted the rocks with dusty-blue patches. Huckleberries figured largely on the camp menu as dessert, and I began to fill the tin cup that hung at my belt, remembering that we had only one more portage before lunch. A fat old porcupine waddled away into the underbrush as "Gray Brother," the first canoe, appeared, balanced upside down on the broad shoulders of the Chief, and looking as though it had suddenly developed legs. The Chief put down the frail thing with great care, mopped his brow, and rested a minute, his keen eyes searching the shores for the opening of the next portage. The two other boats soon followed, and then Hiram and Harry, the guides, went back to get the dunnage-bags in which the tents and blankets were packed. Perched on top of Harry's load was a large box that he called his "kitchenet," full of frying pans and kettles and "grub."

In spirit, Harry was the youngest member of the party: he was ready for anything and everything, and was always on top of the situation, whether it was a case of cheering up Hiram when that individual was tired and grumpy, or of making the best "sinkers"

on record. He was tall and thin, with amused blue eyes, and his stock of stories about the Boer War and his life as a newspaper reporter was unlimited, while his remarks and reflections kept us constantly weak with laughter.

Quite the opposite was Hiram, whose attitude, at times, was such that my cousin dubbed him the "Lofty Goat," as a synomyn for his usual name. Taciturn and deliberate and somewhat slow, he would paddle and portage from dawn to lunch time, and from lunch time to supper time, without a word; and then when we sat around the fire at night, after Harry had finished doing what he called "a true imitation of a man washing dishes," Hiram would relax and reminisce about past camping trips. He was an expert canoeist and woodsman, for he had been brought up in the Canadian woods and knew all the tricks of the rapids and could pitch a tent so firmly that a whirlwind could scarcely shake it.

The English contingent of the party kept us in a continual state of expectancy. Mr. and Mrs. B. were out for a new experience, but I think that it was we who got the most out of it. "Jim" was quiet, and little in evidence; he spent most of his time fishing, and wore a neat tailored khaki suit and a sou'wester. But he was always interesting to talk to, for he had walked and cycled through all sorts of queer places like the Balkans, and had had thrilling narrow escapes. His fads were archeology and numismatics, and one day he pulled out of his pocket three ancient Roman coins and set our imaginations going as he talked about them.

"May," on the other hand, was a decidedly talkative person, who usually got her own way by calmly over-riding all objections. The Chief had great difficulty in being both polite and firm at the same time, for she insisted on pitching camp on every favourable spot that we passed. She even proposed to take home to London two baby porcupines as drawing-room pets to be produced at tea-time, and was only dissuaded by their rapid decline in health, owing to their being cooped up in a box which the disgusted Hiram had constructed for them. Mrs. B.'s costume consisted of a short dark suit, the skirt of which was cut on the approved lines of the hockey-skirt; enormous hob-nailed boots, which we persuaded her to change for sneakers in the canoe; an outing hat with a net helmet over it; and gloves. The helmet and gloves she wore all night, in the hopes of disappointing the mosquitoes. At her belt hung a camera, a velvet pocket-book,

a tin cup, and occasionally other articles. When Mr. and Mrs. B. arrived on the scene, all prepared to plunge into the wilderness the next day at dawn, they had, besides a suit case, a bag full of collapsible tent-poles, canes and a big green umbrella, which Mrs. B. told us she had held over her head while cycling through Servia. We no longer wondered at the narrow escapes. Tactfully, we persuaded them to abandon the suit case and the bag and the other incumbrances, and accept knapsacks: this was not difficult, as they wanted to learn to camp in American fashion, and I don't believe they ever regretted any of the superfluous articles. In fact, the only regret that we ever heard them express was that they had not a good English row-boat instead of canoes; it appeared that "May" was something of an expert with row-boats. "A row-boat would be just all right," said she. At any rate, her manner of paddling was individual, not to say unique: it showed the influence of rowing.

The rest of us must have presented an equally interesting appearance to outsiders, for we always provoked mirth when we came to inhabited places. Once we had to go through a town, and were followed by a horde of jeering small boys. May went into a "chemist's," as she called it, while the rest of us waited outside, trying to appear serenely indifferent to the crowd around us. At this moment, a particularly ragged urchin arrived, regarded us critically, and made remarks; one of the others imparted to him in loud tones the information that "there was a funnier one inside;" whereupon he dived through the doorway.

Pocohontas and I took turns paddling in "Gray Brother" with the Chief. We were always ahead of the other canoes, because "May" stopped so often to take photographs for the illustrated lecture which I hear she has since given before a select London audience. She was especially fond of taking colour-plates of dead swamps and burnt districts, as "typical American scenery." Pocohontas and I often figured in those pictures, arrayed in our beloved bloomers which we always wore when we were not too near civilization. We did not know at the time that the pictures were for "the public eye," and we have since wondered what the audience thought of two American girls trying to demonstrate a rough-house for the benefit of Mrs. B., who had never heard of that variety of amusement. "You'll be about fifteen," said one old settler, when we asked her what she thought our age was.

The shores of the river were flaming with the dark red cardinal flower. "Gray Brother," guided by the Chief, poked its nose into all the little bays, and around the islands where the deer were drinking or nibbling lily-pads, and where the startled wild ducks with their broods hurried away to shelter. One morning, quite early, while the little wisps of mist were still rising from the surface of the water, and the air was decidedly frosty, we paddled close up to a doe and a little spotted fawn with wobbly legs. Later, we interrupted a stag, who stamped his foot and snorted at us, then sniffed suspiciously and bounded into the woods, where we saw his white tail disappear among the birches. Sometimes we came to deserted lumber camps, where the raspberries grew in abundance in the clearings, and where we ran down the long smooth log-chutes. Sometimes, too, we came to burnt areas full of black stumps, and of fireweed obtruding its evil shade of magenta among the thick green weeds. To Pocohontas, the wild roses that grew along the river banks were irresistible: her hat was always trimmed with fresh ones. And she had a habit, too, of sticking sprays of the brilliant scarlet bunch berries into the laces of her boots; she was immensely proud of those boots, for they reached to her knees, and she claimed that they were waterproof. Here she had the advantage over me when we came to a rapid, for she could wade into the current, when the water was shallow, and help trail the canoe, while I walked along the bank, picking my way over the rocks.

But what we most looked forward to each day, and what we studied the maps for, was a rapid that we could shoot. There were plenty of rapids, but most of them were too rough and treacherous. At the head of each, the Chief and the guides landed and examined the possible channel carefully. Sometimes it was "Portage everything;" again it was "Trail the boats and leave the stuff in them." But when Hiram announced in a drawl that "we were going to shoot this one," we landed the stuff with alacrity, hurried it over the portage, and hastened back to the canoes. To paddle up to the swift water and point the bow into the dark smooth arrow running between two rocks; to feel the light shell leap into the boiling white waves; to watch with strained nerves for the hidden stone; to rise on the crest of a wave for an uncertain instant; and then plunge into the next; and finally to shoot into the "scramble" at the end; this is all the excitement of a life-time suppressed into one minute. O. K., 1913.

ON A TEAPOT.

On a delft-blue teapot, 'mid delft-blue lands,
With blue eyes down cast, the Dutch girl stands,
A round Dutch cup in her delft-blue hands,

And far on the slope of a flat Dutch hill,
Under the wings of a delft-blue mill,
The Dutch boy lingers and looks back still.

Pleading sadly with wide blue eyes
Which seem filled with a grieved surprise,
Patient he waits under delft-blue skies.

Patient he waits as the days go by,
His lips still parted in one long sigh,
Eager with hopes that cannot die,

That the shy Dutch maiden yet may yield,
Beckon him down to the delft-blue field,
The words on her delft-blue lips unsealed.

And who can tell how his Dutch heart aches,
Though his eager pose he ne'er forsakes,
And never can, till the teapot breaks! M. MEEKER.

AN IDLE WISH.

Had I a magic, eerie, silver wand
To cleave the clouds of space that screen the sea
I'd find a sheltered nook beneath the lea
And count the billows beating on the sand.
There watch a hovering sail at twilight drawn
A silver moth into the flaming sun,
There see the brooding night with colors dun
Enfold the earth until the mists of dawn.

E. NOYES.

AN IDYL OF CHILDHOOD.

James is a modern child who is not allowed to read fairy tales and consequently sees things as they are and knows the true meaning of life. The wonder and inspiration which has been claimed for the fairy book, James gains through scientific treatises and intimate communion with nature. On rainy afternoons he industriously picks up worms in the inspiring rain on the garden walk, that he may on the day following examine their viscera in laboratory. While Sally, the old-fashioned child, unaware of the all-important worm and even of the significant rain, squanders her time on her grandmother's comfortable sofa reading the "green and gold book," and wanders in futile imagination through enchanted fairyland "where the rain falls in showers of gold and there are no worms, for everywhere are gorgeous butterflies." Poor Sally! She imagines sometimes that she is a fairy princess in disguise and is made miserable because her prince James does not think so. He will even tell her quite frankly that he cannot see the faintest glimmer of gold in her red hair, nor does he believe that there is a more beautiful Sally behind the freckled countenance. When they trudge home from school together James, deep in contemplation of the beauties of nature about him, stoops to pick up bugs in the dust at his feet. He feels the heat of the mid-day sun which makes a load of books seem twice as heavy, but he is consoled in thinking how good the crops will be this year. His happy philosophy extends to his consideration of Sally, for he does not think it necessary to help her carry her books. He has never heard of the chivalry of the fairy-tale prince; and besides, girls may be stronger than boys. The very grasshopper by the roadside furnishes proof of this scientific truth, for has not the female one more chromosome than the male? In the afternoon Sally finally persuades him to play with her at fairy tales. Dressed in her older sister's worn-out party dress and in glittering paper crown she courtesies to him with the elaborate grace of dancing school and as she extends to him her fair, dingy hand, speaks in sweetly nasal tones: "Sir knight, I am your lady." But even now she does not disillusion him—"immature feminine biped" is his just and scornful retort.

The foolish game has no charm for him and as he is never happy away from the heart of nature they go out together to play in green fields and beside the running brook. Here they find a marvellous

flower. "It is gold," Sally cries, at the instant she sees it shining from afar, a blossom transformed by the magic touch of unhappy Midas' fingers. He is equally eager, for to him it is the primaticus relectus of which his botanical collection is in need. He picks it with quick, practiced fingers, tearing the delicate petals in search of the staminus polynus, and is undisturbed by Sally's trembling cry of pain as she tells him that he has killed the velvety nymph who lives in the golden flower.

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him.
And it was nothing more." KATY-DID, '15.

THE MAN WHO WOULD.

Shades of the dead were greatly feared in the old times. But none is so terrible as the speechless shadow of that which lives, and, in the substance, constitutes a man great.

I once knew a man, who, as I remembered him, seems to have played that part in regard to this life—the shadow-part, I mean. For a half-hour's ramble, a short conversation at the table, I suppose there was never a pleasanter companion, so buoyant, so full of spirits, of boundless enthusiasm. If you were with him longer he bewildered you by a harmless inconsequence, tired you by a kind of reproductive energy, that together gave you the effect of posture-making in a mirror or of any activity that leaves no definite result behind. You see, he wasn't lazy. He was one of the most active persons I ever saw, and the most anxious to work, to work in the ancient sense, I should rather say, by putting his own mark upon something—a bit of mud, even, suppose. Well, that aptitude for work pleased his people, who weren't very wealthy and lived in a little town down in New Jersey, somewhere. They were very sanguine about their promising son—sent him through college, and let him go to New York to make a living among the artists.

When I knew him, it was in a journalist's office. He had already been with a designer and with a miniature painter. He talked about art with the enthusiasm of six old masters and of Michael Angelo to boot. You couldn't understand how he'd ever given up art, and gone into journalism. Yet he couldn't draw. Couldn't draw a

round cat on a straight fence. And he was no good at journalism. Many a time he's gone out to get a story and come home with a look about him that one would think meant an absolute masterpiece—a clean-up on all the other papers in town—but the few lines he brought me were as tame as the society-notes on a week-day in Lent. Yet he nearly always thought he'd produced something worth while, not exactly a masterpiece, but on the way to one. He didn't bother about what other people said of his productions. Not that he thought, like his parents, that he was destined to be a genius. He just thought that what he did was great. He seemed to make no comparisons with others, even geniuses. Yet he was so sure of himself that I have positively trembled when I've seen what he did.

I used to think that perhaps his hand was shaky, or perhaps, when he particularly irritated me, that his brain was. But I've seen him write or draw, and his hand moved as smoothly as a grocer's adding up accounts, over his poor little prosaic A B C stories. And I've heard him repeat word-perfect, a message over the telephone. His physical equipment was perfect, but for the rest he was a shadow-man, or a shadow-genius would be better, I suppose. Well when I took this view of him, I became quite interested in him once more—saw the ghostly halo of Shakespeare and all the rest hovering over him, not able to make itself seen. This from a psychological point of view. The office wanted results, and didn't stop to consider invisible geniuses. It was fall by this time, and they had given him more than a fair trial, just because of the favourable impression he made.

In the fall shake-up they discharged him. He didn't rush off to the nearest drug-store, buy a bottle of arsenic, and so drop off quietly, as you might expect of a prostrated young journalist. No. And he never intended to commit suicide, I don't believe. Not with all that energy. The idea with him was "get busy," and he did. Left New York suddenly, that same day, and went off to a little town on the coast of Maine, where he arrived toward night pretty well cast down in a kind of fever of impotence, I suppose.

It was a cheap little "resort," where his father and mother went in the summer. He stopped at the ramshackle hotel (which stayed open later than those of other summer resorts in order to catch the last stragglers of the season) registered, dropped his valise, and rushed out—umbrella and camera still in his hand. The hotel-folks noticed his behaviour, but didn't think much about it, because

tourists often act like that when they first get to the ocean, even if the weather's pretty tame, which wasn't the case with it on the afternoon Peter arrived.

The weather, he told me afterwards, did have a lot to do with his performance. It was an October sea-sunset, with a singing wind, a fresh salt air, and a high tide booming and thundering at the base of the cliff upon which he stood—the sky above him staring blue. You could see the white wave-crests topple and fall, ever so far out at sea; a couple of dingy fisher-boats were lurching along on the homeward track, bringing in the day's catch; the whole ocean was just a green knot of struggling energies. The spray that dashed up to him, stained by the sun, was already as champagne—an elixir he said. Do you know what makes you want to walk right off a mountain-top into space? He forgot about journalism, and being fired, and was wild again to make his little chirp on the universe, to express himself with himself, so to speak. In plain English, he thought he could have walked off the cliff into the sea as easily as, in his own estimation, he could have painted his soul into the one great masterpiece, or have written it into the one great newspaper article.

He flung the camera and the umbrella on a bit of a bramble that clung to the cliff-edge; then made off as fast as his legs would carry him, across lots, to the village street. He felt perfectly contented, he told me, with a peculiar physical sensation of having accomplished something, having really expressed his own individuality, that made him happier than he had ever been before. The same thing had happened, I conjectured, as used to happen to his painting and to his stories—he'd let off his steam—hadn't really done what he had intended, but the conception of the notion of throwing himself over the cliff was stronger than the conception of some other abstract thought of beauty in his brain had ever been. And the preliminary flinging down of camera and umbrella had satisfied him as much as if he had really made the plunge and cut a straight section between the incoming waves; the thought of that camera and that umbrella was as comfortable as could have been the thought of himself snugly bestowed in an undersea cranny of the rocks, his hair moving with the motion of the waves. As I said, he was quite cheerful and happy and started off on the next train, with some notion of going to Australia, or to Nova Zembla, I forget which.

Well this was, on the face of it, a case of what the Germans would

call temperament. But ordinary folks, finding no other traces of a strange young man who has just registered in a hotel and left his suit-case—finding no other traces than a camera and an umbrella caught in a bush at the edge of a cliff one hundred and fifty feet above the sea—are bound to come to the usual conclusion, "suicide." So they telegraphed his people in New Jersey, and planned to bring up the body next morning. (It wasn't till nearly nine at night that the hotel-keeper began to inquire about his man, and by that time the sea was rising with an equinoctial gale.) Then a couple of fishermen and some of the villagers did go down to the cliff with lanterns and lay flat to look down, holding them over the edge. But they only caught the glint of the phosphorus in the jaws of the highest breakers. They talked about the chance of the body's being caught in some of the suction-holes, in the rocks under the water.

Next morning, at dawn, a squad of fishermen and villagers came out with rope and tackle. They had done that sort of thing before, in the case of wrecks near shore, you understand. Two of them were regularly constituted life-savers, the rest fishermen. It is a very small, unimportant hamlet, away from the routes of steamship lines. Summer guests leave early, so it was just the village people who carried on the search—the mother and father couldn't arrive until noon and promptitude was necessary, owing to the coming on of the storm. The sea was so rough then, that no yawl could trust itself near the cliffs with their upbuild of hidden rocks. So two of the men were let down, turn about, to rake the boiling mass of water with bill-hooks.

They are a simple kind of folk, these fishermen. Thought it was their duty, I suppose, to get the man. No reward had been offered, and they didn't know that any would be. They rang the bells of the little church—Lutheran it was, or Calvinist, and prayed for the finding of the body. The women went down and watched and wailed as they say that sort of women will. They dreaded to meet the parents without it.

The winter storms kept on rising until the last man was ready to come in from sheer weariness. All at once those on the cliff felt the ropes catch and tangle, and heard a stifled cry. They could tell that something was wrong. An undertow with an especially heavy wave, had jammed the man down in spite of the ropes and then had flung him.

They were just pulling in the fellow, dead, when Peter appeared

among them. Quite over-balanced by joy in the thought of his achievement, he had come back to the place where he flung down his camera and his umbrella—as an artist to the canvas he has painted, as a sculptor to the stone he has carved—to the place where he had performed his supreme act of self-expression; and saw at last his masterpiece—what the shadow-genius in him had made in the world of flesh and blood.

It was a horrible travesty of Pygmalion and his statue. The corpse had been rather badly cut about the face, I believe, on the sharp rocks. Then the wife of the man was hysterical—cursed Peter when she found it wasn't his wraith, called for the constable, and soon.

No, he wasn't prosecuted. You can't prosecute a man for not committing suicide when he might have. They buried the fisherman, and Peter's parents paid the wife some small indemnity. They didn't have much, themselves. Peter didn't die, though the pure terror of the scene was enough to shock a stronger nature. He didn't forget it. It made him afraid of himself, I think, afraid to go alone. No shade of the dead is so terrible as the shadow of that which lives and cannot speak. W. G., 1914.

YELLOW POPPIES.

Red poppies bend with sensuous grace
  To the slow, dream-laden breeze,
Wanton and gay, in their spendthrift day,
  They know not such as these,

That sprung from a stern, half-barren land,
  Chilled by the icy breath,
Sweeping low o'er the grim ice floe
  Where a step misled is death,

Grow to their slender gracile height
  Blithely, and one by one,
Flaunt the gold of each petal-fold
  In the red of the midnight sun. M. Meeker.

Note: Yellow poppies grow practically only on the ice in the extreme north.

THE LOVE-SONG OF THE INDIAN BRAVE.

Running Deer am I, and I call—
List to my calling!
Out of the west, running, I come
Where spring rains are falling,
I come to thy teepee, and halting, I linger.
The wind passes, sighing;
Purple night through the tree tops is sifting,
About us is lying.

Come to me, gliding in silence through the tall grasses,
Timid and trembling, like Owassa the bluebird,
Fluttering, fearful, within my arms as I clasp thee,
Thy lips are more red than the blood of warriors vanquished;
Thine eyes are as deep and as dark as the pools of the forest;
Thy cheek is as soft as the wing of Keyoshka, the sea-gull,
Brushing my lips, as he flies thro' the mist of the morning.
The smell of the spring is about us, the odor
Of rains that have soaked the brown, dead leaves of the winter
Fills the quivering silence of night with its maddening sweetness.
I love thee! let me lift thee high on my shoulders
And carry thee through the rain-dripping forests, westward.
'Tis long ere morning will break, and I am swift-footed.
Who dares follow Running Deer, and the maiden he steals from the Eastland?
Tremble not! thou art safe, my beloved! as the dove on the pine branch!
Fear not as the wind rushes past! I will bear thee
Far and away to the West—where the spring rains are falling.

G. B., '14.

OPEN LETTERS.

What Are These Lazy People Doing?

I am not overworked, of course not. Why other people think they are, I can not understand. There is the whole day long to work. It is only the wasters of time who have not time. Just think, even with church on Sunday, four periods of exercise a week and parties on Friday and Saturday nights for youth's sake, how many hours there are for work. They are not all, to be sure, of equal value. I work well from eight-forty to nine, when the wasters of time noisily leave the library for chapel. Pure Curiosity! I work best at one-thirty when the library is deserted and the wasters of time go to class meetings. Mere Discussion! From six to six-thirty there is another lull in the library, for committees are meeting, silly heads are close together deciding trifles. The whole of the evenings are usually mine, when the wasters of time debate in the chapel, or sew on charity clothes in the Gymnasium, or read the reports of foreign missions abroad, or the plays of Shaw and Ibsen.

"What fools these mortals be."

I came to college to learn. X.

A Mid-Year Reaction.

Oh, what a time! Oh, what a state of things! The Seniors heard it, yet not one voice of protest was raised. They sat around at a tea. They were silent. They smiled. Yet one in their midst had uttered this sentiment—"I suppose the professors hate college even worse than the students." And those who in song (they sing but half-heartedly it is true) want to be "vestals eternalee," in fact, let this statement go unchallenged. The next day in another hall two students were convulsed with their own wit in making up a curse in Latin against the college. The fact that it was in Latin shows an unconscious victory for college discipline—an advance to have it in Latin; but why curse?

Whence comes this "tristessa—a combination of ennui and melancholy"? It was, we hear, the bane of Renaissance banquets. It is also the bane of college life to-day. Are we living in the "twilight of the ages," poor, unadapted creatures, out of gear because we cannot

keep up the pace? College has a step all its own, we admit, but not too exhausting for average human beings unless they indulge in too many "crab-crawls" and "chicken-flips" on their own account. Whether we are "white academic lambs," "the flower of American womanhood," "leaders of the future," "standard bearers of new democracy," is still an open question; that we are rarely blessed, and seemingly at present unconscious of our blessings almost to the point of ingratitude, is less of a question.

If we had to stand before a jerking machine hour after hour, day after day, if we had to undergo the round of so-called pleasures of one of the "smart set," we might then, on returning to the sheltering walls of our Alma Mater, with chastened spirit, obtain a more wholesome perspective. This is not a plea, however, that we should each and every one become an indefatigable rooter on the side lines of a water-polo game, or expend thousands of calories worth of energy in the Debating Society, or wear jumpers, or go around with a ra-ra whoop-la.

To pass over all the great and serious benefits of college for which this limping pen is inadequate, think of how in some places the power to get all the hot water desired would be cause for delirious rejoicing. How pleasant college teas are, and what good cake at hall tea! But if cake only satisfies for a few fleeting moments, the beauty is lasting, outside. Crimson vines on gray towers, clustered chimneys against a star-spangled sky, sunset in the cloister, long purple twilights deepening through the mullioned windows of the library—such things as these to some, less insensible, have been cause enough for present happiness and for a romantic, even passionate devotion. Is it not that we are in truth devoted to Bryn Mawr, and this other spirit is but superficial, temporary, a result of too many blessings, and too many mid-years? Years hence when we shall be scattered, and each one older, wiser, and perhaps more sad, the vexatious, distressing and dull moments of college life will have faded, and we shall know that we love Bryn Mawr. To the thought of one student—a refreshing exception to her generation—who said that whenever she came in sight of the lights of the Owl Gateway, or the Lanterns of Pembroke Arch, there came to her mind the oft-repeated petition in the prayer for the college, "May the lamp of true learning and the light of pure religion ever be undimned," there will be in our own minds an echo fervent and sincere.

S. H. A.

A Plea.

On crossing the campus one rainy afternoon I was accosted by a friend with the inquiry, "Where are you going?" and I replied in an equally casual and unsuspecting manner, "To browse in the stack-room." What, then, was my surprise when my fellow-student, fairly bristling with horror and amazement, exclaimed, "Mercy!" with three question marks and four exclamation points, and passed on quite overcome. On turning the matter over in my mind it occurred to me that her acquaintance with the stack-room had probably been of the prevalent variety,—that is, as a dismal place in which to meander confusedly searching for number 833S 361 Ev, or one equally well concealed, in continual terror of electric shocks and with the certain foreboding that the book will be out. No wonder she was horrified at my going there for pleasure.

Now her acquaintance with a private-house library, or yours—for that matter—is entirely different. "How interesting they look," you exclaim at first sight of the harmonious bindings, browns, reds, greens, inscribed with gold; and dipping into a few here and there,—dingy old ones, close printed with quaint illustrations, or stiff bright new ones full of conversation,—unashamed, you wish for time to browse some more. But here, because the stack-room is not smoothly carpeted, because it is not flooded with the "softly diffused light of silken reading lamps," because cold iron takes the place of polished oaken shelves,—because, in short, it is a college library and has been stripped of the superficial attractions behind which you can conceal your predilection for the intellectual (I speak to intelligent college students), for the very reason that it is here especially for your intellectual entertainment, you are forced to take shelter behind the veil of scorn and ennui!

Several times lately I have been delighted to hear expressed the enlightening observation that the ability to enjoy an intellectual occupation is not one of which to be ashamed. Does reading not come under that head? and yet you *are* ashamed unless the book has a blatant red cover and a melodramatic frontispiece. Or is it the misconception of the term "browse" that keeps you back? Far from meaning that each and every book should be consumed and digested, word for word, be they deep treatises, German reviews, historical compendiaries or what not,—it means just what it says—to nibble

here a little, there a little; and whether you have selected the book because its binding attracts you or its title sounds interesting or because you are looking for that particular book, makes not an atom of difference.

They say we have been given extra time this semester. If you, who neither "despise reading," nor have "weak eyes," are ever lucky enough to find it, I beg that you will give the poor old stack-room a fair chance; or if you meet on the campus a fellow-student who is perchance luckier than you, don't damp her youthful and well-meaning ardour by a scandalized stare. E. S.

DULCI FISTULA

ONE'S DUTY TO ONE'S PAPER.

"The Tip wants everyone to write!
Please, won't you just a word indite?
The thing must out this very night!"
The poor old Tip.

Some paper lay all strewn about,
I thought I'd help the poor Tip out—
I knew I could beyond a doubt—
So I began.

"Poetry," I thought, "is simply prime!"
I tried an ode upon "The dime";
I couldn't get the words to rhyme—
I tore it up.

What is the most renowned of all?
I tried a sketch of Taylor Hall—
The paper, in a little ball,
Lies on the floor.

Only the essay now remained,
But ink my lips and fingers stained,
And—need I say it?—I refrained
From trying more. X.

FRENZIED FINANCE.

I always was a Socialist of lofty aspiration,
But now I am deserting, to form a corporation.
I always formerly enjoyed the pool, the drill, the dance,
But now—I leave the Gym to enter realms of high finance.
We just have finished forming an insurance companee;
If you would accident avoid, just get a policy.
It insures you against accidents, the fatal culmination
Of frivolity disastrous before examination.
Some policies, the cheaper ones, will simply help you pay,
For the next examination at a little later day.
If a student's more exacting, those policies will suit her
Which offer in addition to supply her with a tutor.
This really isn't "Dulci," but an advertising page.
Buy *Examination Policies*, 'twill pay in your old age.

J. B. M., '14.

VISITOR'S COMMENT.

I'm not sure they *have* hair,
Those girls of Bryn Mawr.
They were certainly fair,
But *did* they have hair?
They always wore caps wherever they were,
In hall or on campus, or in the boudoir,
I'm not sure they *have* hair,
Those girls of Bryn Mawr.

J. M. B., '14.

IT ROSE TOO SOON.

An Underdone Poem.

By a Poet.

I was writing of a sonnet
  All about the beamy moon.
And my rhymes were, "Like a bonnet,"
  And again, "It rose too soon."

When I'd thought upon a bonnet,
  Then I thought upon a hat,
Then I thought upon a helmet—
  Something would have come of that!

But an editor came running,
  Shouted rudely in my ear,
"TIP is going out immedjiat;
  Any contributions here?"

"Oh, I'm writing of a sonnet,
  All about the beamy moon,
And my rhymes are 'Like a bonnet,'
  And again, 'It rose too soon,'

"And I'm contemplating sadly,
  Night and day, without respite,
And I'm meditating madly
  On the moon my rhymes to fit!"

Then the editor waved, wobbling,
  Her impressive, ink-stained hand,
"If you're trying to write poetry
  You have got to understand:

"Those are antiquated methods:
  And you lose a lot of time.
If the rhyme won't fit the subject,
  Fit the subject to the rhyme.

"If you're thinking of a bonnet
  Don't go thinking of the moon,
But of some head to put in it—
  Many a cake has ris'n too soon."

"There you have your human interest,
  An instructive one to boot,
Here you have pathetic motives—
  Hurry up, make haste and scoot."*

*She did not really say *this* word, but again the exigencies of rhyme.

Then I turned with fierce intention
  And I thought, "Thou beamy moon,
Hear a baffled poet's vengeance
  On the TIP that goes too soon."

Once there was a beamy maiden
  Who was fond of baking cake,
Who was fond of wearing bonnets.
  (Hats I mean, but rhymes I make.)

And this maiden had a lover,
  Plump and portly, round and fat,
And it was the beauteous springtime
  And she had a brand new hat.

It had just come from the city
  And she took it from the box,
And she thought it was becoming
  To her raving golden locks.

When her lover came a-calling
  (It was near the hour of noon
And her cake rose in the oven,
  But alas! it rose too soon!)

Then he sought her in the kitchen
  (Oh! alas! thou beamy moon!)
Tenderly inquired he of her,
  "Minnie, dear, am I too soon?"

Honey-sweet the savoury odour
  Swirled about his little brain;
So with hungry eyes he wooed her
  And she smiled upon her swain.

"Sure, it's come, it's over there, love"—
  And she pointed to a chair—
"Sure, I thought 'twas in the oven,"
  Sighed our hero, sitting there.

She was looking in the oven,
  Taking out the well-riz cake,
When she turned about he thought she'd
  Taken out a young earthquake.

For she shook ('twas rage and anger)
  And she brandishéd a spoon
And she flung the cake to floorward—
  Oh, alas! it rose too soon:

As he sat upon the bonnet,
  So she sat upon the cake;
Yes, she sat down hard upon it
  And malignantly she spake:

"Ha! You wretched, vile, perfidious,
  Sweet-toothed, cake-devouring *thing!*
Have I found you out at last—say?
  Take back thy engagement ring!

"So 'twas not for my bright beauty
  That to seek me you were fain,
Yes, to seek me in the *kitchen*,
  Vile wretch, I hope that's plain?"

For he did continue calmly
  In the place where he was set
And he said, "You sound exactly
  Like a reg'lar suffragette."

As she flounced with needless violence
  (For the cake was now quite flat),
He observed her with forbearance—
  Sitting there upon her hat.

Then soothing, to her, speechless,
  "How long d'you think 'twill take"—
Consulting thus his time-piece—
  "For to bake another cake?"

So, in this age precipitous
  Of headlong hit-or-miss,
A poet turns a sonnet
  Into a thing like this!

And e'en in this I'll never
  Say what I was going to say,
For the editor has clutched it
  And sprinteth on her way.

W. G., 14.

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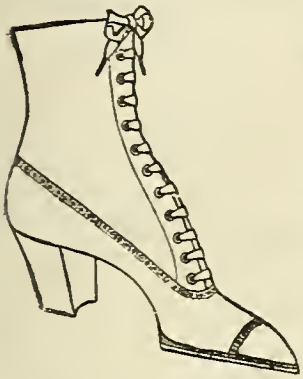

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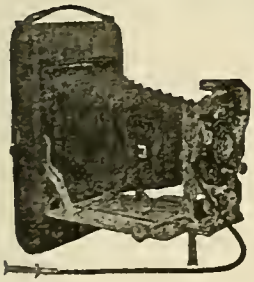

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EDITORIALS.

The day of account is at hand, for some of us is even now come. Strange how careless we are about its distant retribution as we enter Freshman year. The four years loom so appallingly long ahead that the exit at the far end seems only a misty rift among the clouds, through which faint glows of the other side shine dazzlingly golden. Truly we shall walk upon the stars when we reach that distant goal, perhaps strike them aside with the strength of our foreheads. For beyond there lies "the world," and we shall be out in it. A vague term you will find that same "world" when the question comes what you will do next winter. And your exit from college, is it only a matter of the casting up of the fractions of your average? Do you differ from your friends only from the sixteenth to the thirty-second of a point? A point of what? Of what sort is this reckoning? All these quizzes and examinations that you have been taking for so long, are all their dead shades risen to set this mark upon you? You thought once they were over, and you through them, that all would be as if they never had been. There was that first Horace quiz Freshman year, when you

sat up till three quaking, and appeared at breakfast with an air of shaky bravado that sat ill upon you. You never bothered quite so much again after you found that you had scraped a merit from what you knew on that. There were other times,—once when you fell asleep on the floor reading James' psychology the night before the Finals, and all the sunny days when you laughed as you strolled away to think of some one eagerly claiming the history book you had engaged at the Library, all the mornings when the alarm clock never went off or some one forgot to call you, all the evenings when the starlit campus enticed you to leave your stuffy books; and all these times count. However little they have meant to you they have been going down in funny little black figures to make up the equivalent of that X which has always stood to you so vaguely for your share of the academic course. When the meaning of that X is disclosed to you you may feel many different ways. That is what you may be to other people, only remember that that isn't all you are to yourself. If you are going to cast up accounts (and I don't in the least advise you to) just remember that your side of it includes the pleasure you got out of your own wretchedness when you sat up too late, and the confidences you may have exchanged with a friend; the feeling of barbaric triumph you got from a low mark undeserved as never in the world for a high one conscientiously earned; the help you may have gotten from or given to a friend. When you come to think of it you can clothe your exit in as fine and intangible draperies as if it had no face value. And ever to me, beyond all computing, will be the memory of that most dreamless sleep of a lifetime, with my head pillowed fast on James' unread pages.

It has been stated as an indubitable assertion that genius is no more than the possession of a mind capable of forming an uncommonly large number of associations. This hypothesis might provide a basis for an explanation of some difficulties of academic life. Assuming for example, that genius is of such a nature, what could prove more impossible for the unhappy possessor of that divine gift than attention to a lecture? Her power of association would prove at every point a distraction. Mere mention of a geometrical proposition, for example, would at once involve her in labyrinthine speculation about

the future of the cubists. We have often observed evidences of such erring minds, but never before recognized them as manifestations of genius. What we had mistaken for inattention must in reality result from superior mental power. How cheering is the discovery of the remarkably large number among us who are so endowed. Should not the wise professor introduce in his lecture only a few salient points, at intervals of such judicious separation as to prevent the interference of associations aroused by them? This might, it is true, somewhat limit the lecture material, but that consideration must seem trivial when compared with the ever present necessity of suiting courses to the Bryn Mawr student mind. We must have lectures which interest us. Attention is all too infrequent. Shall we attribute the problem to our genius or our irresponsibility?

J. M. B., '14.

THE BULLET-HEAD.

We weren't in the least a superstitious lot of fellows, and our acquaintance with the "Bullet-Head," the name he went by from the very first, was founded on fact, not fancy. I think I was one of the first to notice him. It was just after mid-years. Five or six of us had gone to "the movies" for relaxation,—not that mid-year examinations were a necessary preliminary to such relaxation, for we went on an average of twice a week,—or at least as often as the two moving-picture shows in the town changed their films. I had always stood up for the merits of the Bijou Dream's pictures against those of the Pleasure Palace. They tried for less startling scenic effects, but the stories in themselves were more exciting. So it was at the Bijou Dream that I first noticed the Bullet-Head. The story was a typical western tale, with ranches, cowboys, bronco ponies and all the usual appurtenances, and it went by the characteristic name of *The Sheriff's Revenge*. You can imagine the whole story now, I've no doubt. Girl throws down sheriff for love of an outlaw. Robberies in the town. Sheriff and posse track hoof-marks to the robber's den. There the innocent outlaw, taking refuge for the night, is caught, accused of thefts, and is about to be hung when the sheriff's house is set afire by the girl, and in the excitement she and the outlaw escape. Pur-

suit follows with much clapping of horses' feet behind scenes. The fugitives are captured and the sheriff's revenge is to set them free. A very ordinary sentimental anti-climactic story. The only thing that struck me in it was the Bullet-Head. He had a minor role, that of one of the real robbers, and you had only a glimpse of him stealing out of a ranch-house with his loot,—and then away on horseback. But I noticed him among the others because of the queer shape of his head. It was as nearly square as any man's head I've ever seen —flat on top, flat behind, flat-faced but for a receding forehead. His eyes were small and set near together, his nose broad, his mouth wide,—indeed, there was nothing very striking about him except the squareness of his head and the flatness of his face.

It didn't interest me enough that afternoon to speak of it, but it happened that the same group of fellows went to the movies the very next afternoon, this time to the Pleasure Palace, and there in a story of the "eternal triangle," a divorce and quarrel over the possession of the child, the child abducted from her father's house and so forth,—I noticed my square-headed man among the kidnappers of the child.

"By Jove, there's the Bullet-Head again," I exclaimed, and Fritz, my room-mate, who was sitting next me, turned to me surprised. "Why, I noticed him yesterday, too," he said. The role of the kidnapper was a larger one than the Bullet-Head had played the day before, and we had a good chance to see him,—to notice his short stocky build, his thick arms, and his square head set close to his shoulders, and at one time he walked forward in the film till only his head was seen on the sheet, huge and distorted as they always are when the photographs are taken at a near range. The magnitude served only to show his blankness of expression, his spread nose, and, in the flatness of his face, his black little ferret eyes.

It turned out afterwards that the four men with us had noticed him too. Fritz and I mentioned the coincidence again, and Catlin took up the subject. Catlin was an odd fellow, considered rather an ass by many. He was constantly in trouble of one kind or another, never was known to study for his courses, and consequently was "on probe" most of the time, yet he read a great deal, and had acquired the greatest amount of stray information on obscure subjects. You couldn't stick him on any question of astrology or magic; he had a

speaking knowledge of the language of the Labrador Esquimaux, and was widely read in Brahmin theology. His latest fad had been phrenology, and he constantly plagued us by feeling our heads, to read the bumps and furrows of our skulls. Well, Catlin eagerly took up the conversation about the Bullet-Head. "You shouldn't call him a Bullet-Head, you know," he observed, "his head is not in the least round, it's square." Of course he was right, but the name of the Bullet-Head stuck till even Catlin came to use it. "Interesting skull," he continued, "I must look it up,—obviously a criminal type." And he did look it up—from that day we were deluged with information on criminology, Lombroso, Garafalo and other authorities, occipital and frontal development and so on, till we wished all skulls extinct. From it all we deduced the fact that if, after all, there was such a thing as a criminal type of skull, which many anthropologists seemed to doubt, the Bullet-Head might possibly have some few of its characteristics. It was rather a dull conclusion to reach, but we could none of us seem to be roused to an interest in searching out the man who acted as professional robber in the company of players of the moving-picture concern. Catlin alone was convinced of his duty. "That man is a criminal," he asserted. "Either he's murdered someone or is going to murder someone or else he'll have children and propagate a race of criminals. Can't you fellows see the great opportunity you have for humanitarian service by getting rid of the man,"—he grew quite grandiloquent on the subject. "Serves you all right if he robs or murders one of you some day," he concluded.

I never noticed that Catlin himself made much practical effort to search out this dangerous character. True enough he did spend all his days at the "movies," and duly reported to the rest of us whenever he saw the Bullet-Head. This was not so very often after all, but we all saw him at least twice again before we graduated, and each time he was a robber. It was this strange consistency of his that got on our nerves. Why must he persistently burgle and steal? And another queer thing about the fellow was that he seemed to be able to fit into a part of any nationality, without effort. We saw him once as a thieving Spanish matador and again as a Chinese coolie. In no parts did he seem incongruous, and a change of clothes completely converted him from one race to another,—yet, throughout, his curiously shaped head and square silhouette remained distinctive.

It was amusing enough to have this familiar shape in all the "movies" there at college,—it gave one a sense of intimacy,—but I must confess I was less pleased to see the Bullet-Head a half a year later in New York. I went to the "movies" seldom, now that I was in business, and when I went it was generally for old time's sake. This particular night I went to Keith's, and sure enough there was a kinemetograph and robbery tale. A virgin priestess was kidnapped from an eastern temple, and the Bullet-Head riding an elephant was the kidnapper. Of course I recognized him, and, what was worse, it was apparent that he recognized me. The moment he appeared in the film he fastened his pin-hole eyes on me, and didn't take them off until he went off again on the elephant's back.

Those eyes followed me all the night after the East-Indian story, and I did not feel drawn to see moving-pictures again for many months. Catlin kept me well informed, however, on the movements of the Bullet-Head. I had a letter every time he saw him, and in each letter Catlin swore that he was certainly going to investigate the matter. He never did. A year later Fritz wrote me from the Riviera. At some entertainment in a ruined Roman amphitheatre he had seen in moving-pictures, a French detective story, with the Bullet-Head in chief thief's part. "I can tell you it gave met the creeps, for I could swear that the man knew me," Fritz wrote, "and you know the fellow's growing bolder. He killed two men in that particular film." A few weeks later Catlin had seen hin in Nova Scotia. At least I had to admire the Bullet-Head for his cosmopolitan qualities. He seemed able to make his way to all corners of the globe.

The next summer Catlin was drowned on a canoe trip, and there was no one left to follow up the Bullet-Head. The rest of us fellows were pretty well scattered,—all of us now settled, and developing into staid professional or business men, with no more time or inclination for "movies." I myself still traveled considerably since I was in the tea and coffee trade; but five years after I left college I got a permanent position in the Tokio office of the company. I was married by that time, and my wife and I, hating the city, rented a little house in Yodobashi on the outskirts of Tokio. It was a nice little house,—Japanese of course,—with sliding walls of paper in wooden frames. We prided ourselves on being as un-American as possible, and had a real Japanese garden with a mountain and a lake in it, two feet high

and broad respectively,—and a Japanese cook and a Japanese dog. The dog was blessed with a serene disposition and the name Peach, and the cook with a cross capability and the name Sen. Sen cooked well, and bowed and scraped whenever we entered the house, so my wife and I felt quite well satisfied with existence.

It was only after we'd been settled there for at least four months that we began to be bothered by having things stolen from the house. One morning we found my large camera gone, and a week later all our American shoes, which had been arranged by the front door in true Japanese fashion. It was most annoying, for there was no way of really locking up at night. I could nail our house together every night, and unnail it in the morning, but I felt life to be too short for such exertion. Peach seemed to be no kind of a watch-dog, so I decided to speak to the policeman. He was a potentate in the neighborhood, much looked up to by every on, for he was the greatest comfort in the world to timid souls as he paced the streets at night, twirling a huge watchman's rattle, a constant reminder to both thieves and householders that he was always "on the job." It was the most absurd situation imaginable, for at intervals of two hours during the night he passed,—a little weazened, barelegged man, clad in blue and white cotton, with no weapon but the rattle, which he seemed to carry chiefly for his own protection against desperate characters. Early one morning I hailed him in, and told him of the thefts in our house, using Sen as interpreter, who knew some little English. The policeman grew much excited, his little eyes sparkled and his little beard quivered as he gesticulated. "He say," Sen interpreted, "he say Tokio robber very bad man. He say he rob with a sword. He say he wear no clothes, only a sword. Tokio robber your bootcher-man and baker-man without no clothes and he kill you." Even Sen grew animated and bobbed his square shaven head emphatically. Naked robbers carrying swords were certainly not very prepossessing even in idea.

I did not get really wrought up over the matter until a day or two later when I heard of the horrible thing that had happened to one of my Japanese neighbors. He worked in Tokio, and coming home out to Yodobashi one evening, he found the baby crying and his wife and four eldest children lying on the floor, murdered, their throats slashed. The thief had made off with a paltry sum of money and a

few clothes. The whole affair was most gruesome, but what impressed me most was the fatalistic attitude of the poor man. It was horrible, yes, but it had to be, he assumed, simply because there were robbers. Probably his wife had been so foolish as to resist the thief,—and he made absolutely no attempt at investigation or detection of the criminal.

Of course it worried me frightfully, and I cautioned Sen to guard our house ceaselessly, and I tried to take my wife about with me as much as possible until we could move further in town.

One afternoon, on the emperor's birthday, she and I went out for a holiday. We had two korumas, and the drivers took us at my bidding far away from sinister Yodobashi to the opposite side of Tokio. There, as we were passing the gates of a temple, my wife suggested that we follow the crowds in to see what entertainment they were seeking in the temple grounds. Accordingly we dismissed them, and left the noisy streets with its trolley-cars and modern noises, and going in through the carved stone gate posts, lantern-headed, we saw the lacquered doors of the temple before us. It happened to be a very old Buddhist temple with a famous shrine to which pilgrims journeyed from all over Japan, but instead of going in to the shrine we followed the crowd of holiday-seekers to the gardens,—and there we found ourselves the only foreigners in a throng of Japanese,—young and old,—men, women and children out for the usual holiday festival in the temple gardens. Tradesmen, students and working folk in drab kimonos, servants in blue and white, and geisha-girls in their brilliant flowered gowns filled the garden with a medley of color. It was growing dusk, and the lanterns were lighted one by one in their great stone urns, and tinkling dissonant music sounded from distant instruments. We followed passively with the crowd, and finally found ourselves in one of the little theatres common in many temple gardens,—and seated there in an audience of aliens I found myself again witnessing,—a moving picture show. The first story was *The Count of Monte Cristo*, oddly out of place it seemed to us, but the audience was absorbed; but their real enthusiasm came with the second number, which had the scene laid in Japan. It was the tale of a geisha-girl who treasured a jeweled necklace, the gift of a Samurai noble whom she had pleased with her dancing. A jealous friend planned to have it stolen from her at night. We saw the interior of the Japanese house,—the pretty girl asleep on the floor, her head on

a wooden pillow, the necklace clasped about her throat. The moonlight shone in through the open wall showing outside a little balcony common to many Japanese houses. Suddenly over the edge of the balcony appears a sword, then a thick arm holding it, and finally the hulky form of a man's body outlined against the moonlight. I knew perfectly well whom I should see before the man straightened up. It was the Bullet-Head, short-necked, square-headed, his body naked after the manner of Japanese robbers,—a sword in his hand. He saw me, and gave me a sharp glance, before I could stagger from my seat and out of the theatre. Whether the geisha-girl and her necklace escaped I do not know. That was the last moving-picture show I ever saw.

My wife and I went home to Yodobashi that evening (in a street car). It seemed the most prosaic, the most matter-of-fact way I could think of. Of course I tried not to let my wife see that there was anything the matter, but I had never been so afraid before. I trust I may never be so afraid again as I was then. All the way home I was reasoning against my own fright, yet all the way my flesh prickled, and my hair stood on end with fear. That flat-faced square head and receding forehead haunted me, and every shadow brought my heart into my mouth.

I was calmer by the time I reached the house, but I nailed every partition together before I went upstairs. Sen, the rascal, had calmly left the house unguarded, and had gone off on a spree, taking Peach with him. As I nailed and nailed, my wife begged me not to be so anxious about the robberies in the neighborhood. "I'm not afraid of a Japanese burglar," I muttered. Finally I got into bed and tried to go to sleep calmly and sanely, but it was a horribly bright moonlight night, and the white brightness streamed in through the wall of my bedroom which opened on to my balcony, and cast a square of white moonlight on the opposite wall. I lay in bed clinging to the blankets, though the night was hot, and a cool perspiration stood out all over my body. Every sound came clear and heavily,—the ticking of my watch, the low breathing of my wife already asleep in the next bed, the drip of the water in the garden below, and from afar the clattering rattle of the policeman which grew louder and louder until he passed the garden wall with a great clicking whir, and then died out again into the distance. Then the noisy silence again.

I must have fallen asleep, but it couldn't have been for more than

a minute or two, when I woke up with a jerk, and found myself staring fixedly at the square of moonlight on the wall. A long thin shadow was creeping up on it,—a second,—which broadened into an arm, and then the shadow of a squat naked body and of a sudden a head raised up, square, blunt, enormous in the shadow.

The Bullet-Head had come at last, a real man and here in Tokio. For one moment the comprehension of it stunned me, and I lay still, then I came to my senses, and with a shout, jumped out of bed and threw something,—I don't know what,—toward the balcony. The man had retreated, and was tumbling out and down over the balcony, and I followed just in time to see him running away, naked and white in the moonlight. At the garden gate he turned, and looked up at me. It was Sen, and now in the garden a little dog was yapping.

I know now that moonlight casts distorted shadows. I know that Tokio robbers are, as Sen himself said, your own butcherman and bakerman, like your own cooks. But I do not yet know whether a square flat-faced head is the type of a criminal's skull.

KATHARINE SERGEANT, '14.

AN AUTUMN FANCY.

When over the glistening russet fields
The sturdy corn-sheaves march fifty abreast,
When the full moon looms through the smoky haze,
While the sunset light glows soft in the west;
Take heed how you climb to the wind-swept ridge
Of a bare, green hill without shrub or tree,
That billows against the low-bending sky
With the long free slope of a wave of the sea—

For there in the misty, magic light
The fairy-folk come to a solemn feast
Half gay with the harvest joy, half sad
That the fruit is ripe, but the blooming has ceased.
And if mortal chance on the revels there
He must bear in his heart a haunting pain
A nameless longing that nought can soothe
Till the Spring comes back to the earth again. E. B., '13.

DIM COLORS.

A pond just wrinkled by a breeze
That stirs among low clustering trees
Like murmuring noonday bees;
A line of hills in mist-blue frieze,
  A pale wan sky—
And in the waters at my feet
Down in the fringing marsh grass sweet
  Dim colors lie. E. N., '15.

MRS. POULTOON'S HUSBAND.

Yesterday in a far-away New England town there was a funeral—the funeral of an elderly lady long known to her native village of Oldtown as the amiable but eccentric widow of John Poultoon, a lamented victim of the unpleasantness of 1861. To-day I am sitting down to write, with a perfectly clear yet somewhat agitated mind, my recollections of the one day and night during which I knew that lady. I should wrong myself if I said that I had been long wishing for her death, and yet the incalculable relief with which I feel that this event enables me to share with others the secret, kept hitherto even from husband and children, of the most harrowing hours of my life, would be warrant enough for such a wish. The experience which I am about to relate happened to me more than twenty years ago, yet for the truth of every detail of it I can now most solemnly vouch.

It was the June after my father died that I first went to Oldtown, when I was to meet Mrs. Poultoon. I had wished to be alone that summer; alone in the country, away from sympathetic friends and from the importunities of the young man who has since become my husband. In my search for the seclusion I so ardently desired I visited Oldtown and, attracted by the beauty of the surrounding country, I at length rented a tiny farm-house or cottage situated in the midst of a most beautiful orchard, facing the Asquita river, and not more than two miles from the village of Oldtown. My nearest neighbor, in fact my only neighbor, was Mrs. Poultoon, a widow, as I learned at Oldtown, with a little girl of eight or nine, a most peaceable and estimable

woman, in spite of numerous small eccentricities and a firm belief in the tenets of that sect known in New England as spiritualists.

It was during my second morning in the new cottage that Mrs. Poultoon appeared. I was sitting at my desk in the shady parlor looking from the eastern window down through the sun-flecked orchard past the white faun gateway to the blue river. Suddenly a woman stood at the gateway fumbling with the latch as if she were about to come in; she was obliged to put down the big basket which she had in one hand, since with her other she was holding fast to the hand of a thin child beside her. I heard the clatter of breakfast dishes in the next room. "Susan," I said, "come and tell me if this is Mrs. Poultoon?"

Susan, who in spite of an original Irish abstraction knew all of the Oldtown gossip, appeared at the doorway wiping her wet hands on her apron. "Yes," she said, "that's her, and the little girl with the black cat; she'll be come to tell you about her husband now."

"About her husband?"

"Sure," said Susan, "he appears to her kind of, you know, like a spirit. She never can keep a girl, they're too scared like, at nights."

"Oh, very well, Susan," I said, and not caring to encourage further gossip I went to the door to greet my caller. Mrs. Poultoon was advancing slowly up the path. She was a slight woman with a careworn, wrinkled face and dark hair and eyes. Later as she talked to me I noticed that her eyes had a peculiar restless glitter, and that her features had still faint traces of a kind of *spirituel* beauty sometimes to be found in young girls of the most secluded villages. One did not think of noticing her clothes. I believe now that she was dressed in black serge. The little girl was somewhat like her mother, but of an exaggerated thinness and almost waxen paleness; her hair was in four very long curls and, unlike her mother's, was very light, her eyes also, unlike her mother's, were very pale. She was dressed in the most unbecoming of yellow frocks, and as Susan had said, she carried a black cat, an enormous green-eyed brute that seemed almost as big as herself.

"Good morning, Mrs. Poultoon," I said.

"You are Miss Lefarge?" asked the woman.

"Yes," I answered, "it is very good of you to come and see me,

won't you come in?" She looked at me rather curiously and followed without saying anything. "And this is your little girl?" I asked.

"Yes, that's Lenore," said Mrs. Poultoon. The parlor seemed dark after the glare outside, only one sunbeam fell on the floor from between a crack in the curtains. Mrs. Poultoon sat down on the nearest chair. Lenore, unnoticed by her mother, and without seeming to notice anything herself, walked slowly over to the place where the sunbeam fell on the carpet. Laboriously she put down the great cat so that the spot of light fell upon him, then she seated herself beside him and stared out motionlessly into space. I made a few commonplace remarks to Mrs. Poultoon, who answered in monosyllables. Suddenly she hitched her chair a little forward, and bending over removed the newspapar from the basket she had set down before her. It contained sixteen glasses of jelly.

"They are for you," she said.

"For me," I exclaimed, "but I—it is very, very good of you, but I cannot let you be so generous, Mrs. Poultoon."

"No, I am not generous," she said jerkily. "I made it yesterday for the country fair,—I make my church money that way you know. But then John came and told me that you were a stranger and I must be generous, so I brought them." She smiled pleasantly, a weight seemed removed from her mind.

"John?" I queried faintly.

"My husband," she said simply, and smiled again brightly.

"Oh, yes!" I paused a moment— "It is good of you, Mrs. Poultoon, and I am sure I shall enjoy the jelly very much, but sixteen glasses are too many ——"

"John said sixteen," said Mrs. Poultoon.

I murmured a faint consent; I did not wish to thwart the ghostly injunctious of the worthy Mr. Poultoon, and I was much embarrassed. But my visitor was now quite at her ease. She became animated and spoke in a very pleasant voice. She chatted on about the beauties of the place, about the prospects for a good apple year and the difficulties of keeping a servant. "Maria left yesterday because my husband spoke to her," she explained, "and now I have nobody." She went on to speak of a friend of mine whom she had once met, and then of myself and of my recent loss with much tact and sympathy. "Though no one really dies, you know," she said incidentally at one point in the conversation. She made this statement as an undeniable

truth, but she did not dwell upon it, evidently neither expecting me to agree to it nor to deny it. We talked for a long while, gradually drifting back into less personal topics.

Suddenly the hitherto motionless Lenore turned to her mother; she pointed out of the window through which she had been gazing and spoke in a clear treble voice. "Papa has just come up the river in his boat," she said.

"Then we must go," answered her mother rising. Again it was I that was embarrassed, not my guest. We took the jelly glasses out of the basket and ranged them on the table while Mrs. Poultoon gave me much advice as to their best preservation. Then she took up the basket and wished me good-bye. Lenore had risen and picked up the cat; she stood motionless beside her mother. I remarked something about the cat, and said I hoped she would bring it again. "She will bring him if she comes," answered her mother; Lenore said nothing. In a moment more they were retreating down the path.

I called Susan to help me carry the jelly to the cellar, and she was loud in her admiration of the gift. "Mrs. Poultoon certainly is a kind woman," she said. "Last week the joker,—that's what they call her husband, you know—he told her that down by the river under the alders she'd find a dead-beat drunk and that she must take him home and treat him decent. And she did. And now he's working on the place for her, and he went to church last Sunday, and he ain't been drunk or anything yet."

"That certainly was kind," I said, "but, Susan, do you believe that there is really a—a joker?"

"Me, of course not—but I wouldn't work in that house, not if you paid me in gold for coppers," answered my maid.

During the course of the afternoon I went for a walk over the place. It was larger than I had thought and more run down. From the hill behind the house I could see Oldtown and numerous outlying farm-houses, but walking on my grounds I saw nobody until I was nearly back again at the cottage. Then, just as I was climbing the last slope, I saw a man just ahead of me. He had been walking in my direction but hearing me coming behind he turned round and looked at me. He was in rough workman's clothes and his face, from the glimpse I caught of it, seemed pleasant and smiling. Instead of going on when he had seen who I was, or instead of waiting for me as I thought for a moment he intended to do, he turned to the left

sharply and leaving the path hastened down the hill to the stretch of alders in the hollow. I thought at first he intended that I should not see him again, but I was mistaken. He crossed the alder thicket, climbed the opposite slope about half way and then continued to walk in the same direction in which he was going when I first saw him. These manœuvres filled me with surprise. At first sight I had identified him as the dead-beat of Susan's story who was now working in Mrs. Poultoon's employ; but why this extraordinary circuit? Not to avoid meeting me certainly, for to do that he had had only to walk straight ahead; certainly not to escape my seeing him, because I could see him very well during most of the rest of the homeward way—or perhaps not very well for I saw him always against the hills, never silhouetted against the sky. If there had been any reason for a man objecting to being seen in silhouette I should have considered that the object of the detour, as it was I left the cause of it an unsolved mystery and was glad to reach home.

At tea Susan told me that Mrs. Poultoon had come over in my absence to use the telephone. Lenore had an attack of croup and she had wanted the doctor. They had telephoned back from the village, Susan said, to say that the doctor was away and might not be back until late at night, but that he should be sent out if he came in in time. Lenore was often sick, Susan said, and her mother worried a good deal about her. I did not wonder, remembering the thinness of the little girl's legs and arms, and I determined to go over after supper, and find out if I could do anything.

I was later finishing supper than I had intended to be, and even the late June night was growing very dark as I walked through the sweet-smelling orchard, down the short stretch of road and up Mrs. Poultoon's path to the front door of the farm-house. There was no moon overhead and few stars, and Mrs. Poultoon's house itself was completely dark except for the light streaming from one second-story corner window out into the black emptiness. I groped in the dark for a bell, but found none, and was obliged to have recourse to the heavy brass knocker that jutted out from the central door panel. This fell from my hand onto the plate behind with a thud that seemed to shake the very frame of the house, but though I waited many minutes there was no response. Finally I turned the knob and pushed open the unbolted door. Stepping cautiously forward I felt the newel-post that marked the foot of the staircase and clinging to

the banister railing I climbed the stairs. All was completely dark until I reached the last step, then, my eyes growing accustomed to the blackness, I perceived a thin thread of light outlining the door which led evidently to the room with the bright window. Stepping across the narrow corridor I tapped gently at the door. Again I waited and again there was no response; from within came a soft rustling sound. Finally I opened the door.

A warm, vapory draught blew through the door,—at first almost overpowering me. Inside white sheets were spread at full width over everything; in the middle of the room there had been an attempt at stretching them in a rough tent over the high-sided iron crib, in other parts of the room they were thrown apparently carelessly over chairs and wardrobe. A tall candle in a brass holder had been placed on the floor beside the crib, and the flickering of the flame made the grotesque shadows of the sheets dance on the walls and ceiling. A briskly boiling kettle on a spirit lamp placed beside the candle, sent forth the clouds of steam which I had noticed at first, also the rustling sound that I had heard outside.

Recovering from my first shock of surprise at the wholly unexpected and rather bizarre appearance of the whole scene, I stepped inside and shut the door. Mrs. Poultoon was not in the room. A half-open door beyond the crib led into another lighted room where I supposed she was. In the crib lay Lenore; she had evidently recovered from the first violence of the attack, perhaps owing to the efficacy of the kettle, and although she still breathed hard she lay propped up by pillows, gazing interestedly at me. Her pale hair strayed down over the bed clothing, reaching almost to the dark form of the black cat who lay asleep at her feet. Her cheeks were much flushed and there was a look of animation about her which had been entirely lacking in the morning, but the thing that arrested my attention was her eyes, for in their pale depths faint green and yellow lights seemed to flicker like the lights of gaseous vapor over dark marshes on starless nights.

Suddenly she spoke to me, again in the shrill treble of the morning, only oddly hoarse at the same time. "Mamma told me that you would come, because Papa said that you would."

Somehow the words startled me strangely; they were no more strange than those she had said in the morning, but the child's eyes were uncanny. I bent down, and with my fingers succeeded in snuff-

ing the candle so that it should be less flarey. "Where is your mother?" I asked.

Lenore only shook her head, but at that moment Mrs. Poultoon appeared at the further door. I had an insane impulse to say, "Did John tell you I would come?" but I did not; I said, "Lenore is better?"

"Yes," Mrs. Poultoon said, betraying no surprise at my presence; she looked just as she had in the morning, and did not appear perceptibly disturbed.

We talked for a few moments there beside the crib and then I asked Mrs. Poultoon if I could do anything for her. "Yes," she said, "I should be much obliged if you would stay here with Lenore for a little while till I go to your house and telephone. She is so much better it is a pity to ask the doctor to come out, but if he is there I should like to speak to him on the 'phone." She drew forward a rocking-chair for me, removing a sheet from it as she did so. Lenore meanwhile had fallen asleep, and I sat down beside her quietly. Mrs. Poultoon slipped out the further door; a little later I heard the house-door shut behind her.

How long she was gone I never knew. For some time I sat there beside the flickering candle and the singing kettle, watching the sleeping child and the sleeping cat, then, I, too, fell asleep.

I was awakened by a slight jar, the jar of the closing of the front door behind someone. I turned to see if Lenore was awake. She was awake and was gazing wide-eyed at me, the cat too was awake and was gazing at the child. "It is your mother," I said.

"It is my father," said Lenore.

All was still for a moment and we heard footsteps on the stair—they were a man's footsteps. "It is the doctor," I said and we listened again. The footsteps continued to mount the stairs; in a moment the door opened.

"Papa," cried Lenore, starting up.

But I was awake now, I was master of myself, I looked and it was the doctor. I had never seen him before that I recollected, although he looked so oddly familiar that I thought I must have passed him in the street at some time; but he wore the professional clothes, he carried the professional bag, he had the professional manner. He came in quietly, and smiled when he saw my look of surprise, and when he heard Lenore. I rose quickly and went forward. "You

startled us, doctor," I said, feeling that I had indeed been strangely startled, "and Lenore is a silly child."

The doctor smiled quickly. He was a nervous man of middle height and light hair and complexion. "Yes," he said, "she has always been a silly child, and I did not mean to startle you." He sidled around the room rather awkwardly, avoiding the sheets, and refusing my offers to relieve him of his hat or bag. He came to the other side of Lenore's crib and leaned over it. The child seemed to know him very well and the two talked together very low and very fast, so that I did not hear the words. He felt her pulse and listened to her breathing, and Lenore obeyed his every look and gesture. Finally he straightened up and smiled again his anxious, quick smile. "She is quite all right," he said to me, and started to move toward the door.

"Oh, don't go," I cried; "you can't go until Mrs. Poultoon comes back, she will be back in a moment."

"I can't," the doctor answered, "indeed, I can't; I just came in and I could not bear to wait—I——"

Suddenly Lenore sprung up in bed. "Look, look," she cried, "look at Hepsibah." Looking where she pointed I saw the black cat standing with arched back on the summit of the crib railing. With one spring she reached the next chair and leaped down at the doctor's feet. The doctor bent to stroke her and the electric sparks shot out from the black fur.

In my surprise I exclaimed something aloud. The doctor stood up and looked at me in consternation, but my eyes were riveted on the cat. The great black animal was rubbing itself up and down on the man's leg, but to my great horror he seemed to be rubbing himself through the leg; into the leg—there seemed to be no substantial leg there. A mocking laugh broke from the child in the crib. The doctor's face was painted with the most acute concern. Without warning the door behind the doctor opened quickly. "Mamma," cried Lenore, and for a second I perceived the thin face of Mrs. Poultoon and the lantern which she carried in her hand. Then again I looked at the doctor—and it was true, I can swear my most solemn oath to the fact that the lantern could be distinctly seen right through the man's figure.

It was all over in a second. The opening of the door let in a draught that extinguished the candle flame. The doctor made a quick leap backward, Mrs. Poultoon dropped the lantern with a crash

and I was left in a reeling room where clouds of white smoke were welling up into a darkness lighted only by the tiny blue flame of a spirit lamp and the burning eyes of Hepsibah.

The rest of that night is like a confused dream in which the eyes of the cat, the mocking laugh of the child, and the querulousness of a woman—was she Mrs. Poultoon, was she myself?—is inextricably mingled. Toward morning I found myself in my own bed with Susan watching beside me. The doctor came to me,—and he was not the doctor of my experience of the night before, nor had he, or any other native of Oldtown, ever seen or heard of any such doctor as I described since Mrs. Poultoon's husband—Dr. Poultoon—had been killed doing hospital service in the war.

I took the greatest pains to verify this fact, but I did it by correspondence, for I have never spent another night near Oldtown, nor do I intend to spend one there. Two years later Lenore died and since then her mother has lived on in the old house alone. Her death has released me from my self-imposed burden of silence, and I now publish this truthful reminiscence as an apology for my unshaken belief in the existence of the supernatural.

MARY L. COOLIDGE, '14.

TOY SONG.

Soft sunlight and clear dark shadows
  Fresh airs and the heart of joy,
I see them at play together
  On the floor with the littlest boy.

Each sentinel scarred in conflict
  And lacking true beauty's pride,
But dazzling with radiant splendor
  When their wounds are by love espied.

For the gold of romance shall enshroud them,
  Those battered and broken shells
Of the toys that in all their defacement
  Are as gay as a cap and bells.

They are merry and happy together
  A squadron wound in and out
Till the skirts of the old grandmother
  Are completely ranged about.

So she sits like a fold of darkness
  About which the toy ships press
Till their little lord and master
  Falls asleep against her dress. M. T., '13.

DRAGON FLIES.

Say, what are the darts of light
    O'er the lake?
Are they lightning glancing bright,
Sunbeams loosed in wanton flight,
Truant meteors seeking night
    All aquake?

Now they rush like shining rain
    On the shore;
Settle like a severed chain,
Myriad showered jewels. Fain
Would they twinkling there remain
    Evermore.

There one rises quivering,
    Sunshine kiss'd.
'Tis a vibrant fairy thing,
Opal body shimmering,
Each frail palpitating wing
    Woven mist. S. R. S., '15.

MISS KING'S LECTURE ON MODERN ART.

Under the joint stimulus of the New York exhibit of Neo-impressionist and Cubist painting, and of the extraordinary prose experiments of Miss Gertrude Stein the college had roused to a curiosity which if unintelligent was at least genuine. What it wanted was some reasonable warrant, either for approval or for condemnation, some theory as to the significance and possible extent of the general revolt against established canons. From the brilliant lecture delivered on March 6th by Miss Georgiana Goddard King this precisely was what it got—this, and something more. For though ostensibly the lecture confined itself to an establishing of the claims of ultra-modern painting, it in reality laid open the entire dazzling field of new æsthetic and of creative imagination. At the hands of one who appreciates profoundly the potential consequences of a completely fresh cut into the substance of which art is made, the discussion assumed the proportions and significance of a large forecast. The pregnant suggestion of the fitness that Bergsonian doctrine should be matched by a new representation of movement, and that a treatment of matter in accord with the theory of electrons was now in order, startled one with a sudden perception of imminent and limitless developments.

Historical analogues abounded, and Miss King was careful to show wherein the new school abides by the great principles endorsed by Giotto, El Greco, the Sienese, Leonardo. She pointed out the tactile values of Matisse, the admirable line and composition of Picasso. By parallels lucidly drawn she made vivid, moreover, the new criteria engrafted upon the old. The practice of setting pattern, not in a plenum, but against a background itself intricate and difficult, corresponds, we learned, with modern fashions in music. In both cases, disproportionate claims are made upon the attention, and a full sense of the boundless wealth of the design thereby attained. If the aim of the lecture was to awaken thoughtful appreciation of a new purpose in artistic invention it was amply successful. But this after all was but part of its accomplishment. By virtue of eloquent suggestion it opened doors into the far future, and left one breathless before a vision of untraversed ways lying beyond the limits of even present-day experiments. H. H. P., '11.

(Reprinted from the *Alumnæ Quarterly*.)

THE EQUAL SUFFRAGE LEAGUE.

The Bryn Mawr College Equal Suffrage League has been very fortunate in having secured in the last week two very well-known speakers.

On Wednesday afternoon, March 12th, in Taylor Hall, Miss Beatrice Harriden, of England, spoke on Militantism. Those who heard Miss Harriden were won, if not to conviction of the wisdom of militant methods, at least to sympathy with the condition of women in England and to the feeling that they need the suffrage. The audience showed much interest in the subject, and Miss Harriden answered many questions in a way that threw new light on the subject of Militantism.

Mr. Max Eastman, the secretary of the Men's Equal Suffrage-League of New York, whose visit to Bryn Mawr has been long anticipated, spoke on Friday, March 14th, at eight o'clock in Taylor Hall, his subject being Equal Suffrage. Mr. Eastman proved an entertaining as well as earnest speaker, and spoke very seriously on the advantage that Woman Suffrage would be to the nation. He made the point that the real question, however, was not what women would do for the government and for politics, but what politics would do for women. For the growth of this nation, socially and economically, he feels that the political equality of women and men is necessary.

DULCI FISTULA

MEET ME AT THE STYX.

An Appreciation.

Men praise the lordly Tiber
That the Romans loved so dear;
And the Germans rank the Rhine
  Only second to their beer.
But the stream that is the fairest,
  Though darksome shores it licks,

Is the stream beloved by Pluto—
The river of the Styx.
So meet me at the Styx, my love,
Meet me at the Styx.
No other-where
Is quite so fair,
Nor can with it
At all compare,
So meet me at the Styx.

My hundred-trip to Germantown
Expired the other week,
Dear brother heard me with a frown
As I requested meek.
At last I did him quite beguile
He'd lend his to his sister,
If she would promise all the while
To cover up the *Mr.*
(His name is fortunately queer;
'Twould suit most any girl.)
Yet handing me that ticket, fear
Set all my soul awhirl.
Last Sunday I was coming back,
One minute left between
At West to cross the railroad track
And catch the 9.15.
Six miles from town I handed out
With outward unconcern
My brother's borrowed hundred trip.
The name none could discern.
The ticket punched with hole quite neat
Was given me. Alack!
You know that place betwixt the seat?
I dropped it down the back!
The railroad men are chivalrous,
They poked and poked again,

But all their poking and their fuss
  Was really quite in vain.
They wanted hatpins for the fray,
  'Twas sad I had none, very.
(I just use flower pins, for they
  Are much more sanitary.)
The train rolled on and there appeared
  North Philadelphia light.
A sharp umbrella point now speared
  The cause of all my plight.
My anguish I can not relate
  Lest they should read the name,
And worst of all, should confiscate
  My badge of burning shame.
But joy! the crack had scraped it off
  Of the umbrella tip,
It plunged back into the abyss,
  And then we heard a flip.
Face down upon the floor it flopped
  And then I did not lag,
How gladly I that ticket dropped.
  Into my big hand-bag.
That ticket's now in brother's care
  And when I'm feeling jolly,
Till funds appear for railroad fare,
  I ride home in the *trolley*.

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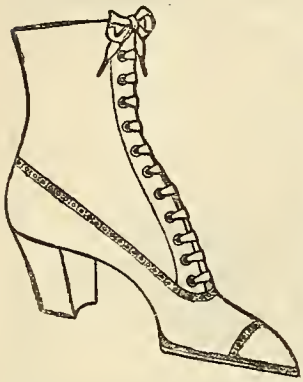

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Vol. X MAY, 1913 No. 7

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MARY COOLIDGE, '14
JEAN BATCHELOR, '14
SARA R. SMITH, '15

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EDITORIAL.

This business of being an editor does grow to be rather monotonous when month after month arrives the necessity of setting down a few words of august dignity, sterling wisdom, biting sarcasm, or moral excellence just as an unassuming kind of entrée before all the good meat and fine flavor in the matter to follow. In time the editor begins to wish most fervently that in the crannies of the editorial brain existed something that might be said to the interest of all. Then arises the beauty of co-operation. This is a case in point. The Suffrage Society has made us a proposition, we have considered and accepted it, and we place the result before you. The board of the College Suffrage League and the staff of the Tip are jointly agreed to offer a prize of ten dollars for the best story, monologue, dialogue, or play on the subject of suffrage, to be published in our June issue. Owing to the necessity of getting the June number to press in time, all contributions must be in by the eleventh of May. This competition, we insist, is of interest to all. Although all articles submitted must deal directly or indirectly with the subject of woman's suffrage we make no stipulations as to point of view and will judge all contributions, whether of suffragist or anti, entirely on the ground of their merit and interest. We await hopefully your response to our invitation.

PIQUET—AN ANSWER TO MRS. BATTLE.

I am glad that Mrs. Battle thought piquet "the best game at the cards for two persons;" I am very glad that Elia liked to play piquet for love; for, unless emboldened by her concession and his admission, I should never venture, however respectfully, to question the venerable lady's judgment. Of course she is right in saying that "cards are warfare;" but dare I suggest that it is because she has failed to distinguish between the kinds of warfare, with their corresponding rules of etiquette, that she condemns "war between single adversaries" in general, and casts at piquet in particular the reproach of pedantry in its terms? She overlooks the old, old difference between the classic and romantic, between the mediæval knight and the Roman warrior. Undoubtedly Mrs. Battle's own favorite game of whist is the warfare of hard campaigning where no place is found for ornament and fine phrases, where the downright method of straight blow for blow, given in decent silence, no mercy being asked or given is the only satisfactory and fitting way for honest men who are no triflers. But piquet is no such grim and sturdy affair as this. It smacks not of the open battle-field, but of the secluded duelling ground. By its very nature, therefore, it is exclusive, in it more than two adversaries would be an encumbrance. Moreover, it is a courtly sport, a gentlemanly sort of warfare that must be waged with due ceremony and precise attention to the fine points of etiquette to which it owes its own rare flavour. It calls not for hard-headed reasoning, but for a quick and sparkling wit. In such a contest words at once become significant; they must be nicely chosen. One's speech must be not only clear but picturesque. So the quaint terms of piquet are no pedantry, they are the very essence of the game. In *capot*, *pique* and *repique* we get the suggestion of the quick flash and ring of the fencing foils. Recognition of the importance of order of precedence is at once made by the distinction between the senior and the minor hand. It may be blind prejudice, but to my mind there is a fine savour of heraldry in the phrase "a quatorze in kings." There is something about this that is at the same time very dashing and very ceremonious; just the sort of thing to attract a gay young cavalier with a light heart, a ready and whimsical wit, an unquenchable thirst for honour, and

never a thought for the state of his pocket-book. That is why all the young heroes of fiction went so gallantly to bankruptcy along the road of piquet. And though, unlike them, I have no patrimony, and probably should not gamble it away if I had, I never sit down to a game of piquet without the pleasant feeling that it is with these reckless and delightful young persons that I am allying myself. I for one would a thousand times rather chose them as my companions than the grim old warriors who take part in Mrs. Battle's game of whist.

TO ———.

Her loveliness is like a song not done,
A lilting tune which sets one all athrill
With hope of melody which shall fulfil
Unfinished haunting cadences begun;
Or like the crescent moon, at set of sun
A silver gleam above the shadowed hill;
Or bending road, which vanishes, and still
Beckons elusive hints of views unwon.
All that, in growing fair, doth promise more,
All that is half caught vision, poignant dream,
All that is pledge of beauty still to be,
That is she. Sunlight through an open door
Is not more beautiful than she doth seem
In spring. O love! May I thy summer see!

J. B., '14.

SHELLEY AND SOCIOLOGICAL IDEALS.

In this day and generation, when we are told by the newspapers that the "tired business man" of theatrical tradition is giving place to the young lady who frequents matinees in search of plays with sociological significance, and when the most delightful heroines of popular fiction quarrel with their devoted lovers about Shaw's "Common Sense of Municipal Trading," we do not need to be told that poets and dramatists many treat of sociology and allied sciences if

they wish. Why they should so persistently wish to do so, we may not always be able to discover. Perhaps it is because they know so much about such things, for these literary reformers, these new writers with a purpose, do seem somewhat threateningly well informed on statisticated social subjects. So that the gentle reader, who wonders at times if he is really a gentle reader, and not rather a chidden and stupid child, cowers before the thunderous onslaught of the righteous author whose arguments he can neither refute nor understand. Yet the gentle reader of these same powerful works himself knows something of economics, something of sociology. How can he not, being in some degree at least a child of his age? And being tired at times of his manifest inferiority he would like to escape from it, to read of economic theories which he need not believe, but which in a good-natured way he can smile upon, criticise, and enjoy. It is to such a reader in such a mood that Shelley offers an appeal, Shelley who, knowing nothing of practical political usefulness, nothing of scientific sociological fact, yet wrote of both politics and sociology with a wholeheartedness, an energy, and a felicitous power of incentive, which even the modern propogandist might envy, did he dare. Shelley, who rants with a gracefulness and mis-states with a picturesqueness of effect that is amazing, is a reformer whom the reader of average intelligence is at liberty to enjoy.

Reform was never new, but in some lucky ages it was newer than it is now. Whether its aspects then could have been stranger than than they are now, it is difficult to say; certainly they were strange enough. To Shelley reform was both new and strange; its newness was exciting and enticing, its strangeness haunting and provoking. Like a new Aladdin he could produce at will a world which we scarcely recognize as our own, a

> "True fair world of things, a sea reflecting love,"

a

> "Sphere of divinest shapes and harmonies."

In this world of Shelley's the curiously mathematical formulæ of the "greatest good of the greatest number" or "from each man according to his ability, to each man according to his need," poetically disguised, acquire a glamour like that attached to the mysterious Pythagorean calculations of the Greeks. In Shelley's vision sociology joins poetry in the "high heavens," not poetry sociology in the city streets. If

his vision was an hallucination, what a cheerful hallucination it was! Think of the simplicity of life if to obtain security and perfect happiness, one had but to invoke the word "America."

If Shelley was a reformer with visions, he was also of course a poet, a most typical and orthodox one, for that matter, according to popular standards, with stragling hair and a habit of reading while standing up. But he was a true poet in a more real sense than that, in his pure and passionate love of all beauty whether of,

"Rome's azure sky,
Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words,"

or of that "unseen Power" which

"Gives grace and truth to life's unquiet dream."

So far as Shelley's "ideal beauty" was an emotion it was the capital of his serious poetic work; so far as it was a metaphysical theory it was no more than a favourite hobby. The excuse for treating a great poet's theories lightly, whether they are theories of the sciences or of the arts, is the fact that as theories they are avocations of a man whose vocation is not theoretical at all. In spite of this fact, Shelley took his metaphysical pursuits with a perfect seriousness and much intensity of emotion. He did not originate, however, even the first principle of his system, the theory of intellectual beauty, but got it bodily from Plato, or perhaps from the Neoplatonists. Having got the theory, he adopted it whole-heartedly, paying to his professed master Plato, as far as he was able, the unusual compliment of accepting the latter's theory not only as it was written but approximately as it was meant. Indeed the basis of all explanation of the universe, which Shelley even stops to elaborate, is the fundamental Platonic conception that beauty is what the human heart most loves and desires, and that it is thus synonymous with goodness and with happiness. It is for this beauty that Alastor sought and that Laon and Cythna died, it is this beauty that Prometheus brought into the world. Truly Shelley was a writer who worked his theories hard.

Now to be a poet, even a poet with well developed aesthetic ideals, and at the same time a reformer, is not so very difficult, nor even so very new. Shelley would have us see the combination in Plato, but without assistance we might ourselves have found it in John Milton, in Dante Alighieri, or in William Wordsworth if we had

wished. These men surely combined the poet and the conscientious reformer. If Shelley had been content to do as they did all might have been well, and his theories might have been considered sound until they were considered archaic. As it was, he would have none of this old combination, he would have a new one of his own; he would be a poet and a democrat. The change is momentous. If you are a poet, it is all very well to people the universe as you like it, exclusively with triumphant archangels or with heroic demons; it is all very well to deal with real men and women if you are in a position to relegate them to heaven or hell according to your own personal preference, it is all very well, even, to contemplate the painful bodily ailments and the pious gratitude of an old labourer upon earth, if you can do so from the conscious elevation of physical health and philosophic calm; but to invite the inclusive generality of mankind, even made inconceivably clean and quiet, into the scared privacy of your own poetic retreat, requires the recklessness of a fool or of a saint. Assuredly Shelley does not seem to belong generically to either of these classes, but perhaps he combined some of the characteristics of both. At all events his democratic invitation was a sincere one and it was repeated more than once:

> "We may live so happy there,
> That the Spirits of the Air,
> Envying us, may even entice
> To our healing Paradise
> The polluting multitude."

The fact that Shelley himself was by temper an aristocrat simply complicates the terms of the problem. Probably no one would have been more uncomfortable than he, in the midst of a democratic Utopia, with the mild and practical excitement of popular elections and town meetings forever in the air. Yet in spite of discomfort he would undoubtedly have believed in it, sincerely loved and admired it,—and sought to leave it as soon as possible. Some of the self-annililation of the saint was undeniably Shelley's.

These practical difficulties, however, Shelley never had to meet, for his Utopia, like other men's, has not yet come. On the theoretical difficulties of combining intellectual beauty and democracy the energies of his lifetime were bent, and his death found them still unsolved. One wonders what the shades of Plato, and of the early

Neoplatonists, so long before laid in their peaceful graves, must have thought of this attempt to transform the mystical and aristocratic seclusion of their realm of thought, into the hurly-burly of a concrete communism. To conceive of all mankind as good is hard but possible, to conceive of them as completely wise, supremely lovely, and possessed of an absolutely untrammeled freedom, is a superhuman task. Perhaps it takes the recklessness of a fool to make the attempt.

Poor Shelley! It seems a pity that so much energy should have been expended so fruitlessly. It seems unfair that bits of Wordsworth's "philosophic thought" should still turn up to head the chapter of problematic modern novels, while Shelley's theories excite the smile which middle age gives to the folly of youth. But the purpose of this paper was a cheerful one; it was to outline a sociological theory at which the common man could smile without the uneasy consciousness that there might be something in it after all. For such a theory we should be grateful to the poet. And even from Shelley's point of view things probably did not go so badly; his theories may have been tough and awkward stuff for a poet to manage, but after all he could drop them when he wished. And when he did drop them, when as in the "Witch of Atlas" he threw away not only his theories but his reason and his common sense, he wrote with a gleefulness that must have compensated for much painful conformity to ideas.

M. L. C., '14.

A TAPESTRY FLANDERS.

(From the Spanish.)

In Flanders I should like to be—
I've seen it all in tapestry:
The plains and pleasant valleys there
With flower gardens everywhere;
Each valley has two fallow deer
Who frisk about, immune from fear;
Two baying deer hounds soon give chase,
And drive them to a steeper place;
They boldly leap from mountain top;
Two knights rush out their course to stop,
And wave their gleaming blades so true,
As every proper knight should do.

Meanwhile, to sound of tambourine
Two ladies, dressed in apple green,
Forever grave attention lend
To love sighs of a gallant friend,
Resplendent in a sage-green suit
And saffron-yellow tie to boot,
Who sits upon a little bridge
Where, risen from a near-by ridge,
A raging torrent, fierce but neat,
Curls foaming 'round his slender feet.
There, heedly of the damp'ning spray,
He serves those ladies night and day;
There in the garden, just next door
One gallant youth woos maidens four,
And gayly plays the sweet guitar,
And sings 'till they enraptured are,
While blithe young pages bring them tea
From out a palace fair to see,
With moats and turrets most precise
And all that makes a palace nice;
Near which a stately Flemish nun
Treads out a solemn, slow pavane
While little fountains everywhere
Spout gayly in the summer air.
That is the Flanders pictures show,
And that's what it is like, I know. E. B., '13.

A DISSIPATED YOUNG MAN.

"Its half-past eight. I *wish* he'd come down. The dance-cards will all be filled." Mrs. Dennis cautiously tiptoed into the front hall, then back again, dragging the library portières, on their squeaking brass rings, nervously together behind her. "I *wish* he'd come down. And he'll crumple that neck-tie putting it on." After a pause of intense listening, "Don't you hear a wet brush going? I'm awfully afraid he's plastering down his hair, so it won't curl. He kept looking at it in the chimney glass all dinner-time."

Anita looked up from *Woman and Labour*. "Not he," she re-

assured her. "He's probably been doing it in rags. I declare he's looked suspiciously crinkly for the last two mornings."

Mrs. Dennis turned, horror-stricken. "Or perhaps it's a pompadour. Oh Anita, you *don't* think he's pompadouring it, do you?"

Anita unscrewed her fountain-pen. "Better go upstairs, and dress him right," she advised, briskly. Mrs. Dennis fidgeted.

"Oh, I *wish* I could," she murmured. "But he wouldn't like it. Oh, I *know* he'll muss his coat, getting it on. And it's his first swallow-tail, too. You wouldn't believe how tight it was, when it came home from the tailor's, to-day. And every time I went with him, to have it tried on, he kept encouraging the tailor to give him "a straight shoulder-line," he called it, until that man's put in I don't know how much padding. Oh *do* you think I could go and help him on with it? If it were you—"

Anita put her book aside with a yawn. "If it were I," she observed, "and my first grown-up party, you'd curl my hair, and lend me Grandmother's gold chain, and your filigree bracelets, and you'd make me stand on my head while you ironed the plaits in my overskirt,—the very last thing. But I shouldn't advise you to take such a course with Rod. His hair curls naturally, and men don't wear gold chains any more, unfortunately. Besides, if he backs out at the last minute, and refuses to go, you can't threaten and coerce him into it, you know you can't, mother." She looked up mischievously at her mother.

Mrs. Dennis straightened her stout little person, snugly garnered into a dark blue satin house-gown, with much dignity:

"My dear Anita, threats and coercion are not the methods to apply to an obstinate, and highly strung, manly nature, such as Roderick's. You are of very different temperaments, my dear, and I have always taken that into account in my management of you. I *must* call up, and caution him about the coat, though." She scurried into the hall, oblivious of Anita.

"That's the seventh time you've called up to him this evening, mother." Anita meanwhile stretched restfully. "Threats and coercion," she grinned, surveying her soiled cuffs and tailored skirt with the satisfaction of the incorrigible; as she lazily half-listened to the colloquy ensuing over the bannisters, "And me a graduate of a 'dreadful womans' college,' and acting secretary of the '—— State

League for the Propagation of Woman's Suffrage!' Well—is he ready?" She turned, as her mother hurried back into the room.

"Yes! he'll be down in a minute. He's brushing his boots again!"

With a plunge, Anita gained the hall, whence she emerged, breathless, laden with overcoat, scarf and high silk hat. "He's just as likely as not to put them all on in the hall," she explained defiantly, "without ever coming in here, first. Boys are so provoking." She carefully deposited the things on a chair sufficiently far removed from the door.

Almost immediately there came a scuffle and a rumble from the hall. "Dark as demons! I say, Sis!" And Rod appeared, blinking in the doorway.

"Oh Rod!" A pink flush flew to Mrs. Dennis' cheeks. She clasped her little hands excitedly.

"Rod!" Anita came toward him, wondering. He stood stock-still, on the threshold. The family of three surveyed each other with apprehension. They—"You're like a regular man, a man in evening things," declared Anita, reproachfully. He looked at her challengingly, "Well?"

Mrs. Dennis dashed away a tear. "I do wish it weren't so dark and plain, Edgar." She patted his coat. "Isn't it too tight across the shoulders? Those straight black coats—" She broke a pink bud from the roses in the corner. "Couldn't he wear this?" looking at Anita appealingly.

Anita shook her head. No," she said, "it would spoil him."

Rod wriggled his hand in his very long cuffs. "I don't—don't think they are—*wearing* those now, mother," he observed, uncomfortably, diving for his overcoat. "White gloves? Yes, I have them. Oh, *plague* take it, Sis, you spilled 'em in the hall." There was much relieved commotion, punctuated at last by the banging of the front door.

Mrs. Dennis dropped into a chair. "Oh Anita," she wept, he *wanted* to go. He really wanted to go. And he never wanted to go before. He's grown up. And it's going to be a real *ball.* Something to be asked when he's so young. But oh! I'm afraid I oughtn't to have let him go. He's too young to go out at night like that. Oh! I don't know what will happen to him."

Anita came back from the door. "Happen to him? Why they'll dance with him, of course. At least I hope so, after all that

trouble. Isn't he great, though? Those black eyebrows—when he frowns."

Mrs. Dennis dried her eyes. "He's a very handsome man, Anita," she replied complacently. "And so was your father. He could always tie his own neckties, *perfectly*. Did you notice Roderick's to-night? Each loop exactly even." Anita spun on her heel, grasping her own disordered blue "four-in-hand."

"Silliness, rather," she observed, at nothing in particular.

Mrs. Dennis pursued her own thoughts. "He's grown up now, and for the next six years I'll have no peace of my life. Oh, Anita, what if Rod shouldn't turn out well—what if he should turn out to be a dissipated young man?"

"Silly," observed Anita again. "He's not a man yet, only seventeen. And this is a mere infant's party, a mere infant. Kitty Townsend's just put up her hair."

Mrs. Dennis wasn't listening. "I don't think I should have let him go. On a school night too. I'm bound to make him go to school to-morrow." She paused a moment, "I wonder if I ought to call him up," she murmured, "and tell him to come home early; And tell him to be sure and wear his white gloves, even if the others take theirs off; and tell him to be careful of the tails of his coat; and tell him not to sit on the stairs. I *hate* them to sit on the stairs for refreshments. Somebody's *sure* to spill their ice-cream, and then it runs down on to everybody. I wonder if he's there yet."

She worried vigorously, for the space of half an hour, during which Anita again became absorbed in the pages of *Woman and Labour*.

"Well, why *don't* you call him up?" she looked up again at her mother, who was causing great disturbance among the newspaper sheets.

"I really don't know what to do," she answered, a line of anxiety appearing on her forehead. "I really don't know what to do. You have to be so careful with boys. It might make him angry, you know. And the other boys' mothers won't call *them* up. It's perfectly dreadful to have the responsibility of bringing up a boy."

"Well, you brought *me* up satisfactorily," testified Anita, soothingly.

"You were only a girl," sighed Mrs. Dennis, ruefully. "And nothing made any difference. It didn't give me any experience.

You didn't even *want* to go to parties. And Roderick really *wanted* to go. It's the first one he's ever wanted to go to," she mourned, "and I'm afraid I oughtn't to have let him. But I *did* want to hear about the party. And the first step in the downward path—you don't know what that is. You don't know one thing about it," she returned to Anita's remonstrances. "Look at Robert Harvue. Four years ago he wasn't in college; and now—he's dreadful, and fast, a hard drinker, a miserable *rake;* and belongs to one of the best families in the city; and everyone blames his mother," she went on; "every one *always* blames their mothers; it will be *my* fault; he might grow to be very fast, quite suddenly," reverting to an earlier train of thought.

In spite of herself, Anita was impressed, "Robert Harvue is—unspeakable," she agreed. She suggested that they sit up for the erring youth. On the stroke of twelve they heard his latch-key, then his step in the hall.

"Yes, he was all right. Yes, he had had a good time. No, he wasn't cold. No, he wouldn't come into the fire. He'd go right to bed. No, he didn't know how many were there. A lot of girls mostly, he guessed. No, he hadn't danced every dance." This last gruffly, over the stair-rail, to his questioners, who stood below.

"Well, of all the stupid *boys*—" this from Anita to Mrs. Dennis, as they prepared to ascend the stairs.

"That's the way they all do," sighed the other. "If only you had been a party-going girl, Anita. I'll have to worm it all out of him to-morrow."

Their united energies succeeded in eliciting of further information just nothing at all. Roderick was taciturn at table, and consumed a huge breakfast—three cups of coffee and ten griddle-cakes. When remonstrated with, his only reply was that "party feed" wasn't "all it was cracked up to be." Shown his full name in the morning paper, in the list of "those present," he seemed agitated rather than impressed, and departed for school, hastily.

"Oh dear," sighed Mrs. Dennis, "and we'll never know if the caterer gave them stale chicken in the salad (I would never trust that caterer she had) and whether the Madden girl is engaged to the Stanton boy, or what anybody wore. And the newspapers don't tell you everything you want to know, and Mrs. Townsend would be sure to tell it from *her* side."

When he came home from school, it was the same thing repeated. Only his answers came more at random. Anita noted acutely that once he said he had danced every dance on the program and once that he had danced "two or three." Asked if Mary Breen had worn a yellow satin gown, he replied, "Yes." Asked later what colour Mary Breen's gown was, he replied wearily, "Pink."

"There's one thing," said Anita, grimly, when he had burst out of the morning-room with a sound as of galloping fire-engines, "there's one thing. He can't have been very much corrupted by his first dip into dissipation, if he doesn't know any more than *that* about it. I never saw such persistent stupidity."

"He has probably seen much more than his account would imply," said his mother, mysteriously. "You must remember that your brother has a silent and tenacious disposition, very different from yours or mine, my dear. We may not hear his version of the ball for weeks or months. And I shall never know certainly whether he has been harmed or not. We can only wait for the results to appear. You might have gone yourself, knowing how anxious I was to hear about it. And so you would, if you hadn't been such a Suffragette—oh, I mean *gist*, of course. Mrs. Townsend would have been glad enough to have you. However, if you like, I'll call her up, and we can at last hear *her* account."

She came back in a moment, pale to the lips. "Mrs. Townsend says Rod wasn't there, last night."

"What? not *there*—did she know?"

"Yes, she was rather irritated. Said she had provided a partner for him, and so on. Of course, I didn't let her know that—that I *didn't* know."

"How dreadful—where would he go?" Anita was dumbfounded. Her brother—"a dissipated young man," a young man like Bobby Harvue—"fast," or perhaps—awful, like the ones in the newspapers. "Where would he go?" she asked.

"I don't know, oh, I don't know," moaned Mrs. Dennis, "a café or a—a saloon, perhaps."

"There are three hundred and fifty saloons in this section of the city alone," proclaimed Anita, mechanically, in her "Woman in Parliament" tone. "What shall we do? Will you ask him to-night? Oh, the little fiend!"

Mrs. Dennis straightened in her chair. "We must *never* ask

him," she said. "You don't know what it would be to anger him, to show him that we didn't believe in him. You don't know what effect that would have on a boy like your brother. And he never went anywhere without telling me, before. But perhaps"—as the horror grew upon her, "perhaps he has never told me the truth!"

There was little sleep for her that night or the next. She worried incessantly—and silently, and the lines Anita recognized as betokening a severe nervous headache began to draw her forehead. Anita watched that pale, haggard face until she could endure it no longer.

"Little brute," she thought, as she repaired to the tool-house, where her brother was generally to be found on a Saturday morning. "Roderick Dennis" (Anita was nothing, if not direct), said she, towering over him, where he sat, astride the work bench. (In a ragged grey sweater and overalls too short for him he seemed much more her younger brother than in a new black broadcloth "swallow-tail.") "Roderick Dennis, where were you on Wednesday night, when we thought you went to the party?" The hammer at this point made an uncommonly loud uproar; its vigorous wielding inconvenienced the conversation. "Robert, where were you?"

His head was bent far over a bit of board as he carefully inserted something into something else, but she heard an indistinct grunt. "Nowhere."

"You've simply *got* to tell me Rod," she went on, rapidly, "mother'll be sick in bed, if you don't. *She* won't ask you. Thinks its bad for your character, not to be believed in. But *I* care more for mother's peace of mind. So I've come to ask you."

"Oh cut it, won't you," he growled, savagely. "You've asked me and asked me. You've both asked me every blamed moment since I came home the other night!"

"Well, where were you?"

"*I* told you."

"What?"

"Nowhere."

"Nowh—? Didn't you go? Oh Rod, you weren't—afraid?" He nodded, with a very red face. "What did you do? Walked up and down—till twelve—then came in? Oh Rod!"

He pounded at a nail, recklessly: "Well, *I* don't care. *I* didn't want to go, looking like a fool. Yes, I know you think I *am* one—

I didn't want to go—and a lot of girls with feathers in their hair, got out of a carriage—"

"Oh, poor boy, you've pounded your finger. Oh, poor boy—" She turned and fled. W. G., '14.

SONG FROM 1914 BANNER SHOW

(Tune: "Temple Bells.")

The pallid stars are blurring,
The morning winds are stirring,
And faintly sounds the tinkle of the camel's bell.
Hist! a parakeet loud calls
From a garden girt with walls,
And the muezzin, cloud-circled, chants his knell.

The black snake ceases gliding,
The thief sneaks back in hiding,
The restless sleeper stirs upon his bed;
For now dark Night, baleful, wan,
Shrinks before revealing Dawn,
While the morning stains the east an angry red.

Ah! the sultan's power is great,
Pitiless the hand of fate,
Yet sing the birds in flower-fragrant trees;
So we bow before thy might,
Son of power, son of light,
While the dawn is wafted in upon the breeze.

HELEN HINDE.

LANTERN NIGHT SONG, 1916.

(Tune: Beethoven's "Minuette.")

Now to thee we fain would raise a song,
Oh Bryn Mawr, oh Bryn Mawr,
Passing members of the countless throng
That will come to thee through ages long,
For thy light shines afar,
Nothing may its brightness mar,

It will beam forever great and strong,
  Oh Bryn Mawr, oh Bryn Mawr.

For a light thou art to all our ways,
  Oh Bryn Mawr, oh Bryn Mawr,
Give us each a gleam on which to gaze,
Give us parts of thee for all our days;
Though we take light from thine,
Thy lamp will ever shine,
Wherefore give us lanterns for our ways,
  Oh Bryn Mawr, oh Bryn Mawr.

"The time has come, the walrus said,
'To talk of many things.'"

Old-fashioned Sally sat on the bank reading "Alice in Wonderland." James, the modern child, who had just finished learning the "Dictionary of Scientific Lore" by heart, looked over her shoulder wonderingly. "What is the use of a book with pictures and conversations?" he asked wearily.

Sally looked up, her eyes bright with pleasure, "Why, it tells me all about the most wonderful land where I feel sure I shall go some day. I am really expecting the rabbit to come for me at any moment."

The modern child shook his head sadly: "I have given up expecting that you will ever be quite sane, Sally,—that is, of course, until you are married, for marriage is the time of complete disillusionment."

"If you mean that I shall not be able to believe in fairy stories when I am married, I shall never marry," she said impatiently.

"Marriage," he remarked calmly, "is inevitable; it is in accordance with the laws of nature."

She was silent for a moment, but presently looked up with a bright smile; a new thought had come to her. "I see now," she said, "people get married just because they have to marry; well, I will marry a very old man, he will die soon and I will come back again to grandma and my fairy books."

"You are mistaken, that is an old-fashioned point of view; modern marriage is no longer a matter of preference, but of scientific selection. Seriously, Sally, I see that by reading 'Alice in Wonder-

land' you are not obtaining a clear conception of modern life in all its phases. I sometimes really fear that you will not attain the perfectly balanced, discerning, in short the mature point of view, which is essential to the modern child, until you are grown up."

"Grandmother is grown up, yet she still reads 'Alice in Wonderland,' she says there is something called symbolism in it which she enjoys," Sally answered with undaunted spirit.

James shook his head sadly at her lack of correctness: "You must have misunderstood her, Sally, for there is no such word as 'symbolism' in the Scientific Dictionary. I wish you could speak understandingly! When will you realize that the first requisite of an interesting conversation is the exact definition of terms?"

But even now he had not disillusioned her, in fact she did not seem to hear him. He saw her look off through the gray evening light to the far rosy sunset with the unmistakable puzzled look of unpardonable, unenlightened childhood: "I suppose I shall wake up some morning a tall lady, though I went to bed the night before a little girl," she said. "Then what shall I have to wear, for little girls' dresses do not grow up too. Is that why grandmother says, 'When you are grown up you will care more about your clothes, Sally?' Oh! it is all so confusing that I don't know what to think. But I do know that I am tired of being a little girl when everyone tells just what to do, and yet that I don't want to be grown up when they say I will like to do all the horrid things I don't want to do now. How I wish I could go to Wonderland where I should never know what to do next and where there would be croquet parties and tea parties and all the rest of the fun. Really Wonderland seems so much nearer than that inconvenient grown-up land where I must go some day, that I think it must be on the way. If the rabbit does not come for me, perhaps my looking-glass will show me how to get there."

S. N., '15.

CLASS SONG, 1916.

(Tune: "Brahm's Lullaby.")

1916, hail thee ——!
As our voices we raise
To our college and class
In a hymn of prayer and praise,

May true service to both
Be a height we attain,
And each year ripen here
Into glory and gain.

1916, ever
Shall thy light shine before thee;
As we scatter afar—
Lead us onward, faithful star;
Though our paths are apart,
For a union we aim;
Ever loyal in love,
We will honour thy name.

A LAND OF CONTRASTS.

It was my first evening in Panama, and already the spell of the country was upon me. Everything was new and bright, in sharp contrast to the cold, grey New York we had left behind us seven days before. On the short drive from the station in Panama City to the Government Hotel, The Tivoli, I had caught my first whiff of the odorous town and then of the fragrant hillside. The odors of the dusty, tropical city were native; the heavy sweet-smelling fragrance of the hillside was, I was told, American.

It was impossible to stay indoors, or even to stay reclining in a wicker chair on the hotel porch for it was a balmy southern night, and a moon, larger and closer than any northern moon, was lighting paths as yet unexplored. A clap of the hands and a skinny, lanky, grey horse,—the horses in Panama have no modest scruples about showing their bones,—pulled a rickety victoria up to the hotel steps. A small "spiggoty"[1] man was on the seat,—a small and very silent man. We started off down the hill again toward the station, then turned into the town, and we were soon lost in a maze of narrow, crooked streets. Little shops were still open, some displaying laces, some Panama hats, and one, I remember, vaunted a large and incongruous advertisement of "Walk-Over" shoes. The better Chinese

[1] Albert Edwards, Panama:—" 'Spiggoty' is Zone slang for anything native, because in the early days the Panamanians, when addressed, used to reply, 'no spiggoty Inglis.' "

shops were, I later learned, tucked away on still narrower streets. On and on our little man drove. We had said: "Show town," and now we were entirely in his hands. We could not expect to know where we were going, and we did not care. Each time another victoria came in sight there was violent cracking and lashing of whips until we had passed. Often a collision seemed inevitable. Past the shops, past the Lottery, past the house of the richest man in town, past post-office, banks, and Panamanian homes,—on we drove, fascinated by the frame houses that showed pink, and blue, and yellow, and brown, even in the moonlight. Around another corner we came upon the Bay of Panama; the Southern Pacific Ocean stretched before us in gleaming silver. The next street snatched the glimpse from us, and once again we were lost.

Now the houses, always of two stories, were built still closer to the street. The front was open, and, on the curbstone, or within in the light of a cheap bric-à-brac American lamp, were gathered mother and father and boys and girls, large and small,—the mother crooning her smallest to sleep, the father smoking and silent or talking to a neighbor, the children playing or sleeping. We were in the slums of a tropical city. The people were cleaner than in our Northern city slums, and they looked happier. Around another corner the lights were less interesting, the smells more bearable. The street was shut out from the moonlight by the stone walk of a church on one side and by what, because of the balcony and wide over-hanging eaves, looked like a three-story home on the other. A whip cracked behind us and a horse breathed hotly on my neck. My companion reached back for the head of the horse behind and steered him aside, our "spiggoty" man ran us against the curb, and the carriage passed, but not without Spanish curses and an attempt to lash the whip across our faces. We had blocked the way for one of the Panamanian aristocracy. Black as ebony he was and haughty as a king, as we saw the outline of his white-suited figure leaning back stiffly in his victoria. We had escaped a collision and a whipping; we, and the silent driver also, I imagine, decided we had best be thankful and turn toward the better lighted part of town. We jerked on, past the illuminated fire-engine house,—where was installed a brand new locomotive fire engine surrounded by brown men, in stiff red uniforms who looked like the tin soldiers little boys treasure in their play boxes,—past this we drove and reached Cathedral Square where the native band had just stopped

playing, before our little man on the box turned, and at last he, who had answered all our questions by a mere nod or shake of the head, spoke: "Me show nice view." And then again he drove us on,—out of the city, beyond the picturesqueness and the stenches of the tropical town, to the fragrant smells and balmy air of Acon Hill. Up and up we drove, around about the screened government hospital buildings, past the yellow-fever hospital, where now there is no yellow fever, past another victoria as rickety as ours,—an army officer and his sweetheart were enjoying the romance of the tropical moonlight,—past these we went, and on, and up, slower and slower through the avenue of royal palms. The gray horse stopped, the little man turned and pointed back and downwards. "Look," he said. Far below us, beyond the hotel, beyond a sea of mist, and beyond the twinkling lights of the village, lay the Bay of Panama, without a ripple, a silvery moonlit pathway shimmering across it and stretching away to the blue-black horizon.

When people say,—and people always say,—"Do tell me *all* about Panama," I recall that view and am silent. Or I find myself standing on the eastern gate at the Gatun lock; and I am still silent as I again look down to the concrete-flooring dizzy depths below, or across and over the majestic extent of the other four great iron gates. Or perhaps I remember a sudden glance up the hillside not far from the lock and a glimpse of a little thatched roof cottage hidden amongst date palms, banana trees and *lignam-vitae* foliage. At last my tongue is loosed and I find myself talking of the contrasts civilization has made. I tell of the primitive one-room thatched cottage, whose inhabitants cook by a fire of sticks at the back and eat fish that hang to dry on a twig near the opening that is the front door,—this primitive life still persisting in the hillside jungle that overlooks the greatest engineering achievement of our advanced civilization. Or I recall the time when we stopped to take a photograph of a team of oxen, or of a native woman washing her clothes in the brook, or of another balancing a load on her head. If the day is Tuesday or Thursday or Saturday, and the hour between four and eight in the morning, she will be carrying her supplies, eagerly bargained for, from market,—the natives market by the Panama waterfront. Go there; you will smell strange smells and see strange sights,—old women of all shades of brown, nearly always thin, always in native costumes, often with a gold chain decorating their unsightly bare necks; little black babies sitting

amongst strange looking vegetables; young women, usually scrawny, haggling loudly over two or five cents. With the scenes and smells and sounds of this market fresh in mind,—and they do not quickly fade from memory,—go through the cold storage department of the commissary in Christobel. Here again is the contrast of Panamanian and American. The one market noisy, smelly, foreign in every aspect; the other orderly, sanitary, and modern to the last detail. Always there is the difference that I realized that first balmy night, and witnessed over and over again on humid, scorching, but precious days, —the difference between the Panamanian and the American;

MARGUERITE MELLEN.

1915 PLAY SONG TO 1916.

It calls through our waking idle dreams,
Through shadowy years its fairness gleams,
It holds us entranced, in myth and lay,
The hue of a vanished day.
A part of its secrets, we, to-night,
Oh Freshmen of banner blue,
Have held for an instant from their flight
That we may bring each of you.

CHORUS.

Back to the realm of the charmèd past,
Breaking the spell that the years have cast,
Destinies, shaped in days long gone by
Unfold for the wondering eye.
Back to the deeds of a younger age,
Turning once more to a long-lost page,
We, through our play,
Show you the way
That leads back to yesterday.

Music: "The Ghost of a Smile."
Words: MARJORIE MEEKER.

OPEN LETTERS.

DEAR TIP:

I heard the other day that when the order for Sunday evening service was made out there was a plan that the choir in procession should accompany the preacher to his place. This idea suggested to me a possible solution for a problem which has lately arisen in connection with lectures in the chapel,—the problem, that is, of the people who are too busy to go and listen to the man who is giving the lecture but who have an overwhelming desire to go and look at him. Would it not be possible to organise a procession of such persons to march in at one door with the lecturer and then out at the other? Of course, if the speaker proved as consummately fascinating as Miss Russell or Lieutenant Shakelton, there might be the danger of a sympathetic panic of admiration which would throw the procession into disorder and cause a blockade such as one finds on the back stairs of Taylor between morning lectures, but this danger would have to be risked.

If such a plan is not thought feasible, would it not be possible to exhibit the lecturer before his performance behind the glass windows, where the Pembroke students habitually exhibit their brothers and their friends?

These suggestions are very humbly submitted as possibly answering the needs of that large body of students who are at present forced by existing arrangements to leave lectures, with much noise after gazing for from ten to twenty moments at the distinguished gentleman on the platform. If those needs cannot be thus met, dear TIP, can you not take immediate steps toward procuring further remedies, for, believe a well meaning reader, they are sadly required.

DEAR TIP:

It has always been my custom, when in doubt, to write to the *Ladies' Home Journal*, but to-night I have a problem which I think you can solve for me far better than the *Journal* could, for you are so near the source of the evil that you will find a sure cure, I know. Besides I always imagined that Typyn o' Bob was a sort of bug, like centipedes any way. There! I have mentioned the horrible thing. Centipeditis is my disease, dear Tip. You cannot imagine how I suffer.

This afternoon,—right after luncheon, too,—I found one of the scrawly creatures on my ceiling. I yelled. (That is the only relief I know, till I hear from you, dear Tip.) My room-mate, much more courageous than I can *ever* be, mounted my desk and spoiled my new blotter with her hob-nailed shoes. She aimed at the bug with an umbrella handle. It ran. I hurled a hockey-stick at it. It fell, but, all undaunted by the blow, as the old romances say, it gamboled toward me over the carpet. I grew bold; I put forward my broad heel, and pop! I had scrunched it. Oh, yes. I can be brave in adversity. It is the after feeling that you must cure, dear Tip.

In Lab, I could feel legs,—just detached centipede legs,—crawling all over me. "And when I walk," I feel the bodies squash under my feet. As for my room-mate (and I write for her too, please) she has the symptoms in her hair,—where the bug *might* have fallen, and *would* be tangled, and, she feels, *could* not be frightened out. Her dreams of this are horrible, and most disturbing to us both.

Oh! dear Tip, please help us. We wait your prescription, open-mouthed, and until it comes, we are, dear Friend,

Your wriggling sufferers in the "Coop."

DULCI FISTULA

EVOLUTION.

I.

A Freshman there was, and she flunked a crit
(Even as you or I),
And in Freshman fashion lamented it—
Got homesick and blue and would sit and sit
Bewailing herself and her lack of wit
(Even as you or I).

II.

Oh! a Sophomore there was, and she flunked it too
(Even as you or I,)
And she took it even as I or you,

Namely, as Sophomores always do:
"Pretty good bluffing for what I knew!"
(Even as you or I.)

III.

A Junior there was, and a quiz flunked she
(Even as you or I).
She took it most philosophic'ly:
"He's got to flunk someone, and why not me?
Besides—I've flunked only one in three."
(Even as you or I.)

IV.

A Senior there was,—but her fatal day
Concerns not you or I;
Could Seniors ever flunk? Not they!
But suppose they did, they would only say:
"Sei lustig, ma chère, nous avons zu Mai!
Here's hoping—for you and I.

FELICITAS EXERCITATIONIS.

They come from haunts of Pem. and Rock.
With set expression dreary;
They cast a glance at Taylor clock
And run till they are weary.

By Denbigh Hall they've swiftly crossed;
By Merion they hurry,
Holding on a skirt which lost
Its one hook in the flurry.

Till last in the Gym door they blow,
Quite breathless with endeavor:
For girls may come and girls may go
But Gym goes on forever.

A SUFFERER.

NOTICE.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., of the TIPYN O' BOB, published monthly, at Bryn Mawr, Pa., required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

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Publisher—John C. Winston Co., 1006–1016 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

(Signed) MARGARET SEARS.

Sworn to and suscribed before me this 1st day of April, 1913.

RICHARD T. LEWIS,
Justice of the Peace.

My commission expires 1st Monday of January, 1914.

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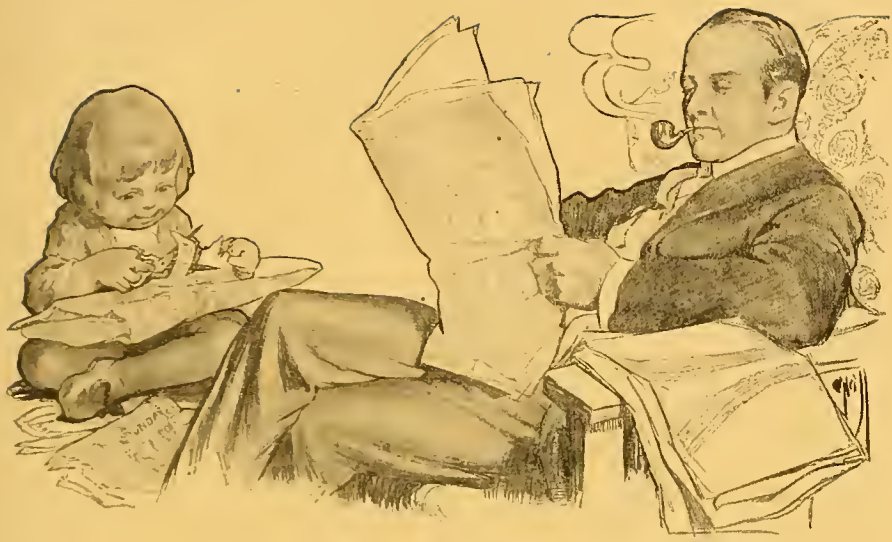

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Tipyn o' Bob

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Tipyn o'Bob

Entered at the Bryn Mawr Post Office as Second Class Matter.

Vol. X JUNE, 1913 No. 8

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Editors.
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MARY COOLIDGE, '14
JEAN BATCHELOR, '14
SARA R. SMITH, '15

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EDITORIALS.

We are growing old, some of us, and philosophic-minded as the year draws to a close. We are beginning to see the months in retrospect, and we even reminisce a bit,—sure sign of advancing age,—and in our philosophizing recollections our theme is very apt to be mutability. We have changed in the year, our friends have changed, the college has changed, the whole realm of learning for us has changed. There is nothing permanent and we are glad, for if in re-reading old books the pages seemed identical, if, after long acquaintance, our friends were as first we met them, if even the shadows of the maple trees fell in the same chequers of last spring, how life would pall. We are glad of the changing for we know that there will be still a new college to come back to in the autumn, new problems to work at, new pleasures to find, a new point of view for us all,—and it is cheering. We cannot now feel with poetic temperament the sadness of mutability nor the majesty of permanence. Probably if this were the beginning of a new college year we should be delighting in finding everything just as it used to be, but the present season has great effect, and now is the time to mark the changes. We cannot even let ourselves be

scientific and call it all evolution, for it is change, unexpected, varied, whether gradual or kaleidoscopic, that now seems to be the essence of things. Life just now is a moving picture and there is no greater joy than being in the picture, a flitting changing shadow on the screen. K. S.

The time has come for the retiring editors to lay down their duties of office, making way for their successors. So, appearing for the last time *ex officio*, we take the opportunity of overlooking our past shortcomings to beguile you with pleasant pictures of the future. The TIP ought to be a better TIP next year than it has been this year, and we believe it will be. But we would at the same time put before you the difficulties under which all future editors must struggle until they be given a place where they may meet and work and write, without fear or possibility of interruption. So far all our attempts to find house room have been unavailing. In these plans for the students' building that are now being so eagerly discussed, may there not be included an editorial room as a haven of rest to which the slaves of the TIP may look forward as a long desired consummation? I put the picture before you, as a dream of one weary with many vicissitudes—a large room, airy and littered with magazines, newspapers, pens and ink, wherein meet with regularity and enjoyment a band of animated editors, busily engaged in the delightful work of assorting and comparing the pile of contributions that blocks up the door. In such an Elysium no more manuscript need be lost, no more contributions overlooked in the cubby holes of many desks and cracks of many waste paper baskets. Not even any more could our editors be mislaid in strange halls or unaccustomed meeting places. Unity, mass, and coherence should develop naturally in style as a concurrent of the perfected conditions of editorial existence. The kind of team play that distinguishes other spheres of college activity might communicate such a new vigor and spontaneity to our monthly slogan that it would always appear on time. Consider this picture,—and then forbear to think of the other. Are you in earnest in your crusade for the students' building? Do you want your theatre, your recreation rooms, your pianos, in any more accessible form than they enjoy on the blue prints? Give also the room for an editorial sanctum (we do not ask for our

successors an "Easy Chair") and we assure you that all the printer's ink at our command will stain editorial finger tips on your behalf.

M. T.

HARU.

Through a narrow road in a little village about a hundred miles from Tokyo a stout, gouty, middle-aged man walked dragging his heavy wooden shoes now over mud-holes, now over pools, until his attention was called by a sweet song arising from a hut to his left. He stopped abruptly and as he turned in the direction from which the sweet voice came he saw before him through a hedge of tea plants a figure of a young girl dressed in a dark brown checked cotton dress with a bright red calico sash tied in a square pad at the back, who sat on the veranda weaving. A mass of black hair was coiled simply at the back of her head. The only adornment was a small bunch of cherry blossoms at the side of the knot. The more he watched her little dimpled fingers gracefully playing upon the loom the more was he impressed by her skill. Soon he burst out as if he could no longer keep silent, "What a beautiful work!" At this the girl turned her oval face with pink dimpled cheeks toward him and said, "Good morning, sir."

"Good morning," he replied, rather surprised by the familiarity of the young girl. "Oh," she cried out, "you must be a stranger for you are kind enough to speak to me, sir, I thank you!" With this she blushed a little and turned to her work, this time in complete silence. Thinking her remark a little joke of a frank country girl the man laughingly said, "I am glad that my good-morning pleased you so much. Your work is charming from here. Won't you let me come in to see it?" The girl this time paid no more attention to him; she had time now to realize how familiar she had been to speak to a stranger. "May I come in?" The stranger cried out more loudly. But she was still silent. He finally said, "I am coming anyway to talk to you on business if you don't mind." With a push he opened the door of the gate and walked in to the garden. Over the stone steps leading to the veranda, over which hung a thatched roof with dandelions and bamboo grass growing at the edge, the man hurried

toward the girl. The garden was by no means a production of the artistic hands of a true gardener but it had its own charm,—neatness. No sign of weeds even at the darkest corner of the garden; the smoothly swept grounds, well washed rocks and stone steps—all seemed to show the painstaking care of the owner. At the centre stood a cup-shaped pond with its clear water sparkling in the sunlight. A few strips of light green moss floated on the surface. Around the pond were scattered here and there a few pink and fragrant dwarf cherry trees now in full bloom. Among them stood a stone lantern with a moss-covered top and weather-beaten pedestal. The stranger could not help noticing the neatness of the little garden. "How well you do keep your garden! But why is it that you have no gold fish in your pond?" The girl could no longer keep silent; she smiled and replied, "I have no money to buy any."

"Then, listen to me. If you work for me I will give you two hundred yen every year."

"Two hundred yen!" the girl exclaimed, now slightly raising her head, "I have never heard of so much money. Who are you, and where do you come from?"

The stranger was much amused over the remark of the unsophisticated girl and replied, "I am a silk merchant from Tokyo. I am travelling about these regions to buy cocoons and make business transactions with different silk merchants in these villages. Say yes, and I will give you the sum." Haru was overjoyed and overwhelmed by the prospect of earning so much money. "Yes, I'll work for you," she cried; but again she became contemplative. Then raising her head, she said, hesitatingly, "My family have never allowed their women to work for merchants and I am afraid I cannot work for you. I must keep my family tradition." The merchant laughingly replied, "Old-fashioned idea. Nonsense! If you are poor you ought to take a good chance like this. By the way, where is your father? I'll speak to him about it." Haru grew pale and drooped her head again as if she did not dare to raise it. "My father is living but he does not see me any more. I married a young boy last year against his will." The merchant abruptly interrupted her, "Your husband, is he a silk merchant?" Haru replied by shaking her head. "Then what does he do?" he insisted. "He was going to a university but he gave it up to marry me. He has to support me now. His father won't help him

because he married me." Tears streamed down her cheeks as she murmured, "No one in the village will speak to us any more. They think our marriage is not right. The only reason I spoke to you at first was because I was so happy to have some one speak to me that I forgot I never had met you." The merchant, seizing the opportunity, persuaded her. "Good, your husband can easily go to the university if you work for me. Why don't you sacrifice your feeling for family tradition and give him a chance to be a great man." Haru's eyes were opened wide and sparkled with excitement; she had been anxious to have her husband go to Tokyo and she could not resist the wonderful chance that had been given to her. She jumped up from her little pillow, left the loom, clapped her hands, and cried out, "I'll take your offer, sir!"

A week later Haru was very busy preparing for the departure of her husband. He was to leave early the next morning. It seemed to her like a dream to have him go to the university. The lonely evenings in the house, the monotonies of daily weaving without any companions—all these had occurred to her but had no effect upon her, as all she cared for was the welfare of her husband. She must give him all possible advantages because he was clever. Toward sunset she heard the creaking of the gate followed by heavy footsteps treading wearily on the stone steps. Toward her walked a muscular, handsome boy with tanned face and brown hands, carrying a package under his arm. Haru leaped in to the garden to meet him, "You are very late, Yoshimaru!"

"No wonder!" he replied, "I walked twenty-one miles to buy this for you. You always said that you wanted a pair of yellow straw sandals with red straps. Here you are. I bought them out of my first saving." So saying he opened the package and laid it out on the veranda. Haru was too pleased to speak; she stood gazing at the bright yellow sandals shining in the twilight. Yoshimaru looked at Haru with a much amused expression and laughingly asked, "You like it?" Haru had her eyes still fastened on the sandals; she exclaimed, "Yes, they are beautiful! And besides, you took so much trouble in getting them. I'll never forget it!" Yoshimaru was touched by the appreciation of his wife. He came near her and patting her shoulder with his hand he whispered, "This is my parting gift for you. Whatever you do don't lose them."

Looking at him scornfully with her long, narrow, black eyes she said, "Oh, how stupid of you; do you think I can be so careless as to lose such a beautiful gift as this? I will keep them until I die. But, I am sorry I have nothing to give you; except that you have so very few clothes that I will turn some of mine over to you. I fixed a few of my coats for you and after all they do not look so badly." So saying they walked into the hut. Haru lighted the candle and began to mend the clothes while her husband lay beside her on the mat. They talked over their future, the blighted future; what they had done against the will of their parents would be forgotten; they were going to be rich and he was going to be a great man. All these wonderful prospects they dreamed of until it was time for him to depart. Haru slipped a box of lunch under his arm as they walked to the gate, and clinging sadly to his arm she murmured, "Don't forget to come for me in four years. I'll be waiting for you." Yoshimaru leaning toward her with tears in his eyes said, "You won't be lonely, will you? How can I forget to come for you? Don't be silly! I am afraid though the days are going to be very long for you. Anyway all is for the good in the end. It won't be too unbearable for you!" Haru clung to him still more closely and raising her head towards him replied, "Don't worry about me. I won't be lonely. I have you to think about and I have these sandals to look at." At this moment songs of farmers, who had just begun to work in the rice fields beyond the village, were heard. Yoshimaru started, "I must go, good-bye," he said, and rushed out of the gate and ran into the dusty road winding about the rice fields. Haru stood tearless and rigid leaning against the gate and watching the dark figure growing smaller and smaller until it disappeared into the dust and into the rays of the rising sun. The same songs of the farmers, the gong of the temple from afar sending its melancholy sound through the damp air, the neighing of horses mixed with shrill cries of cocks told the beginning of a busy day.

* * * * * * * * *

Since the day of their sad parting five years had already passed by. The long years of weaving and waiting Haru bore with no word of complaint because she was sure that her husband would some day come for her. The first year she received many affectionate letters

every week, but they came less frequently each year, until finally one day Haru heard from him, telling her that it was not necessary for her to send any more money. She thought that he was going to stay another year after his graduation to work for himself, so that he might be able to come for her. However, she no longer heard from him, she was afraid he might be very ill. Worry, waiting, anxiety, and loneliness of living alone had changed Haru. She was no longer a child of sixteen with dimpled hands and pink cheeks. She was old, too old for her age, wrinkles had appeared in her forehead, she was thin and pale. Every morning she opened the door of the gate and faced the loom toward the road so that she might see him coming. She hoped, she waited with unusual patience. It was now a cold autumn day when the rough wind had begun to blow every leaf off its tree, and when everything was beginning to look rather desolate, Haru wandered down the path to gather mulberry leaves. As she picked each leaf she thought of him, and wondered why he did not write. Soon she heard a rumbling of the Jinrikisha and heard it suddenly stop near her with a click. As she turned around she recognized the merchant for whom she had been working for almost five years. Stumbling over mats of mulberry trees and over pebbles he hurried toward her. As he approached he addressed Haru, "I came to tell you that I have a fine work for you." Haru shook her head and smilingly replied, "I do not want any more work. My husband is coming for me very soon, he has graduated last year. The merchant made signs to the Jinrikisha man to wait for him at the turn of the road and proceeded to ask her, "Has your husband told you that he was coming for you?" Haru answered blushing, "No, he has not written to me since he graduated, but I know he is coming back as soon as he can. He can be trusted. What makes you ask such a question?" The merchant hesitatingly uttered, "Well, because I want you to come to my factory to teach weaving. It is a great pity too that you haven't come to Tokyo before, you are unusually talented. Forget about your husband, you are much too good for him! You must come with me." Haru pushed her basket of mulberry leaves roughly aside and arising from the ground she angrily reproached him. "How dare you mention such a thing! My husband and I vowed to each other that we would be faithful." The merchant came nearer to her and said in a low voice, "Your husband does not

pretend to be so faithful to you. He is married to the daughter of a friend of mine in Tokyo. Now, forget him and come with me." At this the girl stared at him with wildness in her eyes and cried out, "You must not tell what is not true! I cannot listen to you any more." The merchant, rather mortified, murmured, "Well, here is the letter if you don't believe me! Your husband is a handsome fellow but he is weak. She fell in love with him." The girl snatched the letter from him and grew pale as she read it, for there was now no doubt as to her husband's faithlessness. She stood motionless and speechless for a while, but soon she recovered and said, "Thank you for telling me. But don't repeat this to anyone. My husband must have good reasons. I am not worthy of him, I am nothing but a country girl, ugly and ignorant." With this she disappeared into her hut. Late in the evening of that day a child saw Haru going toward the woods. Her hair was dishevelled, her eyes stared into vacancy. When she saw the child pass by her she turned toward him and cried out, "Don't let any one say that he is faithless." The child was frightened and ran back to tell his father about her. From that time on she was seen no more. A few searches were made in the neighborhood but in vain.

A few weeks later a fisherman happened to follow a stream for some trout and came into the most desolate parts of the woods near the village. He noticed on the bank a pair of sandals placed neatly side by side and facing toward the stream. As the stream rushed by it shot its foam into the air and over the sandals. The fisherman came near the sandals, picked them up, but he soon carelessly dropped them with an expression of indifference and followed the stream down.

MARION IKI IRWIN, '13.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

A flash of restless blue,
Leading the wayward breeze,
Dropping among the flowers
To poise on outspread wings
Over the painted cups
Of larkspur, tall and lithe;
Darting thence unbeguiled
To brush the scented leaf
Of a light half-blown rose;
And yet again to rise
In sudden blithe-winged flight
Through the flower-fragrant air,
Flitting in eager curves
Past drifting butterflies
Over a rustic arch
With crimson ramblers twined;
In spendthrift wantoness
Tasting the sweetness first
Of every honied cup
Before the sober bee;
Blithe, gracile, shimmering-winged,
A fancy roaming free,
A swift impulse unbound
Dropping among the flowers;
A flash of restless blue
Leading the wayward breeze.

M. M., '15.

"VOTES FOR THE LADIES."

[We take great pleasure in announcing that the prize of ten dollars offered for the best suffrage story by the Bryn Mawr Equal Suffrage League and the TIPYN O' BOB has been awarded to Winifred Goodall. We regret that there is not enough space to print Emily Atkinson's story, which was awarded second prize.]

Young Mrs. Trenton jumped up and down, excitedly on the outskirts of the crowd, and clapped her dainty, white-gloved hands. "Votes for Women!" she called gaily, "Votes!" Her face was pink, and the wispy white feather in her white tailored hat danced with a pretty attempt at jauntiness, that pleased young Mr. Trenton, from his place in the two-seated car drawn up near the sidewalk. He had been away on a business trip of a week, had just been met by Anne at the station, and consequently was paying little heed to the "Suffrage demonstration," winding its slow way in and out among the crowd, with its unending placards and banners and printed statistics—its "Workers," and "Home-makers," and "World-mothers," and cheesecloth goddesses and ridiculous young women carrying ridiculous frying-pans. It was a phase of the economic question that, from his college days, he had privately dismissed as "all tommy-rot." But Anne certainly was a peach in that white serge suit; he looked at her proudly, remembering the first football game he ever took her to, and wondering if any one else could see how adorable she was.

But everybody was jumping up and down, and waving things at the Suffragettes. One woman was waving her baby, while the rest of the family gamboled joyously about her feet. Mrs. Flannigan, the pop-corn woman, had snatched off her checked gingham apron, and was waving that. Billy Snooks, the paper-seller, who sat on a doorstep, threw his hat into the air, once, with abandon, then caught it, and put it on again, sheepishly. The jovial orange-and-banana man lifted up his voice in husky acquiescence:

"Votes f'r the ladies! I'm f'r 'em, every time. Votes f'r the ladies!" he shouted, lustily.

"Oh, Jack, it's simply great! Aren't you excited? Think of it, a Suffrage demonstration in our own city! They had another parade last week while you were away!" She sprang into the machine

with a bound, disregarding her husband's helping hand. He followed, good-naturedly:

"Parades still make you wild, don't they, Enfant?" starting the machine.

"Of course, Enfant," she returned. Then, with a sigh of reproach, as they spun by a crowded corner: "That's no excuse to cut up little boys into little bits, is it? If you had run over them, I should have told your mother."

This she nevertheless proceeded to do, with much elaborate detail, when they sat, soon afterwards, in Madam Trenton's drawing-room, with the antique silver tea-service dimly beaconing afar from the carved mahogany table near the high fireplace.

Jack followed suit, gaily: "And my wife, Mother, *my wife*, actually precipitated herself from her seat in our new machine, and hopped up and down on the sidewalk at the Suffragettes. Mrs. Trenton smiled kindly. "And was probably very charming while she did so."

Anne, from the doorway, dropped a laughing courtesy of gratitude as she passed swiftly out on her pretended errand, ostensibly for a wrap or something, really to leave Jack alone with his mother. She always insisted upon these tea-visitations to the big dim house, out of a remorseful sense that she had willfully taken Jack away, but never, during the six months of her marriage, had she gotten over her awe for the mother of Jack. It was always like church on Sunday. Now she saw the delicate ivory profile of Madam Trenton from a seat beside her in the Trenton pew instead of one behind. That was all.

"Is Anne becoming a convert to the Suffrage cause?" asked Mrs. Trenton respectfully. She could never get over the sense that her own little Jack and Anne Warren were only playing "keep house" together. Therefore, she was particularly careful to be considerate toward the young bride and groom.

"Oh no!" Jack leaned back in his chair. "She doesn't really bother about that sort of thing. And to tell the truth, Mother," he added, with a manly air of experience, "I think it's best not. They're a pretty tough lot, you know."

Mrs. Trenton regarded him thoughtfully. "Anne is exquisite," she said, gently. "Her face reminds me of the one on the Florentine coin Mr. Pico got for me while you were away. I must show it to you."

When Anne returned, it was to find that they had strolled into the gardens, to get the last of the failing daylight. She and Jack left his mother there, as they drove off, in the dusk. She nodded them a kind farewell, leaning on the shadowless sun-dial, one hand clasping her filmy white scarf at her throat, the other strewing a few wilted violets over the stone, her white hair and clear-cut face outlined with pale distinction against the sober green turf and dark violet beds of the garden.

"Time Achieved," murmured Anne, with a vague recollection of some picture gallery. She meditated remorsefully that it was she who had taken Jack away and left his mother solitary in her big house and empty garden.

"Oh, Jack," she hurried on, "your mother *does* frighten me. I know she thinks I'm a silly little thing, with a finishing school education, and not half good enough for you. And she has such a wonderful mind, and knows so much. I'm not good for anything."

He dispelled the doubt satisfactorily and she forgot it, in the excitement of welcoming him home after their week's separation.

The Suffrage demonstration, too, was forgotten until that evening, when several of the young people happened in, as usual, after dinner. Some sat on the veranda, some in the music room with the big French windows, and there were candles on the piano, with a pleasant night wind stealing in, to bend the flames hither and thither. Anne was playing softly, and the rest were listening, except for "Jonesy" Bundell, who could never be prevailed upon to stop talking. The Suffragists were his theme.

"Yes sir," he deposed, "a spanking red automobile, with 'Votes for Women' strung all over it. And this very morning as ever was, they were sticking 'em round on every tree-trunk,—placards, you know, with 'Votes for Women,' in big letters. And yesterday two of 'em came up to me as I was sitting in the auto on Race Street, and said, 'Have you time to run us over to Suffrage Headquarters?' Cool as you please. *Me!*"

"Did you take them, Jonesy?" from several voices at once.

"Why—yes," sheepishly. "Wasn't anything else to do, as far as *I* could see."

A chorus of laughter: "Must have been very handsome, Jonsey," consolingly.

"Ah, they were fat—fat!"

Groans from the company.

Mrs. Gower turned her snapping black eyes archly upon her phlegmatic husband. (She never failed to treat him with an elaborate coquetry, to which he never failed to respond blandly, with the obvious.) "What would *you* do if I turned Suffrage, Tommy?"

"Turn tail and run."

"Turn turtle."

"Turn, the worm." There were half a dozen volleys of questionable wit then.

"It's astounding what a lot of prunes they get hold of," Jonesy went on again, lightly. "You wouldn't see so many homely get-ups in a crowd twice that size, of men." Jack Trenton kicked the rug savagely:

"It makes me mad to see them, little fools," he declared, "knocking around the streets, selling pamphlets, marching up and down, for a 'cause' that not one in a dozen of 'em knows an iota about, pro or con. If we give the vote to all the—well, *scrub women*, and seamstresses, and factory girls that go marching around in these Suffrage parades," he finished, "we'll have a pretty rumpus on our hands."

Anne stopped the music suddenly, and half rose, fingers still on the key-board.

"Jack, *I* marched in the Suffrage parade last week, when you were away."

"Oh you Jack, what's on your hands now?" a jovial voice called from the veranda. Then there was an embarrassed silence. One of the women giggled nervously. At last—"Chilly nights and mornings," volunteered someone feebly, in reference to an old joke among the "set." Anne went on playing again, and there was an attempt at conversation, which did not succeed very well. Finally, all made a concerted rush for home. The good-byes were slightly constrained. Fluffy little Mrs. Harvell squeezed Anne's hand tearfully, as she went away, with "Oh, my dear."

"Wonder what they'll do?" murmured Mrs. Gower to her Nick, as they hastened down the drive. He flicked the fence rails with his stick:

"Oh, Anne'd better dry up about it. Jack's a quiet fellow, but

he has the bluest blood in this town," vaguely, "and he won't stand for that sort of thing, I can tell you."

Anne was carefully snuffing the last candle, when Jack returned from seeing their guests off. He went out upon the veranda and made a very exact observation of the thermometer, though the night was pitch dark. Then he came back:

"Of course you've a perfect right to your own opinion," he began, with careful, boyish courtesy. Somehow, she seemed strange to him. "And you'd a right to march, if you wanted to, of course." What a thing to say to her! It was all so awfully awkward!

"But, Anne, I wanted to ask you, as a favor, to keep it from mother—that you marched in the Suffrage parade, I mean. Will you?"

"You see," he went on confidentially, "she's a bit strict and—old fashioned, in some of her ideas, and it might shock her. She mightn't think——"

"Mightn't think I was as nice as she *thought* I was, you mean." Anne put her cool fingers into the bowl of cool moon-flowers that stood on the piano.

"Well—no. She might—" Jack was explaining a knotty point: "She's awfully stuck on me, you know. Oh, it's not my fault. It's because I'm the only one and she'd worry. You see, the women of our family have never been——"

"Have never been Suffragettes before. Ours either," she murmured reflectively, caressing the round flower heads.

"Oh, well, a scrub woman's a scrub woman, you see, even in Suffrage," he finished lamely, and walked to the window.

"All right, *I* won't tell her," agreed Anne, amicably. Then there did not seem to be anything else to say, and she sought the piano keys again, with cool little fingers.

Jack glanced at the back of her bent head unhappily. "Anne a Suffragist! Anne wanting to vote! Anne marching in a parade! And perhaps carrying some dreadful banner for people to stare at." He clenched his fist angrily. At the same time he felt a tender remorse, half-chivalrous, half-awkward, as though he had cheated her. Had taken her to the theatre and left her outside while he went in to the play.

"Of course, she had every right to her own opinion, even if she

was his wife. He must not let her think him a cad. He must make it clear that he did not want to interfere in any way with her private convictions. He must show her that she was at perfect liberty——"

The Suffrage battle raged in the city all spring, and he spent most of his time trying to show her that she was at perfect liberty to rage with it. He took to buying political pamphlets and hotly partisan newspapers, underlining heavily, with blue pencil, what he thought might interest her about "the cause." Whenever he was given a Suffrage tract he laid it aside for Anne. He was eager to show her that he wouldn't be so dastardly as to interfere with her reading. He conscientiously tried to discuss politics with her at the table. In fact, they were always stumbling upon the subject, from his chivalrous attempts to show that he did not seek to avoid the discussion of politics as beyond a feminine intellect.

She followed his lead demurely, with a baffling air of calm impartiality, which he set down as an effort on her part to show him the deep seriousness of her conviction.

In order to assure her that he would not prevent her attending meetings of the Suffragists, he took her to them himself, in the machine, and gravely suggested going to some which she herself had failed to express a desire to attend. She became an indefatigable member of the "Association," and Madam Trenton would infallibly have heard of her daughter-in-law's convictions and of the parade episode, had she not been absent from town at the time on one of her little journeys to Boston or New York or to visit friends at the shore. He and Anne purposely avoided the subject of the parade. They did not tease each other about it, as they had done about almost everything heretofore. In fact, he never jested about Suffrage. It was Anne's "cause." He felt that he jested about few things any more; that he was becoming graver, to keep pace with Anne's grave convictions. She adopted a pretty little air of demureness whenever they were mentioned. He was secretly proud of her store of arguments and of current information. They seemed, he and Anne, to be getting on as well as ever. But he felt that their relations had changed.

The Suffrage activities reached a climax. There was to be a parade of all the Suffrage associations in the country, in a large town, about twenty-five miles away. Jack read about it in his evening paper. Women in the costumes of all nations, college women, women

of various denominations, were to march for hours through the streets of the city. Anne would want to go, perhaps to march. She, a Trenton of the stately, calm-eyed number of "wedded wives" framed in his mother's picture gallery would go, in all the turmoil of that hot, dusty day (it was summer now) to march in the Suffrage parade!

He hastened to be the first to mention the subject at home. Of course she was going to Albany. Might he go with her?

"Why, yes! Jack, how nice of you! What fun it will be! Another wedding trip! What a dear you are to think of it!"

"Do—do you care to march?" he tried to make the question offhand.

"Oh, no, not if you go, Jack. We'll just look on from the sidelines—won't it be fun?"

She seemed so pleased at the prospect that he brightened up himself. It was as she said, quite as if they were going on their second honeymoon, with no stern "cause" of Suffrage between them. When they reached their destination, however, Suffrage had preceded them. He had never seen so many women wearing Suffrage badges. He had punctiliously bought one for Anne. He had risen early and gone out before breakfast with that in mind. She might have refrained from wearing one yesterday out of consideration for him. He unflinchingly bought the largest one he could find—yellow, with the most flaming Suffrage sentiments displayed in a red to match. (On the way back, he soothed his mind by the purchase of an offering of white violets.)

"Oh, Jack, do you think I'd better wear it?" She looked at the badge, awed. She clasped her hands. A lump rose in his throat. She was so piteously submissive! She would never understand that she was at perfect liberty. He pinned it on her himself.

"Oh, I've never worn anything so bright!" She danced to the mirror, laughing gleefully to see how the badge cried aloud from the lapel of her trim dark blue linen suit. She wore it proudly while they lunched and waited for the great parade to begin—she was radiantly happy with the glee of it all. They had a fine position—he had seen to that—a cool balcony, all to themselves, where they sat and watched the agitated heads and hats of the multitudes awaiting the coming spectacle.

"Oh, Jack, here they are!" Anne leaned over the railing, watch-

ing them intently, the Suffrage women. It was a much grander parade than she had witnessed that day in the early spring, from the sidewalk at home, and much more imposing. The watching crowds were intensely silent. A band played solemnly and sweetly. Jack Trenton fixed his eyes on them attentively, the Suffragists—tall and short, handsome and ugly—impressive, by very force of their numbers.

"Jack! see the nurses! the lawyers! the doctors! Oh, Jack, when all those splendid, busy people want it, it *must* be necessary. And the scrub-women too—Oh, Jack, *you* want it, don't you?" He did not answer, for suddenly Anne leaned far out over the railing.

"There's your *mother*, Jack! *There!* all alone in that open carriage!" He followed her pointing hand.

"It *is* mother! In her old D. C. L. gown! Mother!" He sat silently, eyes on the slow-moving carriage.

"Oh, Jack, isn't she splendid? Like a queen! No, like a—a—judge. Her hair is so white, and shines. Jack, I have never seen your mother look that way before!"

He bit his lip. "His mother!" He watched the rest of the pageant with unseeing eyes. "His mother!"

"She was pretty fine, though, wasn't she?" he said with a long breath, when it was all over. Anne nodded.

"Yes," said Mrs. Trenton calmly, when they met her in the railway station at the end of the line of march. "I am glad you are here. Quite an impressive sight, as we had hoped. Yes," she explained, "I had never discussed it before Anne—I knew your opinions, Jackie, and didn't want to influence her unduly, to the unhappiness of you both," smiling quaintly upon them. "That is why I didn't tell you I should be here to-day. I didn't want to influence Anne."

Jack Trenton looked at his wife. "Anne marched in the Suffrage parade," he said. There was pride in his tone. "Didn't you, hon? The first one in our town."

Mrs. Trenton turned to her quickly. "Why, my dear," she began tenderly, "I didn't know. We might have helped each other. I came away so I could work."

But Anne stood on her tip-toes with a very red face. "Jack," she whispered, as he bent his head. "Jack, I didn't march in the Suffrage parade at all. I haven't ever marched." He looked at her, bewildered, "Didn't ever march?" She stood very straight.

"No. You laughed at them, and said it was scrub-women and freaks. So I *had* to tell you I marched too. Then, when you thought I *was* one, and talked about politics and gave me pamphlets and things, and took me to so many meetings, and were so dear and worried about it, I *had* to be one; and I *am*, now," she finished. Mrs. Trenton patted Anne's shoulder graciously:

"Quite right, my dear." She faced her son, smiling, "We *are*, you see," she said.

WINIFRED GOODALL, '14.

SEA MAGIC.

The pale sun sinks behind the low gray dune,
The sea is gray but for the purple band
Of the horizon. On the wide flat strand
Long, curling waves break idly. One black loon
Drifts silently across the sky and soon
Is lost in mist. Gaunt, like a ghostly hand
A tree trunk lies half buried by the sand.
Always the sea murmurs its ancient rime
Of magic lands that lie beyond the bay
Of Fir na n'Og, where laughter doth abound
Of Hy Brasail where youth hath found its home
Or of the golden gardens of Cathay
There clarion joy eternally is found
For there the gypsy hearted always roam.

J. S., '15.

J. SNITTLE, ÆSTHETE.

At five-thirty on a Friday afternoon J. Snittle closed the door of his barber-shop behind him, gave a final gloomy nod at the corpulent German assistant who was smoking in the best chair, and stepped disconsolately into the street. He walked uncertainly a few paces to the right, halted, and gazed back lackadaisically on the brightly painted sign on which an athletic youth in white and a willowy blonde in red were represented gazing ecstatically up at the gilded lettering which read: "Snittle's Tonsorial Parlors." J. Snittle put a distracted hand to his brow, straightened his tall stooped body, with a sudden gesture, and started off again at a determined though dignified pace, his baggy black trousers flapping ludicrously about his lank knees.

J. Snittle was a barber with romantic tendencies, and hence a discontented one. From childhood he had inclined to the fanciful, particularly the mournfully fanciful, side of life. An adventurous and romantic spirit stirred in the depths of his being, but had hitherto lacked expression except perhaps, in some peculiarly imaginative cut of hair or beard. Phlegmatic German parents, sadly lacking in sympathy and in comprehension of the æsthetic aspirations of their offspring, had early ignored his tendencies to dream, and with parental care had rigorously guided his hand to the stropping of razors rather than to deeds of valor. And being, as all dreamers, easily led, he had pursued the path marked out for him, till now, at thirty, he owned the little shop on the west side and was fairly prosperous and outwardly serene. No one would have guessed, though he wore a look of settled melancholy, that his name, his trade and particularly the large sign which he had been forced to erect to vanquish a fierce business competition, rankled incurably in his sensitive soul. The flaunting colors of the sign grated on his æsthetic sensibilities. Its flaring association of his name with his despised trade was exquisite torture, and he suffered indescribably as he lathered and shampooed behind its gay flamboyancy.

He had conceived a personal grudge against its unknown executors, whose names, "Daubert and Daubert," appeared in black flourishes in the left-hand corner. And the unjust caprices of the fate which had christened him Josiah Snittle, while endowing with

the poetic title Daubert the authors of his monstrous sign, rankled bitterly. The name Daubert should have been attached to pictures of nymphs and dryads and setting suns.

Of all this he thought as he strode towards the down-town district where to-night in the light and gayety of some small restaurant he would take a melancholy and remote pleasure.

With dignified tread he descended the steps of the nearest subway, and, having paid his fare, surveyed with a delicate disapproval the jostling hurrying crowd which surged on to the platform.

At this moment he heard a woman's voice raised in expostulation behind him. Turning, he found a tall willowy creature in a large black hat gesticulating tragically at the stolid gateman.

"But, Monsieur," she was complaining, "I have already paid t'ree times to ask you, and I do not know where to go—I do not understan'——"

"Move along, lady," interrupted the unmoved gateman—"Step on your train here, and step off at your street when you get there. You're blocking the way."

The lady opened her mouth to reply, was carried through the gate by the impatient crowd, and jammed helplessly against a post. She looked about her with a hopeless gaze, extracted a diminutive handkerchief from the large black bag at her wrist, and applied it to her eyes.

J. Snittle was moved to the depths of his being. He eyed indignantly the unconcerned crowd, who pursued their casual ways, quite unmoved at the presence amongst them of this fragile creature, so evidently helpless and alone. He made his way towards her, hat in hand.

"Just tell it to me, lady," he suggested delicately, "I'm on to all the tricks of the trade."

The lady dabbed her eyes hastily and clutched his arm.

"Ah, Monsieur," she breathed tragically, "assist me away from this so dreadful place. I do not know where to go. Zese trains, so noisy, frighten me. If I get on, I am afraid zey will nevaire stop." She gulped down a sob.

Snittle gazed soulfully into her tear-stained face, which seemed to him very lovely.

"Where are you trying to get, Miss?" he asked solicitously.

She mentioned an address near One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, gazing trustingly into his eyes.

"Just aiming that way myself," lied Snittle chivalrously, "stick with me and you won't get lost."

The lady accepted his escort without a protest, clinging confidingly to his arm.

Snittle swelled with pride as he conducted her majestically to a seat. Here was a situation that satisfied his romantic nature. Here was a fragile and lonely being dependent, for the time, on him alone. The protective instincts of primeval man swelled in his heart, and he scowled fiercely at a burly Irishman who glanced admiringly at his companion.

The lady chattered effusively in broken English. Her voice was soft, and her appealing eyes filled with tears each of the many times that she thanked him for his generosity. She had but recently come from France. She had never before been on the New York streets alone. She had been quite *desolé* at the many flights of steps and different passages. And though several men had accosted her, he was "ze only gentleman," as she could see at a glance.

Snittle's soul expanded in the warmth of this genial atmosphere. Here indeed was a kindred soul who understood him in an instant as had no one else in a lifetime. Suddenly, however, he was overcome by a sudden chilling thought—his name, his trade, above all the flamboyant sign above his door. What could this delicate creature know of such places as "Snittle's Tonsorial Parlors." He stole a glance at her lovely profile. She must never know. He became immersed in gloom.

The train stopped at their destination, reluctantly, it seemed to Snittle. As with melancholy care he assisted the lady up the steps, he cast about for a way to prolong this pleasant companionship. The bright lights of a restaurant gave him a sudden inspiration. Had she dined? She had not. The lady burst into effusive explanations, to which Snittle listened ecstatically, but understood not a word. He made his offer delicately. Would she—he was not "up on this joint," but——.

The lady was charmed. Again she protested he was "ze parfait gentilhomme." She would be afraid to go nowhere with him.

Snittle did not feel the very bad sidewalk beneath his feet as

he walked toward the brilliant electric sign which read "Maloney's Café." As in a haze he entered the door of the restaurant and followed an obsequious waiter down the aisle. Through the same haze he ordered elaborately whatever the same comprehending person pointed out on the menu. His companion rested her elbows on the table and addressed him confidingly from under the large black hat. Of what she spoke, Snittle never knew. The essence of flowers and fragrance and the finer things of life pervaded her conversation. He gathered also, that she had known sorrow, and felt a strong bond of sympathy as he thought with a shudder of the offensive sign above his shop. Again gloom overwhelmed him. He felt helpless before the existence of things as they were. Then he looked into the lady's eyes and took a sudden resolution. He would change the course of his life, abolish shop and sign forever, and be what this lovely creature so evidently thought him.

The intoxication of this idea deepened the haze about him. He marveled inwardly that he could eat steadily and toast the lady in words which were clearly successful.

Then the haze cleared suddenly. A man, a stranger, had come smilingly down the aisle, had approached the table, had addressed the lady in terms of intimacy. To J. Snittle shop and sign became again stern realities. The playful irony of the fate which had brought into his existence a kindred soul, only to disturb his newly-planned scheme of things by the introduction of another man both embittered and oppressed him. Life, which an instant before had assumed the aspect of a bright impressionistic painting, now stretched a dull vista of lather and hair-tonic.

But—the man was bowing and smiling.

"My brother," said the lady radiantly—"Monsieur—er—," she smiled inquiringly. In Snittle's mind blessed relief and horrid uncertainty battled. A brother need not be counted in the scheme of things. But, to counterbalance this came the necessity of declaring his name. Under the circumstances, to acknowledge himself Josiah Snittle was unthinkable. The brother was, if possible, more æsthetic in appearance than his sister. He was, indeed, so small and thin that he seemed to have been refined to almost nothing. Snittle announced uncertainly that his name was Smith.

"Ah," laughed the lady archly, "Monsieur does not trust us,

n'est-ce-pas? But we—we are not so stupid." She nudged her brother. "A gentleman with—what shall I say—so much 'le grand air'—has a nicer name than Smith—perhaps a too nice name to tell." She laughed flatteringly.

Snittle recovered sufficient presence of mind to request the brother to be seated. The latter burst into effusive thanks. He had been *desolé*, he said, to find that his sister had ventured out alone. It was the first time such a thing had happened. He had walked the streets in search of her, he declaimed tragically. And it was "le bon Dieu" himself who had caused him to look in through the windows of the restaurant. He regarded Snittle with evident admiration.

Snittle in this genial atmosphere, under the comfortable surname of "Smith," expanded visibly. He ordered beer with a fine air, though the dinner had long since been cleared away. He discoursed fluently on the American nation, while the brother gesticulated ecstatically. Time passed quickly. Snittle's Tonsorial Parlors seemed vague and remote.

Brother and sister were communicative and not inquisitive, to Snittle's unbounded relief. He learned that they were artists.

"Mais oui," confided the little Frenchman beamingly, "the—I work—I paint. And Therese," he indicated his sister, "is ze grande inspiration. Of almost every figure I paint, Monsieur, she is ze model. We work—what you say—in partnership."

Brother and sister smiled at each other beatifically.

Snittle felt himself uplifted at this picture of fraternal devotion. Here indeed was art in its ideal form. He could imagine the delicate and graceful paintings for which Therese—how sweet the name sounded—had posed.

The Frenchman and his sister rose. The restaurant was quite empty. The lady cashier, with belligerent glances, was pinning on her hat.

"Good-night, Monsieur," said Therese holding out her hand, "for what you have done, I can nevaire thank you." She finished with an expressive gesture.

"Mais oui," added her brother fervently, "we cannot forget you." He pressed a small square of cardboard into Snittle's palm. "Our card, Monsieur. We meet soon again, n'est-ce-pas?"

Snittle watched the two disappear down the street. He felt elated, enraptured. The coarser things of life seemed far away.

"Therese," he murmured, and gazed spiritually at a near-by lamp-post, oblivious of the suspicious glance of a passing policeman.

He suddenly remembered the card in his hand, and held it eagerly to the light.

He started, put a hand to a clammy brow, and read it again. There was no mistake. It was there in familiar black flourishes:—

"Daubert and Daubert"
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M. M., '15.

THE TEN O'CLOCK BELL.

The bell rings loud beneath the sky
  When wind blows under stars
The sound is borne along on high
It rises and falls as the wind blows by,
  It clangs like iron bars
And sinks at the end with a sigh.

K. A. Page, '13.

The evening's dusk and winds that sob and shriek;
Thru battled turrets and stone edges whistling—
Dark in the cloisters and the fountain's spray
All cold and chill and blown about
Ghosts walk the stones mayhap and mock the air.
Across the sky with heavy broken clouds
Piled up, a light sweeps slow, then fitful
Piercing the clouds, then disappearing swift.

H. D. M., '14.

OPEN LETTERS.

DEAR TIP:

I don't know if it makes you as indignant as it does me to have a bubbling cheerfulness forced upon you in the middle of examinations, but I trust that it does. I disclaim at once, therefore, any attempt to force anything mirthful or bubbling upon anybody, but I have just discovered a new source of a most gloomy, almost funereal pleasure which seems to me too appropriate to the season to be kept selfishly to myself. I refer to the introspective pleasure of *living for the moment.* Perhaps you think you have tried this pleasure, but I assure you that you probably have not in precisely the way that I mean. My plan of procedure is briefly this: you arrange for three, three-hour examinations on three successive days; you take great care not to have done any of the reading for any one of them during the entire semester; you repeat this last fact to yourself slowly at ten-minute intervals for days, you also tell it to your friends if you can recollect that you have any. This is the preparation; when you have made it you are ready for the resulting experience of *living for the moment.* You see, you just have to live for the moment because you are perfectly convinced that you would go mad if you looked two minutes ahead. There is an immense, dark, soul-satisfaction in this thought: it is the beginning of the experience. The rest is more vague, even a little difficult to describe; it consists in a mingled consciousness that you know nothing, that you do not want to know anything, that nobody knows anything, that nobody wants to know anything, that your desk chair is hard and stiff, that your pen is bad, that your electric light from which a hard fate has torn its paper shade is glaring, that—but I do not think I need go further. Do you ask where the pleasure is? it is in the perfect completeness of the momentary sensation of utter desperateness. You have found out that you can be perfectly uncomfortable and still exist. It is surely pleasant to be as great a tragic figure as that!

DEAR TIP:

I'm only a Senior, so of course I haven't any right to say anything, but as I am going away very soon, I would like to find out what your opinion is of my moral character. I know that the president of self-government must think I am all right, because for four years

she has left me unmolested, and only an occasional proctor of ridiculously acute hearing power has taken me to task. To be sure, as soon as I get my A.B. I shall be a member of that glorious alumnæ body, which, we are given to understand, is the chief hope of the future, and makes possible all movements for Woman's Suffrage, clean streets, and French and German culture. But in the meantime, between my free self-governing undergraduate self, and my future reforming and progressive alumna self, is the miserable me taking examinations. Isn't an examination bad enough in itself without the farther necessity of being locked up by a proctor and searched by her suspicious eyes for any invalidation of the Faculty Rules. If I am ever to be public spirited enough to conduct a pure milk crusade, shouldn't I be at present sufficiently honest not to try to detect Shakespeare's dates in the smudges on my neighbor's dirty cuffs? If any future hostess dare trust me alone with her silver spoons, shouldn't the college authorities take my word that the old visiting card in my left hand coat pocket is not a shorthand résumé of the Napoleonic Wars? I appeal to you, Tip, when do I begin to be trustworthy?

Dear Tip:

Knowing you to be an open-minded and influential organ, I am appealing to you on behalf of myself and the numberless other underdogs of the athletic association for judgment against our oppressors. Though we are a down-trodden, off-cast lot, we are not allowed to wallow peacefully in our slough. If we amount to nothing academically, if we belong to the scorned class of merit students, our professors let us alone and allow us to go along very happily in our own unenlightened way. But athletically, it is different; there is no such thing as the "golden mean of mediocrity" in the basket-ball field. If we play in the second or third team, all our superiors are against us; if, perchance, we sink so low as fourth, there are three captains and three managers above us, ever imminent, ever finding fault, and ever feeling that, if we would, we might play better, if we ever thought as we played we might be worth consideration as material for their upper teams. If we do not train, our spirit is denounced; if we rest one day, our laziness is held up to scorn; and if we do come down to play, we hear a perpetual diatribe of "aim," "guard your forward," and "get that ball!" In math and physics they tell me that the student is

given credit for adopting the right method even if the correct results are not obtained. Not so in basket-ball. Several days ago, I was so far honored as to be called from one of the lower teams to play on second. It chanced that once the ball was given me to throw in from outside the line. I paused and considered the field. If I should get the ball to my side-center, she and the center-center could carry it up the field, pass it to one forward who would slily dribble it out of reach of her guard and then throw to the other forward who would then shoot the ball neatly into the basket. That would be swift team-play of which even a first team captain might be proud! Scheming thus, I aimed and threw. But by force of circumstances—the unexpected agility on the part of the opposing side-center, blinding sun, air currents, etc., etc.—the ball fell into the hands of our opponents and was relayed back into our own goal. "Why didn't you aim there," panted the second team captain and glanced at me accusingly. Ah, if she had but known how little I deserved such blame! If she had but known that mentally I played excellent ball!

Now, dear Tip, having stated my case and begging that you will urge all captains to give due credit for method, no matter how adverse the results, I remain,

Very humbly, your

SERVANT.

I have all the sensations one gets at a moving picture show: picture machine, "the office;" films, courses; screen, the bulletin board. The three hour course that was going to fill out another first semester three hour course, becomes a two hour course, and is put at an impossible hour. The two hour elective which I thought came in the last part of the week, is switched to the first part where it collides with another fond hope. Goodness knows where my three hour major course comes; no one can tell how long my nine o'clock course is going to steer clear of my ten o'clock course. Nor am I the only sufferer; all around me my friends are moaning—"changed to the afternoon," "can't be taken for second science, and I had my course all planned." "Dr. ——— says he never thought they wouldn't let me take it next year." Dear Tip, do you suppose it is really impossible to apply scientific management to official changes of schedule?

BEWILDERED.

DULCI FISTULA

"There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away"—
When the search for golden silence leads to rubber's reeking sway.
Last month we stamped the wooden floors and braved the proctor's
wrath,
To-day we prowl with silent steps— on what a *noisome* path.

The fumes roll heavy from the door; we choke upon the stair,
The reading-room we hurry by, nor dare to enter there.
A book we seize from off the stack and to the cloisters fly,
But cloister walks are noisy—they'll be rubber by and by.

Yes, "quiet is essential," and noise was found disturbing
But somehow rubber avenues prove even more perturbing.
If we, the undergraduates, should get to work and scrub 'er
Would we rub away the pestilential scent from off that rubber?

J. M. B., '14.

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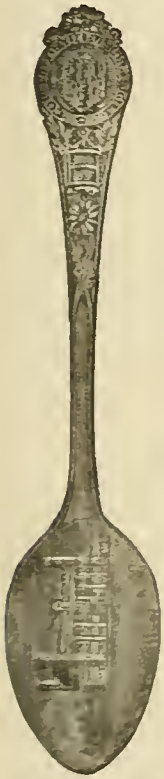

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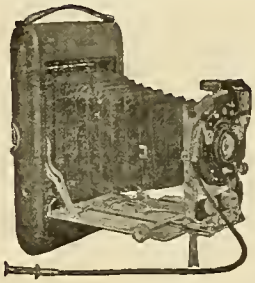

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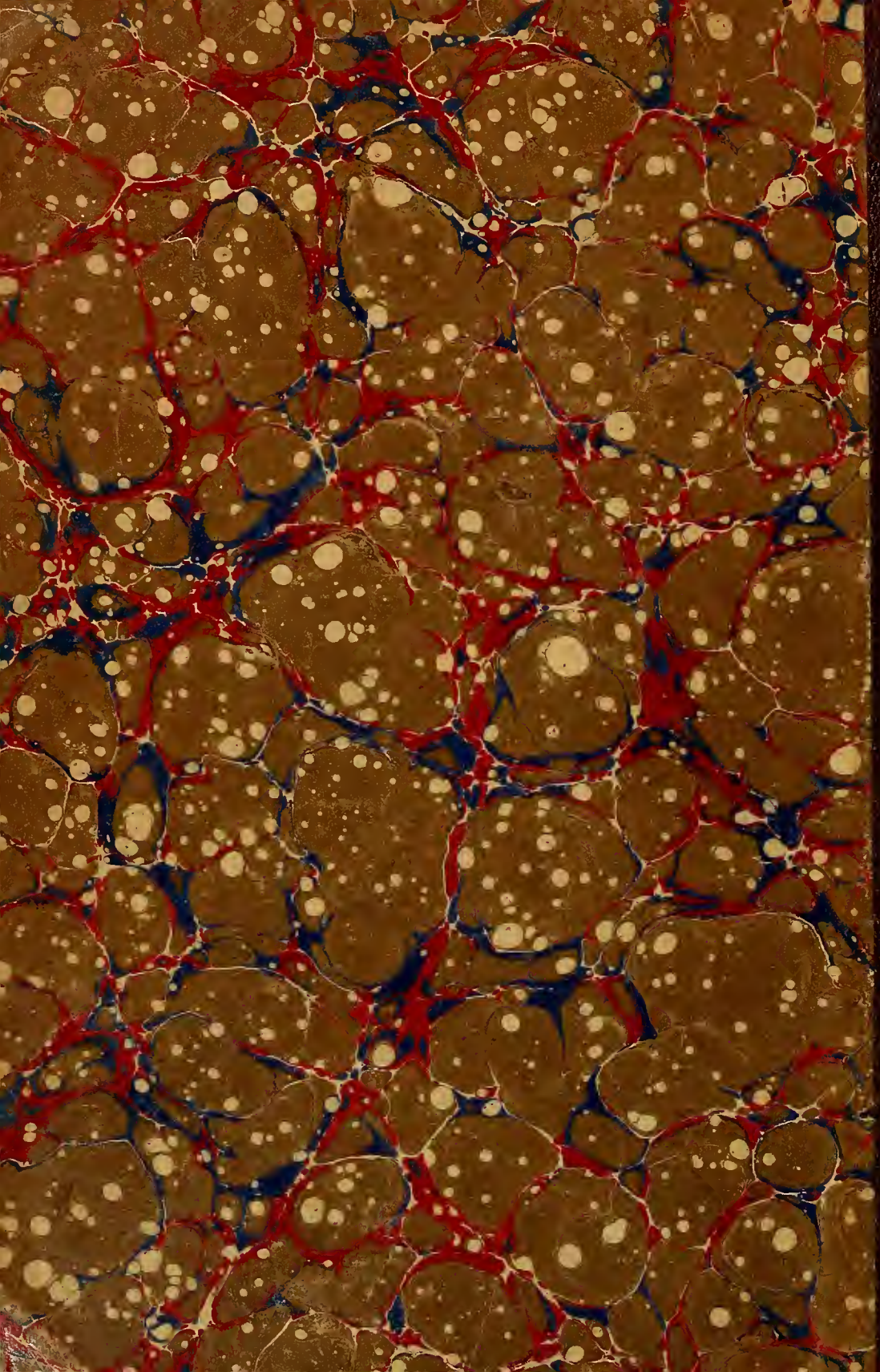
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